

BOY'S LIFE OF
GEN GRANT

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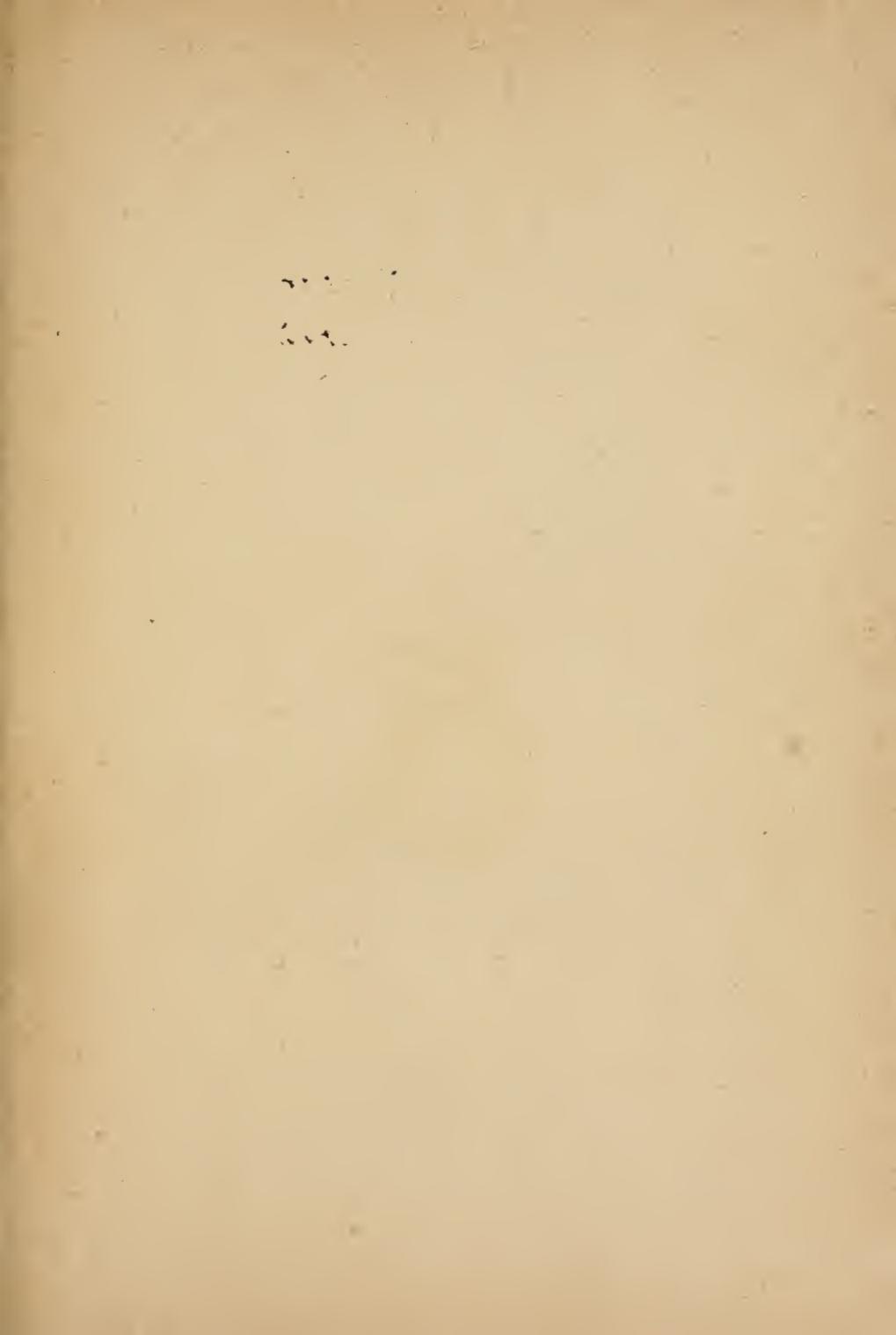
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GENERAL GRANT

BOY'S LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT

By THOMAS W. KNOX

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY TRAVELLERS," "CAPTAIN JOHN CRANE,"
"A CLOSE SHAVE," "THE TALKING HANDKERCHIEF,"
"DECISIVE BATTLES SINCE WATERLOO,"
"THE LOST ARMY," ETC.

Illustrated



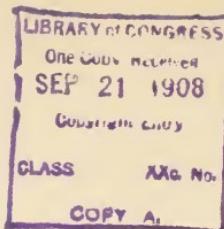
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BOYS' LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT.

CHAPTER. I.

Ancestry.—Mathew Grant.—His voyage from England in the Mary and John.—Settlement at Mattapan near Boston.—Moves to Windsor, Conn.—Troublous times in the Colonies.—How people went to church.—Living in a blockhouse.—Noah Grant.—His son Noah Grant.—Jesse R. Grant, father of Ulysses.—Birth of our hero.—What he says of his parents.

ULYSSES S. GRANT was an American of the eighth generation from Mathew Grant and his wife, Priscilla, who came from Dorchester, England, in May, 1630, and settled in Massachusetts. Nearly all of the one hundred and forty passengers on the ship Mary and John, which brought Mathew Grant to America, were from Devon, Somerset, and Dorchester; and they came with the intention of remaining permanently in America.

The Mary and John had a rough voyage of ten weeks across the Atlantic. The captain had agreed to land the passengers at Boston; but instead of that he landed them nine miles from that city. They brought suit, and recovered damages for the violation of his agreement. Then they crossed the bay in

little boats, reached Boston, and thence went to a place that the Indians called Mattapan, four miles from Boston, which they named Dorchester in honor of the English town whence they came.

Five years after his arrival in the New World, Mathew Grant moved with his family to Windsor, Conn., and remained there until the time of his death. He was surveyor for the Windsor colony for more than forty years, and was also for many years the town clerk of Windsor. His eldest son, Samuel, settled on lands on the east bank of the Connecticut River, opposite Windsor; and his descendants are still to be found there.

The founder of the Grant family in America suffered many hardships. The first meal of the Dorchester settlers was of fish without any bread, and they had many a similar meal afterwards. Roger Clap, the historian of the settlement, says: "The place was a wilderness. Fish was a good help to me and to others. Bread was so scarce that I thought the very crusts from my father's table would have been sweet; and when I could have meal and salt and water boiled together, I asked, 'Who would ask for better?'"

The reasons for the movement to Connecticut are not clearly known; but certain it is that about half the Dorchester settlers joined in it. One old writer

says it was caused by "a hankering after new lands" which were fertile and grassy, while the region around Dorchester was rocky and heavily wooded; besides, there would be better opportunities for trading in furs with the Indians. The journey was one of great hardship, and so was life in the new settlement. So troublesome were the Indians, that the settlers built a stockade of trunks of trees set upright in the ground and close together, and all went there at night for safety. For many years they were in constant danger from the Indians whether at home, at church, in the fields, or wherever else they went. The Indians always came without warning; and their work was quick and murderous.

In those troubled times, throughout all the New England colonies, the men carried their guns to church with them as a matter of caution; and they took seats at the doors of the pews so as to be ready to rush out in case of an Indian alarm. To this day, in the New England States, though guns are no longer carried to the house of divine worship, the seating follows the custom of old Colonial times,—women and children at the head or inner end of the pew, and men at the door.

No doubt Mathew Grant had his share of Indian fighting, and bore his part bravely. Since his time the Grant family has been a warlike, one as we learn

from its history. General Grant's great grandfather, Noah Grant, and his brother Solomon, of the fifth generation from Mathew Grant, held commissions in the English army in 1756 in the old French and Indian War. They went in an expedition to Canada, and both were killed in that year. Nineteen years later, General Grant's grandfather, Noah Grant, went with a Connecticut company to join the Continental army in Massachusetts at the outbreak of the Revolution, and fought at the Battle of Bunker Hill. He served through the whole of the Revolutionary War; but was on furlough a part of the time, as he was married in Connecticut during the war, and was a widower with two children at its close.

After the war was ended, and the independence of the United States acknowledged, Captain Noah Grant moved to Pennsylvania, and afterwards to Liverpool, Ohio, the second move being made in 1799. Before leaving Pennsylvania he married a second time; and his eldest son by his second marriage was Jesse R. Grant, the father of the hero of our story.

Comparatively little is known of the ancestors of General Grant down to the beginning of the present century. But certain it is that none of them were "cradled in luxury," and there can be little doubt that the firmness of will and indomitable perseverance for which General Grant was noted were an inheri-

tance derived from the environments of all the family, from Mathew to Jesse. We have learned something about the hardships through which Mathew Grant undoubtedly passed, and the conditions of life remained very much the same for a century or more after the arrival of the Mary and John. About the time of the Revolution, the Connecticut Valley became prosperous; but prosperity could only be gained through industry which, though general, was by no means universal. There was a disposition among the people to emigrate to the West; and, as already stated, the grandfather of General Grant joined in the migration.

Compare for a moment the condition of things at that time and at the present.

Pittsburg was a frontier post of five hundred inhabitants, who lived in log houses, and were protected by Fort Pitt, which stood at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, where they form the Ohio. There were settlements at several points throughout Ohio, but none of great consequence; and practically the whole region was a wilderness. There was a rough road over the mountains from Pittsburg to Philadelphia, but no turnpike; and the majority of travelers who could afford any kind of conveyance went on horseback, the journey occupying eight or ten days. At present, one can make it

in as many hours in a Pullman car, the triumph of luxurious locomotion on wheels.

Down the Ohio River, one may now travel by a swift steamboat, or he may skirt its banks by the swifter railway. In 1799 Noah Grant loaded his wife and five children into a flat-boat, along with a horse, two cows, cooking, table, and farming utensils, and all the rest of their worldly goods. One end of the boat was roofed over; and under this rough shelter, day and night, the boat floated with the current, Noah and his wife each taking turns at watching while the other slept.

Jesse R. Grant, the father of the general, was five years old at the time of this voyage. All through his life he remembered it perfectly, and used to tell how vast the river appeared to his young eyes which had never gazed on a stream of the size of the Ohio. The boat landed at what is known as Liverpool, Ohio, but was then a settlement of half a dozen log cabins at the edge of a dense forest. Here the family remained a short time, and then moved to Deerfield, where, in 1805, Mrs. Grant died, and the family was broken up. Noah Grant, with the two younger children, went to live with his eldest son, while the others (there were five children altogether) found homes in the neighborhood of Deerfield. Jesse was taken into the family of Judge

Tod, whose son was afterwards the renowned war governor of Ohio. Jesse also lived for a short time in the family of Mr. Brown, the father of John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame, "Whose soul goes marching on."

As soon as he was old enough to learn a trade, Jesse Grant left Deerfield and went to Maysville, Ky., where he became apprenticed to a tanner. When he had learned his trade and was ready for business, he set up a tannery at Ravenna, Ohio, and a few years later moved to Pleasant Point, where he went into the same occupation. It was at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, that the man, destined to conquer the greatest rebellion that the world ever saw, was born on the 27th of April, 1822. His mother was Hannah, daughter of John Simpson, whom Jesse Grant had married in June, 1821.

Concerning his parents, General Grant wrote as follows in his "Memoirs:" —

"During the minority of my father, the West afforded but poor facilities for the most opulent of the youth to acquire an education; and the majority were dependent, almost exclusively, upon their own exertions for whatever learning they obtained. I have often heard him say that his time at school was limited to six months, when he was very young, too young, indeed, to learn much, or to appreciate the advantages of an education; and to a 'quarter's schooling' afterwards, probably while

living with Judge Tod. But his thirst for education was intense. He learned rapidly, and was a constant reader up to the day of his death—in his eightieth year. Books were scarce in the Western Reserve during his youth, but he read every book he could borrow in the neighborhood where he lived. This scarcity gave him the early habit of studying everything he read, so that when he got through with a book, he knew everything in it. Even after reading the daily papers—which he never neglected—he could give all the important information they contained. He made himself an excellent English scholar; and before he was twenty years of age he was a constant contributor to Western newspapers, and was also, from that time until he was fifty years old, an able debater in the societies for this purpose, which were common in the West at that time. He always took an active part in politics, but was never a candidate for office, except, I believe, that he was the first mayor of Georgetown. He supported Jackson for the presidency; but he was a Whig, a great admirer of Henry Clay, and never voted for any other Democrat for high office after Jackson.

"My mother's family lived in Montgomery County, Pa., for several generations. I have little information about her ancestors. Her family took no interest in genealogy, so that my grandfather, who died when I was sixteen years old, knew only back to his grandfather.

"My mother's father, John Simpson, moved from Montgomery County, Pa., to Clermont County, Ohio, about the year 1819, taking with him his four children,—three daughters and one son. My mother, Hannah Simpson, was the third of these children, and was then over twenty years of age. Her eldest sister

was at that time married, and had several children. She still lives in Clermont County at this writing, October 5th, 1884, and is over ninety years of age. Her brother, next of age, and now past eighty-eight, is also living in Clermont County, within a few miles of the old homestead, and is as active in mind as ever. He was a supporter of the Government during the war, and remains a firm believer that national success by the Democratic party means irretrievable ruin."

At the time of General Grant's birth there was a stream of emigration from the East to Ohio and other Western States. It came principally from New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, there being vary few people from Virginia and the other Southern States who settled north of the Ohio River. Steamboating in the valley of the Mississippi was then in its infancy, the first steamboat there having been launched at Pittsburg in 1811. Navigation was principally by flatboats and keelboats, and a great force of men was required for handling them.

The boatmen of that time were marked characters in their way. They were a powerful, hardy race, unerring shots with the rifle, and fond of fighting and "rough frolics" on shore. If two or more crews happened to meet in a town where they had landed for the night, there was pretty sure to be a fist fight, and perhaps two or three of them, be-

fore bedtime. After a fight, the combatants shook hands, and no animosity remained. Wounds and bruises were regarded as of little consequence; and the boatmen used to boast that they had "mighty healing flesh."

It was an imperative rule of the boatmen that they would do no work on shore, their only place of industry being on the water. Their principal land amusement was shooting at a mark, and playing rough practical jokes on each other. With the rifle-ball they would knock a pipe from a fellow-boatman's hat-band, or spill the contents of a tin cup as it was being raised to the holder's lips. They would cut off the head of a wild turkey in flight, and snuff a candle at fifty paces without putting out the light. Their most favorite amusement was "driving the nail." This consisted in sinking a nail into a tree two-thirds of its length, and then, at fifty paces, driving it home with a rifle-ball.

When two of them quarreled and made up their differences, it was not unusual for them to shoot small objects from each other's heads as a mark of friendship. A famous boatman, Mike Fink, the best shot on the river, lost his life in one of these affairs. He was to shoot an apple from the head of a man with whom he had quarreled and made up. When he fired, the man fell to the ground, where-

upon his brother shot Fink through the heart. In a few moments the supposed dead man rose to his feet; and it was found that Fink's bullet had passed between the man's head and the apple, making only a slight scalp wound.

Occasionally the boatmen had desperate fights with river pirates who infested certain portions of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. In these encounters there was generally bloodshed and loss of life, especially when the pirates were victorious.

CHAPTER II.

Weight of the baby.—Giving him a name.—Hiram Ulysses Grant.—Boyhood of Ulysses.—His first smell of powder.—Fondness for horses.—His skill as a rider.—Hauling wood and carrying passengers.—Skating.—How his frozen feet were cured.—Hauling logs for the new jail.—What "Dave and Me" did.—Breaking a neighbor's window by accident.

"How much did the baby weigh?" one of our young readers asks.

It weighed ten and three-quarter pounds, so the tradition is in the family; and it was pronounced a strong and healthy infant. Its name was a matter of great consequence, that could only be decided at a family council; and this was not held until the child was six weeks old. On the day appointed for the meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Grant entered the family wagon and drove to the house of the Simpsons, the parents of Mrs. Grant, ten miles away. Of course the baby accompanied them; and this was probably his first journey away from home, and his first opportunity to see the world. He did not keep a memorandum of what he saw on or by the way; and history does not tell us of his comments concerning the ride, or how he "liked the country."

It is possible that he remarked on returning home that he didn't know the world was so large.

The council consisted of the boy's parents, his grandparents on the mother's side, and two maternal aunts; and there was a long discussion of the subject before them, which became heated towards the end. Finally it was determined to vote by ballot; and thereupon each one wrote on a slip of paper the name which he or she preferred. The slips were then dropped into a hat, and one of the aunts was delegated to draw from the hat a single slip and read forth the name thereon inscribed.

The scrap of paper bore the name of "Ulysses;" and when all the slips were examined it was found that the vote stood as follows:—

Ulysses	2
Albert	2
Theodore	1
Hiram	1

Hiram was voted by John Simpson, the father of Mrs. Grant, and out of deference to him it was subsequently prefixed to Ulysses; so that the boy was baptized Hiram Ulysses Grant. Albert was in honor of Albert Gallatin, who was then minister for the United States at Paris, and was highly popular for his many public services, which covered altogether a period of fully fifty years.

Theodore was voted by one of the maiden aunts who thought it a pretty name; and Ulysses was the choice of the boy's father and grandmother. The reader may wonder how such a classic name should have found its way into Ohio at that time, when schools, even of the common sort, were rare, and colleges practically unknown in that region. Well, here is the story that they tell about it:—

A copy of Fénelon's "Telemachus" had been brought into the settlement, and Jesse Grant borrowed and read the book shortly after his marriage. Then he sought and obtained permission to lend it to his mother-in-law, and she had just completed its perusal at the time of the family council. Both of them had been forcibly impressed with the character of Ulysses, the father of the hero of the story, who is depicted as "gentle of speech, beneficent of mind," "the most patient of men," "equally unmoved against danger and reproach," and "the wise Ulysses." One apostrophe to Telemachus is as follows:—

"Your father Ulysses is the wisest of mankind; his mind is an unfathomable depth; his secret lies beyond the line of subtlety and fraud; he is the friend of truth; he says nothing that is false, but when it is necessary he conceals what is true; his wisdom is, as it were, a seal upon his lips, which is never broken but for an important purpose."

The selection of this name would seem to have been prophetic in view of the history of the man who bore it! How marked was the resemblance between the characters of the Ulysses of ancient times and of him of the nineteenth century! Each possessed indomitable bravery, wisdom, and reticence; each passed through many perils; and each was noted for persistence in overcoming obstacles which stood in his way.

Jesse Grant moved to Georgetown, in Brown County, when his first-born son was about two months old. Georgetown is about sixty miles above Cincinnati, and stands ten miles back from the Ohio River. The region around it is well adapted to the culture of the grape; and Brown County is one of the best wine-producing counties of Ohio. The county is strongly Democratic; and the tradition is that some of its inhabitants vote for Andrew Jackson at every presidential election, unmindful of the fact that the hero of New Orleans has been dead for half a century.

Jesse Grant carried to Georgetown a capital of eleven hundred dollars, which he had made and saved in less than two years. He started a tannery in his new place of residence, and was so successful with it that he built a small house of brick, and supported his family without touching his savings at all. In addition to his tannery he had a farm which

he tilled, and about fifty acres of forest that supplied the family with wood. Part of the time was devoted to the tannery, and part to farming. Jesse was prosperous as prosperity was measured in that time and place; and it was all the result of steady industry. The man was a hard worker; and when his son was old enough to be useful he had his share of work to do.

Ulysses Grant passed his life in Georgetown until he went, at the age of seventeen, to the Military Academy at West Point on the Hudson. There was nothing very eventful in his boyhood, although there are several occurrences worth noting in view of what happened later on. Before he was two years old, a young man, living in the neighborhood, wished to see what the boy would do at the report of a pistol close to him; he had already been tried with one a little distance away, and was not at all alarmed at the noise.

On this occasion the pistol was loaded and cocked, and then, while his father was holding him in his arms, the boy's finger was pressed against the trigger by his young friend until the weapon was discharged with a loud report.

"He did not even dodge or wink," said his father; "but reached out for the pistol and asked for it to be loaded again."

A year or two later, when he was quite ill, the family doctor was called in to consider his case. He pronounced the child in a state of fever, and prescribed some powders; whereupon the little fellow began to cry, and said between the sobs: "Don't give me any powders; they will blow me up!"

The matter was explained to him; and on being assured that he was in no danger of an internal explosion, he consented to take the medicine the doctor prescribed.

His father says that one of the earliest characteristics he displayed was a fondness for horses. A circus visited Georgetown about the time Ulysses was twenty months old, and he was taken to see it. He enjoyed the performance very much, and laughed heartily at the feats of the riders and the tricks of the clown. Towards the end of the show, a trick pony was brought in, and the ring-master asked for somebody to ride it. Ulysses begged to be permitted to do so; and when his father tried to dissuade him, the tears stood in the boy's eyes, and he continued his pleadings. So he was placed on the pony's back, while the animal was led slowly around the ring, to the great delight of his rider, and the admiration of the spectators who applauded loudly.

When he was five years old he could handle the reins very well, and was often sent with the horse

and wagon for short drives. When Ulysses was seven and a half years old his father was away from home one day; when he came home at night he found a large pile of brushwood in the yard in front of the house. His first question was as to who brought it there.

"I did it, father," said the boy. "I harnessed up Jack, and put him in the sled; and I've been hauling brush from the lot all day."

The wood-lot from which the young teamster had brought the brush was about a mile from the village; and he loaded and unloaded the sled without assistance.

When he was eight years old, the boy took care of a pair of horses and hauled wood every day, though he could not put on the collars and bridles of the animals without standing on a box or inverted tub so that he could reach their heads. His father says that Ulysses was always very kind to the horses, and that they reciprocated his kindness as horses are wont to do. "He could do anything with them he wanted to," said Mr. Grant; "and they appeared to be as fond of him as he was of them."

He hauled wood not only for his father, but for the neighbors, and earned some money by so doing. He could not handle the heavy sticks to load or unload the wagon or sled; this work was done by some one

else at either end of the line, while the labor of Ulysses was confined to driving. He also earned money by driving to their homes people who came to Georgetown by stage. By the time he was nine years old he had saved seventeen dollars, with which he bought a colt; and from that time he was never without a horse that was his own property. He traded horses quite often, and generally, though not always, to advantage. He displayed considerable business ability in his transactions, though he never went as far as the typical operator in equine flesh who "would cheat his father in a horse-trade."

Ulysses had a brother named Simpson, three years younger than himself; and the two boys were brought up together. They went to school whenever there was any school in the town, which was not the case at all times. There were no free schools in that part of Ohio at the time of which we write. Every school was supported by subscription, and the teachers were often only a little less ignorant than their pupils. Reading and writing, together with arithmetic as far as the "rule of three," were the principal branches taught, with sometimes grammar and geography. A school contained from twenty to forty or fifty scholars. The pupils varied in age from two years to twenty, and occasionally there was some that exceeded the latter figure. Books and birch twigs, with rulers

for the older pupils, shared the honors as aids to learning, their relative uses varying with the temperaments of the teachers and the docility or reverse of it of those who came to be taught. It was the custom of the time to use the rod freely. If the sparing of it spoiled the child, as Solomon asserts, there were few ruined children in Ohio in the first half of the nineteenth century.

General Grant says in his memoirs that his school-master in Georgetown always had a long switch in his hand; and it was not the same one either, as frequently a whole bunch of switches were used in one day. At home Ulysses was never subjected to punishment; but at school he obtained his full share, perhaps because he was not of a studious habit. He went to school in Georgetown from the time he was five years old until he went to West Point, with the exception of two winters which he spent in Ripley, Ohio, and Maysville, Ky., attending private schools. Jesse Grant was well aware of his own deficiencies of education, and was anxious to give his boys as much schooling as he possibly could.

But his attendance at school did not exempt young Ulysses from labor. Before and after school hours there was usually something for him to do about the house or farm or in the tannery. The latter work he detested; but he was always willing to go into

the fields, and especially so if the employment there had any connection with horses. When he was eleven years old he was able to hold a plow; and from that time on until he went to West Point he did pretty nearly all the farm-work in which horses were engaged. He plowed the land, furrowed the growing potatoes and corn, hauled the wood and the gathered crops, cared for the horses and cows, and did other things, which were, as auctioneers say in their advertisements, "too numerous to mention."

Amusements were not abundant. There were fishing and hunting to be enjoyed occasionally, as the country was sparsely settled; but game animals were chiefly limited to squirrels, raccoons, rabbits, and similar "small deer." And as for the fish, they were not of a kind and size to develop the habit of falsehood which afflicts so many fishermen in Eastern waters. In winter the boys of Georgetown visited each other's houses in the evening, playing morris, checkers, fox and geese, and other games, eating hickory nuts; telling stories, and repeating riddles, till nine o'clock came, and it was time for the visitors to go home. In summer the boys went frequently to swim in the creek which ran near the village; and they used to have lots of fun in a place similar to that which James Whitcomb Riley, sweetest of Western poets, has immortalized as "The Ole Swimmin' Hole."

Skating was an amusement of the Georgetown boys; and it is related that on one occasion Ulysses had his feet frozen in consequence of having his straps too tight. His mother, who is said to have had a remedy for every ill that juvenile flesh is heir to, smoked the boy's feet over burning hay, and then poulticed them with bacon cut into thin slices. Whether the remedy belongs to the regular medical practice or not, we cannot say; but the frozen feet were cured.

Occasionally when snow was on the ground, and of the right consistency, the boys used to get up snow-balling matches. They would designate two leaders, and then "choose sides," the numbers being equally divided, or very nearly so. It is related that whenever Ulysses was one of the leaders, his side generally won the match, owing to the skill with which he handled his followers. He took advantage of weak points in his adversary's line, and in various ways gave promise of the superior ability as a tactician that he afterwards displayed.

The parents and neighbors of Ulysses say that one of his boyhood characteristics was truthfulness. He never told a deliberate lie or even a "white" one, though he was by no means a goody-goody boy such as we read of in story-books. If he heard or knew of pranks on the part of his schoolmates or playfellows, he didn't run at once to inform upon them; but when

called up and required to tell the truth, he did it, even though it might bear upon himself.

One day while he and some other boys were playing ball, Ulysses knocked the ball through a pane of glass in a house near by. He immediately dropped his bat and went straight into the house, where he said,—

“Mrs. Bailey, I’ve just broken your window, and am very sorry. I’ll go right down to the store and buy a pane of glass, and come straight back and put it in.”

“Oh, never mind the window,” was the reply; “you’ve paid for it already by coming so promptly to tell about it.”

“But I do mind,” said the boy; and off he went to the store to get the glass, which he soon had in the place where it belonged.

Ulysses was not quarrelsome like many boys, but when he was drawn into a physical discussion he showed that he was no coward. A schoolmate says he once saw Ulysses in a fight with another boy named Mount, who was larger and stronger than our hero. Mount was getting the better of his adversary, when the latter suddenly gave him a tremendous kick in the thigh. Thereupon Mount gave a loud yell and started for his house, which was close by, while Ulysses hurried to his own home,

fearful of a "whaling" at the hands of Mount's father.

Mention has been made of the dislike of Ulysses for the work of the tannery. The bark for tanning purposes comes to the mill in strips, three or four feet long, and of varying width. It is dry and brittle when ready to be ground. The bark-mill resembles a cider-mill in general appearance. It has an upright hopper, and the grinding apparatus is moved by a horse walking around in a circle and propelling a pole. The boy who tends the mill stands by the side of the hopper, and with a hammer breaks the bark into pieces four or five inches square, and drops them inside. Every time the pole comes around he must "duck" his head to prevent it from being hit.

Grinding bark was the employment which Ulysses disliked more than any other, with the exception of "beaming" hides. When any grinding was to be done, he used to hire another boy to take his place, paying him twenty-five cents for his day's work. Then he would go away and earn a dollar, and perhaps more, with his horses, carrying passengers to their homes, or hauling loads that needed to be moved. In this way he not only secured relief from disagreeable work, but made money out of the transaction.

Jesse Grant took the contract for building a jail at Georgetown; and this necessitated a great deal of

hauling of materials, chiefly of logs which were obtained in Mr. Grant's wood-lot. He owned one large horse which just matched one belonging to a neighbor. While the question of collecting material for the jail was under discussion, Ulysses, then twelve years of age, said,—

"Father, if you'll buy Paul Devore's horse so as to work with ours, I'll undertake to haul the logs for you."

Mr. Grant bought the horse as the boy suggested. Ulysses named his new animal "Dave," and found him quite willing and docile. He was very proud of his pair of black steeds, and with them he did all the hauling required for the work. The logs were fourteen feet long and twelve inches square. They were cut and hewed in the forest; and when Ulysses went there with his team, the men helped him to load, while those at the jail helped in the unloading. The logs were large and heavy, as the reader will understand from their dimensions, and required several men to handle them. One morning rain was threatening; and when Ulysses came from the forest with his first load he remarked to his father that it was hardly worth while to go again that day as none of the hewers or choppers were there, and there was only one load left, and if that were taken away, there would be nothing for the next morning.

"Were none of the men there?"

"No, not one."

"Who loaded these logs?"

"Dave and me did it, father."

"Why, that's impossible," said Mr. Grant.

"Not a bit, father. Dave and me did it without anybody's help."

"How in the world did you manage to get the logs on the axles?"

"There's a maple-tree there that's fallen part way over, with its top lodged against another tree. I hitched Dave to the logs one by one, and dragged them up to this tree; and then I backed up the wagon, and snaked 'em ahead on the axles. Dave seemed to know just what I wanted, and we didn't have a bit of trouble."

The performance became known in the neighborhood, and made Ulysses quite famous. When General Grant received the surrender of Vicksburg, one of his boyhood acquaintances said,—

"That's the chap that loaded a wagon with heavy logs when he was twelve years old. I reckon he sat down and planned how to take Vicksburg just as he planned how he and Dave were going to make up that load without any help."

Evidently the jail which Jesse Grant constructed was not like the one in another Western town where

a prisoner who was confined there wrote to the sheriff that he wouldn't stay any longer unless they repaired the jail sufficiently to keep the cows from straying in there and disturbing him.

Young Grant said that Dave could do almost anything but talk, and he was sure that the animal understood what was said in his presence. One day when Ulysses was engaged in hauling logs from "the upper lot" as it was called, Jesse Grant said to Ulysses, —

"Go to the south lot this time for your load."

"All right, father," was the reply.

When the team reached the road to the south lot, Dave turned into it without any direction from his driver's voice or reins.

CHAPTER III.

The young horsebreaker. — Riding circus ponies. — Young Grant's famous horse-trade. — Selling a refractory horse. — Trips to Cincinnati. — Sent to West Point. — How the appointment came about. — Mistake in his name. — Grant's sensitiveness on the subject. — Preparing for examination. — His outfit. — Journey to West Point. — Canal, stage, railway, and steamboat. — West Point and its history. — Grant's proficiency. — Excels in horsemanship.

VERY early in life young Grant became famous as the best horseman in all the country, which was no small repute in a region where nearly every man was familiar with the saddle and its uses. Before he was ten years old, owners of horses afflicted with a distemper that was cured only by vigorous exercise used to bring their animals to Ulysses to get him to ride them "into a lathering sweat." He was also in demand for breaking colts; and it was no uncommon sight to see the tanner's boy on a pitching, rearing, bucking beast, tearing around the square or along the streets that led into the country. Usually he went out at a furious pace, but returned at a walk.

Strange as it may seem at first, while he was ready and willing to earn money by teaming or driving passengers, he disliked to do so by breaking colts or vicious horses. The profession of a horse-jockey was

not in good repute there, and he had no desire to be known as a trainer. He declined to take money for breaking colts for the neighbors, and refused to handle those that were brought to him from a distance.

Once a neighbor came with a colt, and offered Ulysses two dollars to ride the animal and carry a letter to a town thirteen miles away. Just as Ulysses mounted the steed, the man said, as if the thought had just struck him,—

“I wish you’d see if that colt can pace.”

When Ulysses returned from his twenty-six mile ride, the colt was a good pacer. Afterwards the boy was very angry when he found that the carrying of the letter was what in these days would be called a “fake,” the real object being to have the colt trained to pace.

Whenever a show came along with a trick pony which was difficult to ride, Lyss, as he was usually called, was always ready to try to ride him. Generally he succeeded, but sometimes the pony’s tumbling and rolling on the ground were too much for him. When he was twelve years old, he rode a pony quite around the ring, but was more than a quarter of an hour in doing so. The pony jumped, bucked, reared, lay down, and rolled over, but all to no purpose. The boy clung to him with the persistence of a bulldog, and clearly earned the five dollars which

the ring-master had promised but managed to evade paying by a frivolous excuse.

He used to ride standing on the saddle, or more frequently on a sheepskin strapped on the horse's back to keep the rider's bare feet from slipping. Thus equipped, Ulysses would go at full gallop along the road, standing on one foot, as he had seen riders at the circus, and holding the bridle in his left hand and a switch in his right. Generally the horses seemed to enter into the spirit of the sport, and needed little if any urging.

One day before Ulysses was ten years old, his father sent him to buy a horse belonging to a farmer who lived several miles away. "Offer him thirty dollars for the horse," said Mr. Grant; "but if he won't take it, you can offer thirty-five; and rather than come away without the animal, offer him forty. If he won't take that, you may leave the horse, as that's all he's worth."

Impressed with the importance of the trust reposed in him, the boy started on his mission. When he reached the house, and said that he wanted to buy the horse Mr. Grant had been looking at, the farmer suddenly asked,—

"How much did your father say you might pay for the horse?"

Thrown off his guard by the abruptness of the inquiry, the boy answered,—

"Father said I might pay forty dollars rather than not get him, but was to begin by offering thirty; and if you refused it, I was to offer thirty-five."

Of course the farmer was ready to declare, and did so, that he couldn't take less than forty dollars, and the bargain was concluded at that figure. The story got out, and caused Ulysses a good deal of annoyance as long as he remained in Georgetown; and not only then, as it followed him to West Point, and afterwards into the army.

Mr. Grant had so much confidence in Ulysses that after the latter was thirteen or fourteen years old, he allowed him to trade horses pretty much as he pleased. When the jail which has been mentioned was completed, Jesse sold his wagon to a farmer who lived twenty miles away. Ulysses was sent to deliver the wagon; and for this purpose he took a horse that his purchaser had left, and one of his own that he had recently purchased and had never been harnessed, though he had been used under the saddle.

For about ten miles Ulysses got along very well. Then the new horse became frightened at something, and kicked out of the traces; and very soon he had freed himself from the harness, all but the bridle which held him to the other horse. Ulysses jumped off the wagon and seized the frightened animal, holding him till he was quiet; then he replaced the har-

ness and tried to go on, but the beast began to kick again and behave as badly as ever before.

"He will never do to go in harness," said the boy, "and I guess I'll sell him as soon as I can. He's a good saddler, and I won't be long in finding a market."

He was close to a town at the time; and so he saddled the horse and galloped away, leaving the quiet beast tied to a tree at the roadside. When he reached the town, he inquired for a horse-dealer; and having found one, he speedily sold the horse for sixty-five dollars. The dealer hesitated about making a purchase of so young a boy, whereupon Ulysses brought forward a gentleman whom he knew to assure the dealer that a bargain with the boy was the same as one with his father.

After completing his horse-trade, Ulysses borrowed a quiet steed with which he returned to where he had left his wagon and the other horse. Then he finished his journey; and on the return trip restored the borrowed animal to its owner, and made the rest of the journey in the stage-coach.

Ulysses made frequent trips to Cincinnati and other places by reason of engagements for hauling loads for merchants and others; and he kept a sharp watch for jobs by which he might earn money by the use of his horses. By the time he was sixteen

years of age, he had traversed most of the country within fifty miles of Georgetown so often that he was pretty familiar with it; and once he went on a journey to Louisville, which was a great undertaking at that time for a boy of his age. He longed to see more of the world, and was planning to earn and save money enough to enable him to do so.

The opportunity came in an unexpected manner, and at a time when he was not thinking of it.

He was attending school at Ripley, ten miles from Georgetown, during the winter of 1838-1839. During Christmas holidays the school was closed, and young Grant followed the example of the other pupils and went home. One day his father received a letter; and on reading it, he remarked,—

“Ulysses, I think you are going to receive the appointment.”

“What appointment?” the boy asked.

“The appointment to West Point,” the father answered. “I have applied for it.”

Ulysses declared that he didn’t want it, and wouldn’t go; but his father cut the matter short by saying, “You’ll go, I think, if I want you to.”

The boy concluded, so he has said since then, that he thought so, too, if his father did. The reason he did not want to go was that he feared he would fail in the preliminary examination; and he would rather

stay at home all his life than do that. He had no real objection to going, but was fearful of the ordeal.

The way the appointment came about was this:—

A boy had been appointed from Georgetown, but had failed in the examination. He resigned, and went to a private school for a year, when he was appointed, and failed again. A vacancy in that district was thus created, but the fact was not generally known. The boy's mother was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Grant, and told the circumstance to her. She mentioned it to her husband, and hinted that there was an opening for Ulysses. Jesse Grant caught at the hint, and immediately wrote to the Honorable Thomas L. Hamer, the member of Congress who had the right of nomination, requesting the appointment of his son.

There was no other applicant for the place, and so Ulysses received the nomination. Mr. Hamer made a mistake in the name of the appointee. Instead of Hiram Ulysses, he wrote it Ulysses Simpson, under the impression that the boy's middle name was the maiden name of his mother, or perhaps confounding his name with that of Jesse's next son, Simpson. At all events the appointment came for Ulysses Simpson Grant, and no effort on the part of the individuals concerned could ever change it.

When he found that the mistake could not be rec

tified, the youth accepted the situation, and entered West Point as Ulysses Simpson Grant. The blunder of Mr. Hamer was an annoyance to General Grant throughout his whole life. While he was a student he was ridiculed frequently by his companions for being somebody else than himself, or for having entered the academy under another's name because he couldn't get in on his own. Other jokes of the same sort were frequent; but though they were made in a friendly spirit, they could hardly be otherwise than annoying. The same and other jokes followed him after his graduation and his admission to the army, and he was rarely out of their echo.

During the Civil War the story of his change of name was told again and again in the newspapers, and the same was the case while he occupied the presidential chair. For years a prominent newspaper that was hostile to the president and his policy invariably spoke of him as Hiram U. Grant, and its example was occasionally followed by others. Whenever an opposition editor wished to be excessively funny, he revived this hoary joke, and wrought himself into a fit of uncontrollable laughter over it.

Naturally the appointment of the tanner's son to a cadetship at West Point caused a great deal of comment in Georgetown. Ulysses had not been regarded as a bright boy, excepting, of course, by his

parents; and grave doubts were expressed of the possibility of converting such an uncouth lad as he was into a polished soldier. A lawyer of Georgetown, who was not over friendly with the boy, said to Jesse Grant that he wondered Congressman Hamer hadn't given the appointment to some one who would do credit to the district.

This remark was not calculated to fall pleasantly on Jesse's ears, and for a long time he felt very sore about it. But years afterwards when his son had become the most famous general in the Civil War, and was voted into the presidential chair, the old gentleman took great pleasure in repeating it.

Until the time that Ulysses departed for his new station in life the appointment was the chief topic of conversation in the village, and a great source of comfort and pride to the parents of the boy. But there was a practical side to the matter which could not be overlooked, and that was the preparation for the examination, and the raising of the money needed for the cadet.

Ulysses put himself into the hands of a professional teacher named Baldwin Summers, who had an excellent reputation, especially for mathematics and penmanship. He studied hard for five months or so, and gave up his association with horses and other quadrupeds. At the time of his departure, in May,

1839, he had advanced considerably in book knowledge; and his teacher said he was sure to pass the examination, provided he did not lose his presence of mind when he came before the examining board.

Meantime the youth's mother had prepared his outfit of shirts, socks, and underwear generally, and he had spent twenty-five dollars for a suit of clothes. He had saved about one hundred dollars; and by selling a young horse for which he had no further use, he raised sixty more. The rules of the Military Academy required every cadet to deposit sixty dollars to pay his expenses home in case he failed to pass examination, or should so conduct himself as to be expelled.

The sale of the horse supplied the deposit money, and left seventy-five dollars for the boy's traveling expenses to West Point. He went up the Ohio by steamboat to Pittsburg, which was reached in three days, and thence went by canal to Harrisburg. The stage would have been more expeditious than the canal-boat, but it was more expensive; and, furthermore, the water-route gave a better view of the scenery of Western Pennsylvania than the land one.

The canal-route was not altogether a water-way, as the boats crossed the mountains by rail, being hauled up an inclined plane on one side and lowered down a plane on the other. The first railway with

cars and locomotives to greet the eyes of our hero was between Harrisburg and Philadelphia; and they made, he thought, an average speed of twelve miles an hour. At full speed the train went at the enormous rate of eighteen miles an hour, and seemed to be annihilating time and space.

Ulysses took his journey leisurely, stopping several days in Philadelphia to visit his mother's relatives and see the city, which was a great curiosity to him. He was so long in the Quaker City that he had less time and money for New York; and when he reached West Point on the 30th or 31st of May, his traveling purse was nearly empty. He was considerably surprised at the ease with which he passed the trials of examination, and at once wrote home to tell his parents that it wasn't such a difficult thing after all to get into West Point.

West Point is about fifty miles from New York City and on the west bank of the Hudson. It is partly an elevated plain, and partly mountainous land; and the idea of establishing a military academy there was suggested, so history says, by Colonel Pickering, quartermaster-general of the army, shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War. West Point played an important part in the Revolution. It was fortified quite early in the war, was held alternately by the British and the Continentals, and

was the scene of Benedict Arnold's treason and flight.

The authorized number of cadets at the Military Academy is fixed by the law which allows each congressional district, each Territory, and the District of Columbia, to have one cadet at the Academy; and there are also ten cadets appointed yearly by the President. Those from the districts and Territories are appointed by the Secretary of War on recommendation of members from the districts or the Territorial delegates.

When there are several applicants for a single appointment, the place generally goes by favor of the member of Congress having the nomination. Sometimes, in order to avoid the hatred of the disappointed ones and their friends, the Congressman opens the appointment to competition among the pupils in the schools, and publicly announces the fact in his district. This plan has proved an excellent one, and will probably increase in popularity as the years go on.

To be admitted to the Academy, an applicant must be from seventeen to twenty years of age, without disease or deformity, and must pass an examination in reading, writing, including spelling, grammar, arithmetic and geography, particularly of his own country, and must have a good knowledge of the history of the United States. The course of instruction occupies

four years, and the cadet receives an allowance of five hundred dollars a year to pay for his board, clothing, books, stationery, and other items of expense; and he also receives the allowance of one army ration.

There is a large staff of teachers and professors at West Point, most of them being officers who have graduated from the Academy. The course of study includes mathematics, history, geography, geology, chemistry, mineralogy, French, drawing, engineering, and military science in general. The examinations are rigid and thoroughly impartial; and the cadet who fails to make a certain average at these examinations is dismissed. There is a daily record of the recitations of each student, and at the end of the week this record is posted up. The cadet's position in his class is determined by this record.

Cadet Grant's record was never a high one. He was never at the head of his class, and sometimes got disagreeably near the foot. He admits that he was not a close student, and spent a considerable part of his time in reading books that had no bearing upon education. The military life had no charm for him; and he had no intention of remaining in the army after graduation, in case he had the good fortune to graduate. His idea was that he would obtain a position as teacher either at West Point or elsewhere, and thus turn his education to advantage.

The barbarous practice of “hazing” was then in force, and Cadet Grant had his share of it. While he was a “plebe,” or first year student, several of the juniors, the class next above him, came to his room one night to smoke him out. They helped themselves to his tobacco which lay in a box on the table, and after filling their pipes began to smoke very vigorously. Pretty soon one of them felt unwell, then another, and then another. In less than half an hour all had retired, and young Grant remained master of the field. The vanquished smokers accused him of “doctoring” his tobacco in anticipation of their visit, but to this charge he always replied that the proof to that effect had not been presented.

The students go into camp during part of the summer, and the life of the camp gives an opportunity for the juniors to play jokes upon the plebes. During Grant’s second year a plebe asked him on the first morning after going into camp, where he should go to get his shoes blacked.

“Over at that tent,” said Grant, pointing to the tent of the colonel who commanded the camp. “There’s a man there who has charge of the whole business, and he’ll tell you where to go.”

The plebe went as directed, but soon found his mistake. The colonel answered him very gruffly, and then asked who sent him there.

"One of the men in the junior class," was the reply; "but I don't know his name."

"Go back and tell him I want to see him," said the colonel. The plebe delivered the message; but Cadet Grant did not see fit to comply with the colonel's invitation, and there the matter ended.

Hazing is practically abolished at the present time at West Point and in most of the colleges. In the old days at West Point it frequently happened that students were severely injured and their health was impaired. On one occasion, while a plebe was on sentry duty, a junior endeavored to "have some fun" with him, and received a bayonet thrust in his thigh. For some time his life was in danger, but he ultimately recovered; though he was permanently disabled, and obliged to give up his studies at the Academy.

But if Grant's standing was low in scholarship, it was offset to some extent by his horsemanship. The training of the cadets in that branch is severe as it is in everything else. They are put through a course of hard riding, and a goodly proportion of it is done without saddles. On bare-backed horses they must jump hurdles and bars and perform various evolutions, and the officers stand by to see that there is no shirking.

The tanner's son won the admiration of everybody by his ability to stick on a bare-backed horse through

all the exercises, including leaps of five feet and more. He was by all odds the best rider of his class, and one of the very best riders ever seen at West Point. His early fondness for horses and acquaintance with them stood him in good stead.

At that time there was in the stable at West Point a huge, long-legged, sorrel horse called "York." He was a hard beast to handle; and only two members of the class, Grant and Coutts, could ride him at all. Coutts frankly acknowledged that Grant was a far better rider than himself; and as for the others, they were quite out of the question.

York was a splendid jumper, and it was Grant's delight to "put him through his paces." When the five-foot bar was put in place, and Grant was mounted on his back, York would approach the bar at a gallop, crouch low like a cat about to pounce on a mouse, and then go over the bar with a sudden spring. His fore-feet were thrown high in the air, his hind-feet gathered beneath him, and he came down to the ground with wonderful lightness.

One day — it was at the final examination before the board of visitors — York, with Grant on his back, made a jump of six feet and three inches. It was the best leap ever made at West Point, and is marked there yet as "Grant's upon York."

CHAPTER IV.

Grant thrashes an impudent student.—A salutary lesson.—“Uncle Sam.”—Popular with his fellows.—An arbiter of disputes.—First visit home.—A happy reunion.—Graduates from the Military Academy.—His standing in his class.—Home again.—Appointed into the Fourth Infantry.—His first uniform.—Joins his regiment at St. Louis.—Meets his future wife.—Courtship under difficulties.—Troubles between Texas and Mexico.—Fourth Infantry ordered to the frontier

COMING as they do from all parts of the country, and from all social ranks, the students are a mixed lot when they enter the Academy at West Point. No distinctions are made between them by their instructors; the son of a millionaire or of an army officer is treated exactly like the son of a tanner or a carpenter, and must perform his duties in the same way.

When the students form in squads to go to roll-call, they take their places in the order in which they reported for duty at the beginning of the term. Next to Grant and below him was a youth whom we will call Robinson, who was the son of an army officer, and the pet of his parents and all the officers at the post where his father was stationed. He was a tall, handsome fellow, and looked sneeringly upon his neighbor, the tanner's boy from the back-

woods of Ohio, a short, chubby youth, with manners somewhat uncouth, though never rude.

One day Robinson crowded Grant out of his place when they assembled at roll-call. Grant, thinking it might have been an accident, said nothing at the time; but after the class was dismissed, he told Robinson not to crowd him out again.

The very next roll-call, Robinson, with a wink at some of his comrades, repeated the offense. Grant instantly knocked him down, jumped on him, and in less time than it takes to tell the story, gave him a sound thrashing. The surprise of Robinson was about equal to the delight of the rest of the class, as the haughty fellow was not at all popular. He took the lesson to heart, as many a boy has taken similar treatment, as he never afterwards tried to crowd Grant out of his place or otherwise offend him.

Those who did not know young Grant at all well considered him cold and distant; and one of his fellow-students afterwards said of him "He would drip icicles in a Turkish bath." This is the equivalent of a remark concerning a certain prominent man of the present day, that he would be good to put around butter in summer-time. Two lines in Shakespeare's play, King Henry VIII., are not an inapt description of Grant's character:—

"Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer."

Partly from the seriousness of his manner, and partly because of his initials, Grant was nicknamed "Uncle Sam" by his classmates; and the name adhered to him all through his services in the regular army. As in nearly all schools and colleges, the students were nicknamed either by the alteration or abbreviation of their own names, or on account of some personal attributes. Thus there were among Grant's classmates Steele, who was called "Doctor" because he had studied medicine; and Reynolds, called "Dad" on account of his premature gray hair. Hamilton was "Ham," Franklin, "Frank," and Deshon, "Dragon."

"Uncle Sam" grew in popularity as time went on, owing chiefly to his amiability and quietness of manner. He was not noted for brilliancy; in fact, he had a reputation for indolence which he said was justly deserved. He did not have a large circle of acquaintances; but he had several close friends, and most of them remained so during his and their lives. Among those who knew him he was greatly admired for the clearness and fairness of his judgment; and whenever a dispute arose among them, and no agreement seemed likely to be reached, it was generally decided to leave it to "Uncle Sam."

The cadets have a furlough of sixty days for visiting their friends at the end of the second year:



LIEUTENANT GRANT RIDING FOR AMMUNITION AT MONTEREY.

and this is the only one allowed during their entire term except in the case of serious illness. Grant improved his furlough by going home as quickly as possible. He found relatives and friends very glad to see him, and all complimented him on his improved appearance. He was somewhat round-shouldered when he left Georgetown; but he now carried himself with dignity, holding his head well erect. His mother exclaimed after her first welcome was over, —

“Why, how straight you have grown!”

“Yes,” was the reply; “they taught me that the very first thing.”

He found a horse and saddle waiting for him, his thoughtful father having provided them for the boy’s use during his furlough. The time passed very quickly, much more so than at the Academy, where Grant said a week was as long as ten Ohio weeks. He visited his old schoolmaster and friends, and all his relatives that were within reach; and when the end of his furlough came he was at his old quarters in West Point.

The remainder of his term passed somewhat more rapidly than did the first half of it, or, rather, it dragged less slowly. At the final examination and graduation, June 30, 1843, Grant stood twenty-first on a list of thirty-nine. These were all that were

left out of a hundred or more that entered the Academy with him. The rest had been weeded out in one way or another; a few by illness, but the great majority by incompetence, idleness, or bad conduct.

At that time the army of the United States contained fewer than ten thousand men; and the Academy at West Point graduated officers faster than there was need for them. It was the practice to commission the graduates as brevet second lieutenants, and give them choice of appointments into infantry, cavalry, or artillery whenever vacancies occurred.

Grant put down as his first choice the cavalry, or dragoons as they were then called, and for second choice the Fourth Infantry. There was only one regiment of dragoons at that time, and it had its complement of officers and also four brevet second lieutenants. The Fourth Infantry was not so well provided with officers; and, furthermore, there were other infantry regiments in case the fourth was unattainable.

After graduation Grant received leave of absence for ninety days. He waited somewhat impatiently for his assignment to duty, as he could not order his uniform until he knew whether he was to be in the dragoons or the infantry, the uniforms of the two arms of the service differing greatly. At last the

decision for his assignment was made; and he received orders to report for duty with the Fourth Infantry, then stationed at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. Then he hurried up the making of his uniform suit, in which he was anxious to appear as soon as possible.

When his new garments came home, he donned them at once and went out for a horseback ride. Some of the small girls and boys jeered him, and so did a few of the loafers and idlers who congregated about the public square. Grant was sensitive; and these experiences gave him a distaste for uniforms and military trappings in general, from which he never entirely recovered.

Lieutenant Grant, as we must now call him for a while, reported for duty on the 30th of September, 1843, and began his first practical experience of army life. There is not much to do around a military post in time of peace. An officer must attend every drill and roll-call, and go through a certain amount of routine; but beyond that, his time is his own, and he can do pretty much as he pleases. Of course a great deal depends on the commandant of the post, whose power is practically autocratic.

Lieutenant Grant was introduced into the society of St. Louis, and found it very agreeable. Four or five miles west of the city was the home of one of

his classmates, F. T. Dent, the son of Colonel Frederick Dent who had settled there when a young man, in the year 1815. He bought some twelve hundred acres of land, and named the place Whitehaven in honor of his old home in Maryland. There was nothing more natural than for Grant to visit his old classmate, and he went to Whitehaven within a day or two after his arrival at Jefferson Barracks. He had brought from Ohio his horse and saddle, and was therefore equipped for excursions into the country.

It soon became noticeable that Lieutenant Grant went very often to Whitehaven, oftener, perhaps, than was to be expected in visiting a classmate. The fact was, young Dent had some sisters; and the eldest of them was Miss Julia Dent, a bright, comely girl of seventeen, or four years the junior of the young army officer. The two were congenial to each other, and took walks and rides together, and made calls upon the neighbors in company of one of the young woman's brothers or sisters.

In May, 1844, Lieutenant Grant received permission to visit his friends in Ohio on a furlough of twenty days. A few hours after he started, an order came from headquarters at Washington for the Fourth Infantry to go to Louisiana, but the lieutenant was quite ignorant of the movement. He had been at home two days when he received a letter from a

comrade telling what had happened, so that he was not at all surprised on returning to St. Louis to find his regiment gone.

On his arrival at Jefferson Barracks, he reported to Lieutenant Ewell (afterwards major-general in the Confederate army), and at the same time handed him his leave of absence. He obtained a few days' additional leave before going to join his command, and immediately went to Whitehaven to see his old classmate.

Shakespeare says, in "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," that the course of true love never did run smooth. On his way to Whitehaven, the young officer was obliged to cross the Gravois, a creek that ordinarily has about enough water in it to allow a child of two years to wade across in safety. This time it was swollen by recent rains into a torrent through which Grant was obliged to swim his horse or give up his visit. Under the circumstances, and knowing something of the character of the man, we can readily surmise what he did. He swam over, or rather he sat on his saddle while the animal did the swimming, and was wet through and through before reaching the other side.

In this plight he went to Whitehaven, where he borrowed some dry clothes of his classmate, and thus made himself presentable to Miss Dent who was very

glad to see him. Before their *tête-à-tête* was over, he made a declaration of his sentiments, and she reciprocated. Thus began their engagement, which was not brought to an end by a wedding until four years later.

Lieutenant Grant and Miss Dent corresponded frequently during their four years of waiting. They saw each other but once in that time, when he visited St. Louis on a short leave of absence. The parents reluctantly consented to the marriage, as they did not think that a young subaltern, with nothing but a subaltern's pay and with slight prospects of advancement, was a suitable husband for their daughter. Besides, she would be separated from him for long periods; and altogether the life of an officer's wife was one of hardship.

No cause was assigned for the removal of the Fourth Infantry from St. Louis to Louisiana; it was ordered to go, and that was all there was about the matter. The real reason of the move was the unsettled feeling then prevailing between the United States and Mexico concerning Texas.

Texas had belonged to Mexico down to 1836, when it rebelled, and gained its independence. For thirty years and more before the Revolution, it had been the resort of Americans of all sorts and conditions, and generally of a very bad sort and condition. Rene-

gades of all kinds sought the shelter of that region, where they could be beyond the reach of American laws; and the country was said to have derived its name from the last words of a couplet which ran thus:—

"When every other land rejects us,
This is the land that freely takes us."

When a defaulter absconded leaving his creditors in the lurch, and the sheriff was unable to find him, it was customary for the officer to indorse on the warrant of arrest the letters "G. T. T." meaning thereby, "Gone to Texas."

In Texas in those days, when men became acquainted, it was not the custom to inquire each other's names, but to wait until they were volunteered. When an acquaintance had ripened into brotherly intimacy and an oath of eternal friendship, then, and not till then, could one of the fraternal pair ask:—

"Would you mind tellin' me what your name was afore you left the States?"

Some interesting stories are told of the way in which the Texans gained their independence. General Sam Houston, a native of Tennessee, was commander-in-chief of the army, and afterwards first president of the republic. At the battle of San Jacinto, which made Texas independent of Mexico, Houston had two small cannon which were carried

on mules. But the animals with the carriages for the cannon had not come up; so he ordered the guns to be loaded, and then had the mules backed around till they and the guns were aimed at the Mexicans. Then the cannon were discharged, and committed much havoc among the enemy. The recoil threw the mules to their knees with sufficient force to keep them there till the guns were reloaded. As the animals staggered to their feet, another discharge threw them forward again, with the same result as before. Two or three times the mules turned around on rising to their feet, and thus caused consternation among the Texans; but fortunately the guns were not discharged. The story goes that these cannon decided the result of the battle.

Very soon after Texas obtained her independence, and was recognized by the United States and several countries of the Old World, a movement was made for her annexation to the United States. The measure was favored by the slave party and its allies, as it was clearly understood that her annexation would increase the slaveholding territory of the country. Annexation was accomplished in 1845, and Texas became one of the sisterhood of States.

Troops were concentrated on the frontier of Texas; and this was the reason why the Fourth Infantry was sent to the neighborhood of Fort Jessop, Louisiana,

about twenty-five miles east of the boundary of Texas. Thither went Lieutenant Grant to join his regiment, after his declaration of love and his acceptance by the lady of his admiration.

It was hoped that the trouble between the United States and Mexico would cease with the annexation of Texas, but such was not the case. Our government resembled the real estate-owner who said that he always wanted the land which joined his; and as fast as he obtained possession of a neighboring farm he proceeded to get hold of the one next it.

The Nueces River was the western boundary of Texas, and even the Texan revolutionists had never claimed to own beyond it. But when after the annexation the United States sent an "Army of Observation" under General Taylor into Texas, our claims were pushed forward to the Rio Grande, about one hundred miles beyond the Nueces. We had no honest claim whatever to the strip of land between the two rivers, but we wanted it, and took it. Our action was about as honorable as that of the armed bandit who robs a lone traveler on the road, or a midnight prowler who appropriates the fowls in a farmer's henhouse.

Since the time of which we write Texas has greatly increased in population and wealth. Immense herds of cattle roam over its prairies; and it produces cotton,

corn, and other staples in great quantity. There is a stringent law in Texas against the sale of intoxicants, and another against the carrying of concealed weapons; and altogether the community is an orderly one.

In the cattle industry any animals over a year old that are found without a brand are called "Mavericks," and the name is said to have originated as follows:—

In the early days of the cattle industry, one Colonel Maverick took possession of an island in one of the rivers, and placed some cattle upon it so that he could know where to find them when he wanted them. He paid little attention to his property. The cattle increased and multiplied, and began to stray from the island, so that other cattle owners frequently found unbranded animals from Maverick's herd among their own stock. One day a party of them reported to the colonel that two thousand bulls belonging to him were in their herds, and he could have them by picking them out. "For Heaven's sake, boys," said he, "go in and help yourselves!" From that time on an unbranded yearling has been called a Maverick, and is appropriated by the finder.

Strangers in Texas are made the victims of various practical jokes, and among them is that of quail-bagging. A party of six or eight go out to catch

quails at night, by driving them into large sacks that are distended at the mouth by means of hoops. The bags are set up with candles above them to attract the birds. Two of the party, novices, are left to watch the bags, while the others disperse "to drive in the quail." Instead of driving quail they go home, leaving the two unfortunates to continue on the watch as long as they choose to stay.

CHAPTER V.

On to Texas.—General Taylor.—Desires of the Government.—State of affairs at that time.—Landing of the Fourth Infantry at Corpus Christi.—On the Nueces.—Grant's personal mishap.—Kinney, the mule-trader.—Smuggling as a profession.—Hunting near Corpus Christi.—Capturing wild horses.—Grant's horse transactions.—His promotion.—Brevet rank.—Marching to the Rio Grande.—Encountering great herds of wild horses.—Sights on the plains.

THE Fourth Infantry, with portions of other regiments, remained in camp at the spot whither it went from St. Louis, and after the annexation it was moved into Texas. It first went to New Orleans, where it remained for a time, and then embarked on sailing-ships for Corpus Christi, near the mouth of the Nueces. Horses, mules, camp equipage, personal baggage, ammunition, and other things were put on board with considerable difficulty, and the work consumed several days.

General Zachary Taylor, who commanded the Army of Observation, was ordered to take possession of the disputed territory. The Mexicans had announced that they would resist any advance beyond the Nueces; they had never acknowledged the independence of Texas, and declared that in any event the new State could claim nothing beyond that river.

General Taylor was a man of strong personality. He was fond of agriculture, and during his whole military career he owned a farm, and spent upon it all the time he could spare from his duties. Throughout his whole life he drank only water as a beverage; and he used to say that he had never known an officer or soldier, or any one else connected with the army, who got into disgrace and was cashiered or discharged, who could not trace his trouble, either directly or indirectly, to the use of ardent spirits. Soon after his return from Mexico he dined with a gentleman who insisted that the general should taste some of his wine, which he considered among the best in the world. General Taylor tasted of the wine, and immediately followed it with a glass of water, which he drained to the last drop. As soon as he could speak, he said, "I was never much of a judge of wine, anyway."

After the capture of Matamoras, the first steamer that arrived from New Orleans brought a considerable quantity of fine brandy and wines as presents to General Taylor from several gentlemen of that city. The general ordered the entire lot to be taken to the hospitals for the use of the sick, reserving nothing for himself.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in her "*Travels in America*," describes her visit to General Taylor

at the White House while he was president. He talked with her in a very animated way, advising her not to leave America without seeing the Mississippi River, and traveling on it from St. Louis to New Orleans. He spoke kindly of England; and referring to steam navigation between the two countries, he said,—

“The voyage will be made shorter and shorter; and I expect England and America will soon be alongside of each other, ma'am.”

The sailing-vessels that carried the troops from New Orleans were a long time in assembling at Corpus Christi. General Taylor did not consider it prudent to begin landing until the best part of the army had arrived, and so the beginning of the landing was delayed. The bay at the mouth of the Nueces is shallow; and the landing was made by means of boats, small and large, and two or three small steam-boats which had been brought along for landing purposes. Lieutenant Grant was actively employed in the landing preparations, and had some rough experiences.

In transferring stores, men, horses, and baggage, from the ships to the boats, the loads were lowered down by means of pulleys. When the water was smooth, which was not very often, there was no great difficulty in the operation; but when the “land swell”

was on, a considerable amount of care was requisite. The loads were lowered to a point a little higher than the deck of the boat. Then the swell was watched until the ship and boat were both together in the trough of the sea, when the signal was given, and as quickly as possible the load was drawn over the boat and lowered rapidly to its deck.

Lieutenant Grant went ashore with some of the earliest of the landing party. After he had been there a few days, he had occasion to go back to the ship, which he easily did by one of the returning boats. When the object of his visit was accomplished, and he was to go ashore again, he thought he knew enough about the working of the pulley to lower himself without any help. So he mounted a railing, seized the pulley-rope between the upper pulley and the lower one, put his feet on the hook, and swung himself away. Instantly his feet rose in the air with great rapidity, and his head went down at the same rate of speed; he lost his hold, and made a plunge of twenty-five feet into the water, going down head foremost in the manner of a diver.

He thought he touched bottom, but wasn't quite certain. When he rose to the surface once more he looked around with a good deal of astonishment, but did not lose his presence of mind. He was a very good swimmer, and easily sustained himself until

a rope was lowered to him, and he was lifted to the deck of the ship without having suffered any injury whatever, other than being wet through to the skin. When it was found that he had escaped unhurt, nobody sympathized with him in the least, but every one thought it was a capital joke. Grant did not see the joke at that time as plainly as did the others; and it was not till his clothing was fully dry that he could see the humorous side of the performance.

At that time Corpus Christi consisted of a cluster of perhaps twenty small houses, and the inhabitants of the place were principally engaged in smuggling. An American named Kinney was the leading man of the place, and the rest of the population were mostly subordinate to him. Kinney brought goods from the United States by means of sailing-craft from New Orleans. When they were landed, he made them up into packages of one hundred pounds for convenience in carrying, and two of these packages made a load for a mule. They were fastened together with ropes, and slung across the backs of these sturdy animals. There were no wagon-roads in that part of the country, at least none that were practicable for business purposes; and consequently everything that had to be transported was carried on the backs of mules.

Kinney was occasionally visited by Mexican soldiers, who wanted to break up his business; and he was also visited at irregular intervals by the Comanche Indians, who wished to steal his goods. He bought off the soldiers with silver and gold coin, and fought off the Indians with a stock of rifles and other weapons which he kept constantly at hand and ready for use. There has always been a great deal of smuggling into Mexico from the north, as it is practicably impossible for the Mexicans to maintain an efficient guard along their extended frontier.

Kinney was at first inclined to look very coldly upon the new arrivals; but on finding that General Taylor respected private property, and paid for everything he wanted, he became friendly, and furnished the American commander with a good deal of information concerning the country around them and its resources.

There was not a single house or settlement of any kind between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. The roads across the country were mere trails. Much of the region was a sandy desert; and there were occasional stretches of forest and *chaparral*, or thickets of brush and tall reeds. It was impossible to penetrate far into the chapparral without cutting one's way with a hatchet; and the density of the vegetable growth made the place a splendid one for an am-

bush. The country abounded in game, and the officers spent a good deal of their leisure time in hunting.

One day while Lieutenant Grant and a friend were out on a hunt they suddenly came upon a party of Comanches. The Indians were not more than half a mile away when the officers discovered them, and then followed a wild ride in the direction of Corpus Christi. At first the Indians gained on the officers, and it looked very much as though the latter would lose their scalps; but after a time the tables were turned, and the Comanches fell behind. They did not abandon the chase until Corpus Christi and the camp were within less than a mile, and they knew that farther pursuit was useless.

The Mexicans used to hunt deer with a stalking-horse; that is, they had the dry skin of the head, neck, and about half of the body of the horse. This they pushed along before them, while they themselves, armed with their rifles, crawled on the ground, occasionally stopping as if to feed, until they got within shooting distance of the game.

There were great numbers of horses on the plains around Corpus Christi and away to the north. Horses were cheap in this locality, as the Mexicans could catch them without much difficulty whenever they wanted any. One day General Taylor called together all the Mexicans and other idlers around

the camp, and said he would give a fair price for fifty wild horses.

Hardly had the words passed his lips before several Mexicans sprang on their steeds and started for the herds of wild horses thirty or forty miles away. They built a corral, or yard, with a fence about ten feet high, and with a funnel-shaped entrance extending out on the plain for a mile or more. Then they surrounded a herd and drove it in, selected fifty of the best of the animals, turned the others loose, and hastened back to camp with their prizes. The captives were turned over to General Taylor; and the Mexicans thought they were well paid on receiving five dollars apiece for the animals. In a short time two-thirds of them had been broken to harness, and the rest were sold to the officers at prices varying from five to twenty dollars.

Lieutenant Grant bought three of the captured horses, and came near having his neck broken while training them. He had them well broken to the saddle just before the army moved, but lost them all by an unfortunate accident. A colored boy, who looked after the tent, did the cooking for Grant and another officer, and attended to their horses, was one day riding one of Grant's horses to water and leading the other two. The led horses pulled him from the back of the one he was riding, and then

all three ran away. Some one mentioned the matter to Captain Bliss, General Taylor's adjutant-general; and the latter remarked, "Yes, I heard Grant lost five or six dollars' worth of horses the other day." Grant afterwards said that the remark was a slander, as the horses cost nearly twenty dollars instead of six. He never saw or heard of them afterwards.

The officers and soldiers in General Taylor's army had a good deal of fun with occasionally a broken limb in subduing the horses which were caught as described. When the animals were fully subdued, pony races became fashionable, and there was a great deal of fast riding up and down the beach. Nearly every race was accompanied by tumbles; and on some occasions fully one-half the riders were on the ground before the contest ended. By degrees the horses were sobered down, and became fair riding-beasts. They were well-formed and powerful creatures, closely resembling the Norman horse, and with heavy tails and manes. They were much better for practical use than the horses brought from the States, as the northern horse required to be fed, partly, at least, on grain, while the captured horse had never seen a particle of grain in his life, and thrived well on grass alone.

Gradually General Taylor's army got in readiness

for active work. It was an army of about three thousand men in all; but it was of excellent material, and thoroughly drilled and disciplined. In the beginning it was composed entirely of regular troops; but later on it was largely augmented by several volunteer regiments. The position at Corpus Christi was not disturbed at all by the Mexicans. It was known that they were in camp on the banks of the Rio Grande, and had been ordered not to cross the country to the Nueces and provoke a conflict.

The policy of the Government was to so arrange matters as to have the Mexicans bring on hostilities; but finding that the Mexicans would not come to the Nueces, it was necessary to go to the Rio Grande and meet them.

While the army was in camp at Corpus Christi, Lieutenant Grant was promoted from the rank of brevet second lieutenant to a full second lieutenancy. Perhaps some of our readers may require an explanation of the term "brevet." It is an honorary appellation; and when conferred on an officer, promotes him to receive the full pay of the rank to which he is brevetted when he performs the duty thereof. Thus a colonel promoted for meritorious service of some kind receives a commission as brevet brigadier-general. He is not a full brigadier-general and entitled to the entire pay thereof, but he still remains

a colonel. There is this difference however: whenever he is assigned to the command of a brigade, he is entitled to the full pay of a brigadier-general, which would not be the case had he not received the brevet rank.

In his promotion, Lieutenant Grant was appointed into the Seventh Infantry; but he had become so attached to the Fourth, that he asked and obtained permission to remain in it. The regiment at that time was commanded by Colonel Whistler, who had been in the service for forty years; in fact, he was the oldest officer in term of service, except General Scott.

Orders came from Washington for the advance of the army towards the Rio Grande. The advance began on the 8th of March, 1846, and was led by the Fourth Infantry, the regiment in which Lieutenant Grant was serving. There was no enemy in the way, the scouts having just reported that the Mexicans were holding close to the bank of the Rio Grande, and giving no indication of any intent to move out and meet the Americans.

The camp was completely broken up; and the procession of soldiers, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and the long line of baggage wagons with their snow-white covers, made a picturesque sight. At the start, the men marched as if on parade; but before

the first mile was ended, the order was given "Arms at will!" and the soldiers were permitted to travel as they pleased, except that they were forbidden to straggle by the roadside or wander away from their commands.

The march across the country from the Nueces to the Rio Grande consumed fourteen days. General Taylor had given strict orders that there should be no plundering of any kind; but for the greater part of the way it made little difference what the orders were, as there wasn't anything to be taken, and nobody to be plundered. As before stated, the country was quite unsettled, while its sole inhabitants were deer, wild horses and other animals, and birds that had never seen a hunter.

When the army neared the eastern bank of the Rio Grande, they came upon gardens and fields and houses, and then the regulations of the commanding general came into force. Nothing was taken without being paid for; and the inhabitants, who were very much afraid at first, were soon convinced that the dreaded Americans were not as black as they had been painted.

One day during the march, the greater part of the herd of horses from which their captured animals were taken was seen in the front of the column. The army went into camp early that afternoon, and

some of the officers rode out to examine the herd. They found the animals very numerous; and Lieutenant Grant, who was of the party, said that he did not believe the herd could be pastured in the State of Rhode Island or Delaware, without eating up all the grass in one day and moving to another State on the next to avoid starvation. Such were the herds of wild horses in Texas fifty years ago; and quite as large, too, were the herds of buffalo that roamed the prairies of the West in the first half of this century. These great herds of horses and buffalo have totally disappeared, and only a few scattered hundreds of these animals remain in a wild state. Such is the destruction that accompanies civilization.

General Taylor reached the Rio Grande at Point Isabel, where he established a depot of supplies; and then marched about thirty miles up the river, till he reached a point opposite Matamoras.

CHAPTER VI.

Arrival opposite Matamoras.—Fort Brown and Brownsville.—Attack by Mexicans.—Point Isabel.—Sending for provisions.—Fort Brown shelled.—Taylor's return from Point Isabel.—Attacked by the Mexican army.—Battle of Palo Alto.—An artillery duel.—Battle of Resaca de la Palma.—Victory for the Americans.—Grant's part in the battles.—Return to Fort Brown.—Occupation of Matamoras and Camargo.—Movement on Monterey.

MEXICAN flags were flying in great numbers over the flat-topped houses of Matamoras, and considerable crowds of people were on the roofs of the dwellings watching the new arrivals on the opposite bank. The river at this point is about four hundred feet across, and if the Mexicans had desired to do so they could have disturbed the strangers very much by infantry and artillery fire. Mexican soldiers were numerous in the streets of Matamoras, and just below the city there was a military camp of considerable extent. The indications were that the Mexicans outnumbered the Americans two to one, but not a hostile shot was fired on either side.

The day the army arrived, some children were paddling about the river in a boat and came over to the American shore. The soldiers treated them kindly, and played with them, the little ones showing no

fear of the strange men among whom they had fallen. Suddenly agonizing shrieks were heard from the opposite shore, supposed to come from the mothers of the young estrays. The children were at once bundled into the boat and sent home, where they greatly astonished their parents by their return safe and unharmed.

A few days after the arrival of General Taylor opposite Matamoras, a scouting-party of cavalry under command of Captain Thornton was attacked by the Mexicans several miles from Fort Brown, a fortification which General Taylor had thrown up. Captain Thornton was killed with several of his men, and the rest were captured. This was exactly what our government desired. A condition of war existed, and Mexico had fired the first shot!

When the news reached Washington, and was made public, there was great excitement in the National Capital. There were no telegraphs in those days except a line between New York and Washington, the telegraph not being fairly established in America until two or three years later. The country became wild over the intelligence, and the war spirit was rampant. President Polk issued an extraordinary proclamation, stating that a condition of war existed, the Mexicans having shed the blood of our soldiers on our own soil. Congress authorized the raising of fifty thousand volunteers to carry the war into Mexico, and punish

that country for her insults and outrages. Volunteer regiments were formed with great rapidity, and sent to re-enforce the army in the field.

Meantime, the provisions which General Taylor brought with him from Corpus Christi had run short, and it was necessary to renew them. For this purpose General Taylor sent his wagon-train to Point Isabel, with nearly his whole army as an escort. He left Fort Brown in the possession of two companies of the Tenth Infantry, commanded by the major after whom the fortification was named. Immediately on the departure of the American army, the Mexicans began shelling Fort Brown, and continued to bombard it for six or eight days. The garrison fought vigorously, and held the fort; though it is proper to say that the Mexicans made no attempt to carry it by storm. Only two of the garrison were killed (one of them being the commandant, Major Brown), and some ten or twelve wounded.

General Taylor and the force accompanying him reached Point Isabel without molestation. The wagons were loaded, and on the 7th of May the army left Point Isabel on its return to Matamoras. About noon on the 8th of May, while the men were halted about three miles from Palo Alto, they became aware of the presence of the enemy. Palo Alto means "tall timber," and the name was given to the place on account of the high trees in its vicinity.

When the army got in motion again, it was attacked by the Mexicans with artillery and cavalry. Grant's regiment sustained a heavy fire, both at the opening of the engagement and later on. The Mexicans were under cover of the timber, and thus had an advantage over the Americans who were marching across the treeless prairie. The grass on the prairie was tall, so that only the heads of the men were visible as they marched along. Before the Americans came within range of the Mexicans' guns, Taylor formed his army into line of battle; and when everything was ready the line was ordered to advance.

As soon as the Americans got within range of the enemy's guns, the Mexicans opened fire. The cannon-balls passed through the American ranks, but did not at first injure anybody, as they struck the ground before reaching the Americans, and then ricochetted, or rebounded, through the tall grass so slowly that the Americans could see them coming, and open the ranks to allow them to go harmlessly by.

During the battle a soldier on the right of the line got beyond two Mexican soldiers, and was considerably alarmed when he found where he was. But he determined to put on a bold front, and actually succeeded in driving his two enemies within our lines, although both of them were armed. When

he came with his prisoners before his colonel, the latter asked in astonishment, —

“ How did you manage to capture these two Mexicans at once ? ”

“ I just surrounded 'em and fetched 'em in,” was the reply.

The battle of Palo Alto lasted four or five hours, and was principally an artillery duel, the Mexicans firing nothing but solid shot, while we fired both shot and shell. General Taylor had several twelve-pound howitzers throwing shell, and also three eighteen-pounders. The latter were drawn by oxen, and therefore moved slowly ; but they had a long range, and did excellent work. The Mexicans were in much larger numbers than the Americans. In consequence of the superiority of the American guns, it is probable that the Mexican loss was much greater than that of the Americans, the latter being nine killed and forty-seven wounded. The Mexicans fell back two or three times during the battle ; and at the close of the day the Americans occupied the ground which was held by the Mexicans when the fight began.

On the morning of the ninth, an examination of the ground in front of the Americans showed that the enemy had retired during the night. The army pushed forward slowly, Lieutenant Grant being sent

forward with his company to explore the chaparral on the right of the advance, and prevent the army being ambushed. This was a hazardous piece of work; but work that was necessary, and cheerfully performed. Luckily for Grant and his men, nothing was found to interfere with their movements. They moved slowly on till they came to a line of ponds or lakes formed by a change in the bed of the Rio Grande a long time before. The Mexicans had gone to the other side of these ponds, and thrown up a defense of dead trees and brush in their front, and placed their artillery so as to defend the approaches to their position.

Word was sent back to the army; and while it was coming up, the advance party to which Lieutenant Grant belonged began firing upon the enemy. When the army arrived, Grant pressed forward with his company whenever he could find a chance to do so, and suddenly found himself much nearer the enemy than he thought he was. The fighting became general, and after a time the Mexicans gave way. Grant pursued a battalion of them until he discovered that he had penetrated quite a distance into their lines. Luckily for him, the Mexicans whom he pursued halted and surrendered, and he dropped back a little until he rejoined his own line.

The fight of the 9th of May is known as the

battle of Resaca de la Palma, which means "Grove of Palms." The artillery was used much less than at Palo Alto, owing to the thickness and the density of the chaparral. The infantry was several times engaged; and more than once during the battle bayonets were crossed. When the Mexican line gave way, it broke in great confusion, the Mexicans fleeing towards the river about three miles back in the rear of where the line of battle had formed. The pursuing Americans found the enemy's camp with a good breakfast ready cooked and the tables spread for eating. Some of the soldiers wanted to stop and be the uninvited guests of the Mexicans, but their officers pushed them on after the fleeing foe. Many of the latter were killed while retreating, and many were drowned in the Rio Grande while attempting to swim over to the other side.

The American loss in killed and mortally wounded at Resaca de la Palma was forty-four. Among the killed was Lieutenant Cochrane of the Fourth Infantry, Grant's regiment. General Taylor captured eight cannon, two thousand small arms, several flags, and a large quantity of military supplies and camp equipage. Nearly one thousand prisoners were taken, and were marched along with the army to Fort Brown. Lieutenant Grant was under heavy fire several times during both battles, but escaped unharmed.

General Taylor's march the rest of the way to Fort Brown was not interrupted; and when his army reached there the firing upon the fort was stopped at once.

In a few days the Mexicans evacuated Matamoras, and General Taylor crossed the river and took possession of the town. They found it a pleasant old-fashioned Mexican settlement; some of the houses of stone, but the majority constructed of adobe or sun-dried brick. Adobe is one of the most common building materials throughout Mexico, as it is both cheap and durable. The bricks are made of clay, sand, and straw, and are almost identical with the bricks which the Israelites made in Egypt many hundreds of years ago.

After the occupation of Matamoras by the Americans, the army changed its name again. At first, as the reader knows, it was called the "Army of Observation;" then when it came to Corpus Christi it was the "Army of Occupation," meaning thereby that it was possessing territory which was in dispute between the United States and Mexico. Now that we had passed beyond the boundary of all our claims, the force under General Taylor's command became the "Army of Invasion."

At the time President Polk issued his proclamation declaring the existence of a state of war, Gen-

eral Scott, who was then the ranking officer of the army, was instructed to proceed to Mexico by way of Vera Cruz. His plan was to land near the last-named city and establish his camp, and begin siege operations as soon as possible. After capturing Vera Cruz he would then follow the road to the City of Mexico, up the eastern slope of the mountains which stand between that city and the sea.

General Taylor received orders to advance into Mexico, and then proceeded to occupy Camargo, farther up the Rio Grande. Volunteer regiments arrived one after another, and were landed at Point Isabel, or taken up the river by steamboats to Matamoras or Camargo. Some of the troops marched along the banks of the river; but the heat was so great that the marching was done principally at night. It was the custom to break camp about midnight, march until nine in the morning, and then form camp again.

The policy of conciliation towards the people that had been commenced at Corpus Christi was adhered to by General Taylor. No marauding was allowed; everything taken was paid for; and many of the inhabitants who had fled in terror at the approach of our troops, returned to their homes when they learned how matters were going. General Taylor gave orders that Camargo should be fortified; and a line of defense was thrown up. It was here that General Pil-

low, a volunteer officer from Kentucky, committed the mistake of placing the ditch of his fortification on the wrong side. This blunder became widely known, and adhered to him through life.

At Camargo, Lieutenant Grant was made acting-assistant-quartermaster, in charge of the property of the Fourth Infantry. It was an appointment of considerable importance, entailing much more activity and responsibility than his former position of second lieutenant in the line. It required considerable business capacity, and the records show that the young lieutenant acquitted himself creditably.

During the halt at Matamoras and Camargo, there was comparatively little for the officers and soldiers to do. There was a large amount of military stores in Matamoras, left behind by the retreating Mexicans; and among their public property was a great quantity of cigars and tobacco. Tobacco was a government monopoly in Mexico, the same as in France, Spain, and other Continental countries. General Taylor distributed the tobacco and its products among the soldiers, and for a few days nearly everybody seemed to be engaged in smoking for at least twelve out of the twenty-four hours.

The hospitals were full of wounded Mexicans, and our army surgeons were kept busy attending them. Many of our soldiers mingled with the natives, and

endeavored to learn Spanish; and very quickly they were on the best of terms with the people.

It was not until late in August that the army was in readiness to be put in motion. Monterey was General Taylor's objective point, the largest city of Northern Mexico, and finely situated on a plateau two thousand feet high. General Taylor moved in its direction with an army of six thousand men, about equally divided between regulars and volunteers. There was no hurry about the movement; and the marches were slow, avoiding as much as possible the great heat of the middle of the day. The plan of the movement up the river to Camargo was followed; the army breaking camp at midnight, marching until nine in the morning, and then going into camp until midnight came around again. The army moved in four divisions, one day apart from each other; and on nearing Monterey, the foremost divisions halted, until the others came up.

The roads were very bad, and a wagon-train which up to Camargo had been quite sufficient for the needs of the army was totally inadequate for the movement to Monterey. To make up for the deficiency it was necessary to hire pack-mules, and also to hire Mexicans to manage them. If the work of management, packing, handling, and driving had been thrown upon the soldiers, it would have required

about twice as many men as they had in the army at the time.

It took several hours to pack up the camp equipage of a regiment, and load it on the backs of the mules. By the time the last of the mules were loaded the first had got tired of standing, and kicked their burdens off; and when they began to kick they usually kept at it until everything, packsaddle included, was scattered about on the ground. Some would start to run, humping their backs, or "bucking" as the process was called, at the same time kicking their heels high in the air. If this was not successful they would try to disarrange their packs by lying down and rolling on the ground. Mules that had been loaded with tent-poles would manage to get a small tree between themselves and the poles, and in this way they were quickly released from their burdens. Lieutenant Grant learned all about the business in his capacity of assistant-quarter-master. In speaking of it, he said that he was not aware of ever having used profane language in his life, but he could excuse any man who did so while in charge of a train of Mexican packing-mules.

The Mexicans made no opposition to General Taylor's advance. A few squads of cavalry were seen, and that was all; and very often the cavalry came quite near the advance of our army. Orders had

been issued that there should be no shooting at the Mexicans unless they began first. Everywhere the people fled as the invaders approached; but within a day or two most of them returned and found their property unharmed.

Several regiments of volunteers had been added to General Taylor's force previous to the departure from Camargo, and the regular soldiers took great delight in playing pranks upon them. One day a volunteer soldier missed a book that he was reading, and after making inquiries throughout his regiment he continued them among some regulars who were camped near him. One of the regulars pointed to General Taylor's tent, and said, —

“I saw an old fellow in that tent reading a book, and I guess it must have been yours.”

The volunteer bent his steps to the tent, where he found “an old fellow” in plain clothes, whom he at once accosted with, —

“Say, old chap, you've got my book, and I want it.”

“I haven't your book, my man,” was the reply.

“Somebody said he saw you reading it; and I've come to get it.”

With that the soldier proceeded to pull off his coat, preliminary to a fight. The old fellow smiled, and checked the proceeding by saying, —

"I'm General Taylor, my man; and I hope you don't think I would steal your book."

"Excuse me, General," said the soldier, as he pulled his coat into place again; "I don't suppose a general would steal books or anything else. I didn't take you for a general, seeing you don't have any brass-mounted clothes on. I'll know better when I get to learn the ropes."

The general enjoyed the joke, and used to tell it with much gusto.

During the presidential campaign in which General Taylor was the candidate of the Whig party, the affidavit of an Ohio volunteer was published by the Democrats to the effect that while at Camargo General Taylor had said that the Ohio volunteers were a set of cowards and would run from the enemy. The story had the faintest shadow of a foundation, which is not always the case with campaign yarns about candidates. The circumstances were these:—

General Taylor saw a soldier seize a chicken, and ordered him to drop it. The man pretended to do so, but passed the chicken behind him, and into the hands of a comrade. Thereupon Taylor thundered out:—

"Drop that chicken! Any man who would steal is a coward, and would run from the enemy."

Grant was near Taylor at the time, and witnessed the whole affair. When the campaign story came

out, Grant publicly denied it, gave the facts in the case, and hinted that the soldier who signed the affidavit was probably the one who tried to steal the chicken. An investigation of the origin of the story showed that this was actually the case.

CHAPTER VII.

The battle of Monterey.—Strength and organization of the army.—Defenses of the city.—Bishop's palace.—Black Fort.—Movements of Worth's Division.—Capture of the Saltillo Road.—Advance into the city.—Grant goes for ammunition.—A perilous ride.—General Ampudia surrenders.—Hoffman's verses on "Monterey."—Men who became famous.—Characteristics of General Taylor.—His hatred of uniform.—An amusing incident.—An armistice.—Scott's plans for the war.—Grant goes to Vera Cruz.—Battle of Buena Vista.

ON the 19th of September, General Taylor's army was at Walnut Springs, within three miles of Monterey. Between Walnut Springs and the city there is a broad plain. Close to the city, on this plain, there was a fort for defending the approach. The soldiers gave it the name of Black Fort on account of its color. On the north and north-west, the city was defended by the Bishop's Palace, a fortress of considerable strength; and this fort also covered the road to Saltillo on the west end of the city. The eastern end was defended by some small intrenchments which had been hastily thrown up, and an observation showed that they were well manned and ready for fighting. In the center of the city was the usual plaza or public square; and this was strongly defended by artillery, which swept the

streets in every direction. General Ampudia was in command of the Mexican army, which numbered fully ten thousand men. General Taylor's force was about sixty-five hundred strong, in three divisions, under Generals Twiggs, Butler, and Worth.

While the-troops were resting and getting in readiness at Walnut Springs, General Taylor, with the engineer officers, made a careful reconnaissance. After a thorough study of the city, they found that it would be possible to get around to the Saltillo Road without bringing the troops in range of the forts. General Taylor sent General Worth with his division to take possession of the Saltillo Road and the works in its vicinity. The rest of the troops were drawn up as if to attack the north and east sides of the city. General Worth's movement was the real attack, and the others were simply to support it.

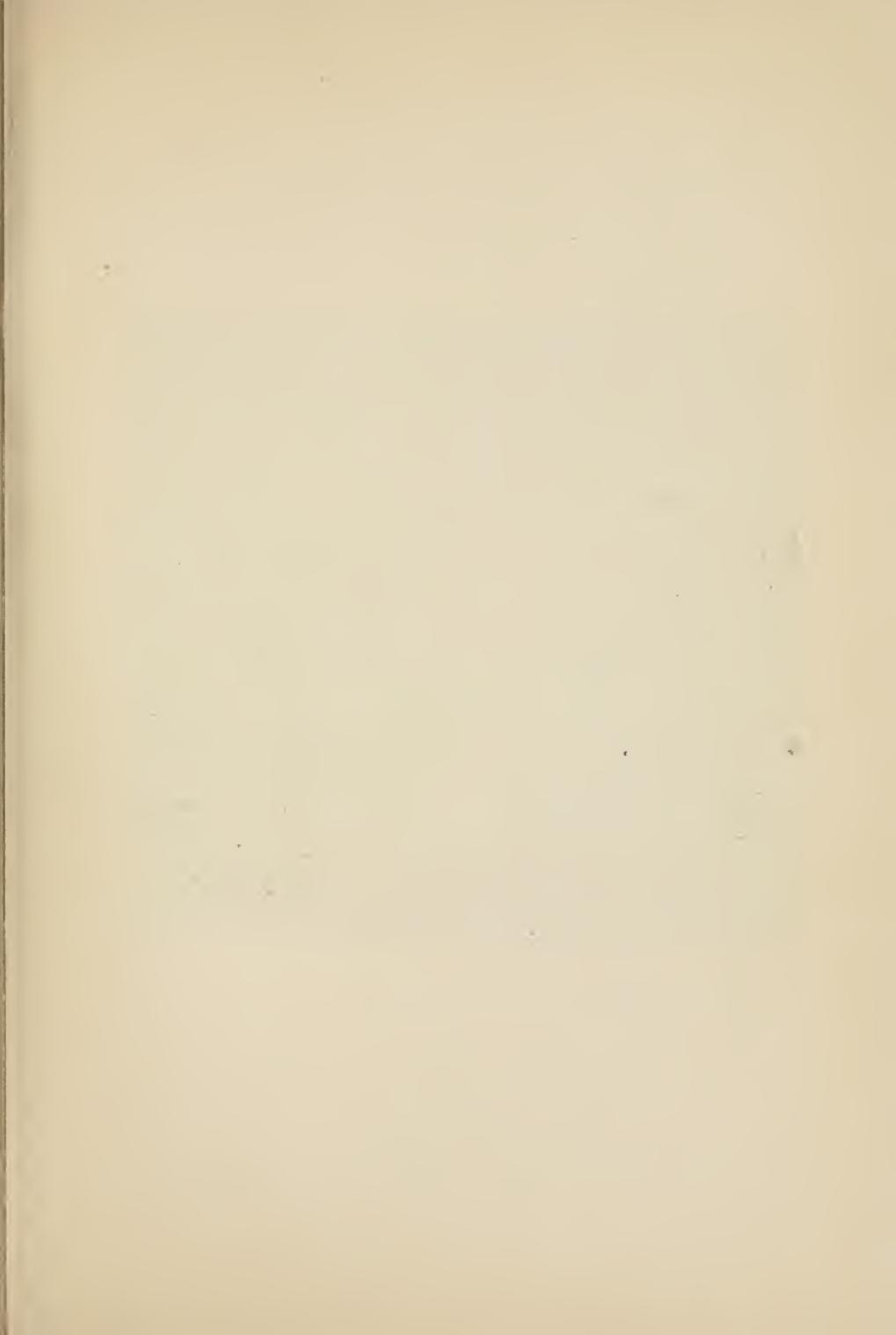
General Worth began his movement on the afternoon of the 20th of September. He met no opposition, and spent the night in a good position on the hills north-west of Monterey. During the night, General Taylor planned an attack upon the Black Fort. A battery was placed on the crest of the ridge near it, and the Fourth Infantry was standing just below the ridge to support the battery in case of assault.

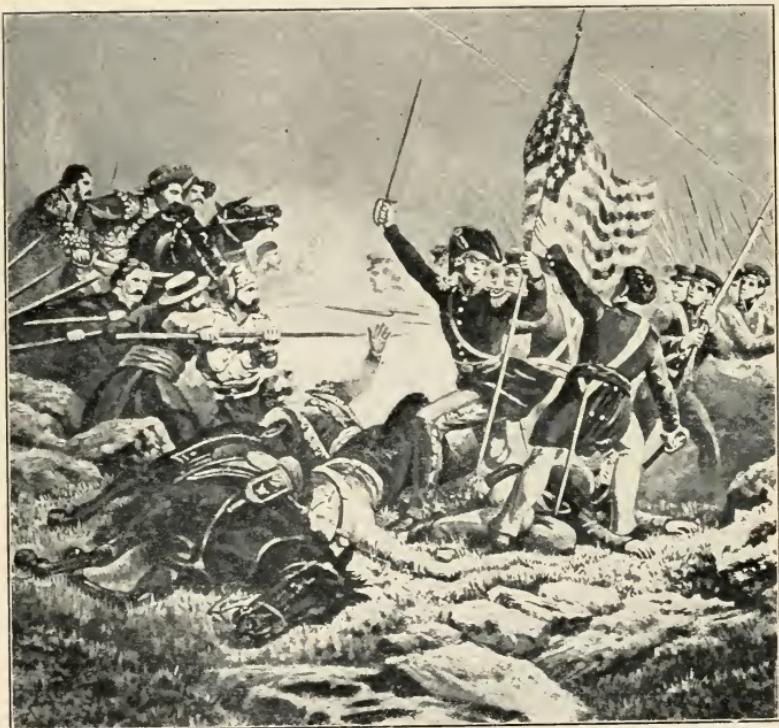
Lieutenant Grant was left at Walnut Springs in

charge of the regimental property; but when the fight began in the morning, he mounted his horse, and joined his regiment. Just as he reached it, the order was given to charge. He had no business in the charge, as he was at that time quartermaster, and quartermasters are not supposed to fight. But he hadn't the moral courage to stay behind, and so he charged with the rest. About one third of the men engaged in the movement were wounded or killed in less than twenty minutes, and then the order to retreat was given.

The movement of General Worth on the north, and also the advance on the east of the town, were successful, to the extent that by the end of the day (the 21st) the Bishop's Palace had been taken, and Monterey was completely invested by the Americans. Very little was done on the 22d. On the other side of the city during the night of the 21st, Black Fort and the other batteries were captured, and the east end of Monterey was indisputably in American hands.

The Third and Fourth regiments of infantry made an advance into the city, and suffered heavy losses, the most of them caused by the firing of the soldiers from the house-tops. When they were within a block or two of the plaza, they came to a halt, where they sheltered themselves as much as possible





BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA, 1847.

against the houses, and watched for Mexican heads rising above the sand-bags. Whenever a head was shown, it was sure to bring a volley of shots from the Americans.

In making their progress towards the plaza, the infantry used up most of their ammunition; and Colonel Garland, who commanded the advance, wished to send a messenger to General Taylor asking for a fresh supply. As the mission was a very dangerous one, he did not like to order any one to carry the message, and therefore called for a volunteer. Lieutenant Grant at once said he would go, and his offer was accepted.

Grant fully realized the dangerous ride he was about to make. He adjusted himself on the side of the horse farthest away from the enemy; and with one foot clinging to the cantel of the saddle, and one arm around the neck of the horse, he started on a full run. He was fired at many times, and a shell exploded close to him; but he finished his ride without injury either to himself or the horse. Before the ammunition could be brought up, the regiments for which it was intended had been forced to retire; and fortunately their losses were much less when coming out than in going in.

While this was going on at the eastern side of the city, General Worth with a small division of troops

was making his way to the plaza on the other side. Instead of marching through the streets, he adopted the plan of cutting his way through the houses. He had very little loss of life, and did not stop operations during the night. In the morning, he was so near the plaza that General Ampudia realized the hopelessness of further defense, and proposed terms of surrender. Fighting ceased at once; and the surrender was soon arranged, the troops being paroled and allowed to take away their personal property.

Shortly after the capture of Monterey, the following verses were written by Charles Fenno Hoffman. They were very popular at the time of their publication, and a great favorite of General Grant. They found their way into the school-readers of that period; and many a gray-haired man of the present time has used these verses as a recitation piece in his schoolboy days.

"We were not many — we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he but could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray;
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shouts at Monterey.

And on, still on, our columns kept,
Through walls of flame, its withering way ;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns that swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play,
Where orange-boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We were not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day ;
But who of us hath not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey ?”

The American loss during the battle was one hundred and twenty killed, and three hundred and sixty-eight wounded. By far the greater part of the loss was the result of injudicious attacks upon strong positions.

In the battle of Monterey there was a considerable number of officers in addition to Lieutenant Grant who became generals on one side or the other during the Civil War. One of them was Lieut. George G. Meade, who afterwards commanded the

National Army at Gettysburg. He was in General Worth's command, and made the reconnaissance of the Saltillo Road on the night of the 20th of September. Col. Jefferson Davis, who became President of the Southern Confederacy, was at Monterey in command of the First Mississippi Rifles; Major Mansfield, who was a general during the War of the Rebellion, was in General Worth's division at Monterey; and there were also engaged in the battle Lieutenant-Colonel Garland and Colonel Quitman, both of whom became generals in the Confederacy.

General Taylor is described as a man of great ability and strength of character, and he was beloved and admired by all who served under him. Every move which he made was carefully considered beforehand, and he never subjected his men to needless exposure. He was modest and unassuming in manner, and had a great aversion to wearing a uniform; in fact, he never put it on except at a review or some other occasion when it was considered indispensable. He went about camp in the ordinary dress of a farmer. But he was known by sight to all the soldiers, and invariably returned their salutes.

Some interesting stories are told concerning his avoidance of uniform, and among them is the following:—

While General Taylor was at Matamoras, previous

to the advance into Mexico, he received notice that the flag-officer of the fleet at the mouth of the river would pay him a visit on a certain day. When the time came for the visit, Taylor reluctantly donned his uniform. He knew that the officers of the navy were accustomed to wear their uniforms on every possible occasion, and therefore argued with himself that the flag-officer would be dressed in all the fine clothes he could put on. It happened, however, that the flag-officer, having heard of Taylor's dislike for uniform, came in civilian dress. The interview was, of course, very embarrassing to both of them, and the conversation consisted chiefly of apologies.

After the surrender of Monterey, a cessation of hostilities was arranged between the Mexican and American commanders to continue for eight weeks. During that time, and afterwards, the army lay idle in Monterey; and the officers cultivated the acquaintance of the people, with whom they fraternized in the most friendly way. Some of the soldiers liked Monterey so well, that when the war was over they returned and settled there. Among them was an Irishman, who became a permanent citizen of Monterey, married one of its fair residents, and accumulated a large fortune. His name when he went there to live was Patrick Mullen; but as he prospered and grew wealthy it was changed to Don Patricio Milmo.

The Government promised General Scott all the troops, supplies, ammunition, and other war material that he wanted; and he had authority to take from General Taylor whatever troops then with the latter that he might desire. He proceeded at once to Mexico, going first to the Rio Grande, where he hoped to meet General Taylor, and discuss with him the measures to be taken for the conquest of Mexico. Failing to meet General Taylor, who was then absent on an expedition to Tampico, General Scott was compelled to make his own selection from Taylor's forces, instead of leaving it to General Taylor himself.

Among the troops which General Scott designated to be sent to Vera Cruz was the Fourth Infantry, and of course Lieutenant Grant went with it. The landing was made inside of a small island, about three miles south of Vera Cruz. It was impossible for the ships to go near the shore, and so everything had to be landed in surf-boats. It was much easier to land the troops than the stores, as the men jumped out of the boats and waded ashore; while everything that would be injured by salt water required to be handled carefully. Vera Cruz was then a walled city, but its walls were not very strong; they were entirely removed in 1880 to allow the expansion of the city, and also because of their uselessness against modern artillery. The invading army

proceeded to invest the city, placing batteries all around it; and when everything was ready, they began their attack.

By the 27th of March they had made a considerable breach in the wall surrounding it, and were preparing to make an assault; thereupon General Morales, who commanded the city and the fort San Juan d'Ulloa, opened a correspondence with General Scott, which resulted in the surrender of five thousand prisoners, and the capture of four hundred pieces of artillery, and a great quantity of small arms, ammunition, and military stores. The loss of the Americans during the siege amounted altogether to sixty-four officers and men killed and wounded.

We will leave General Scott to prepare for his march into the interior of Mexico, and go back temporarily to Monterey and General Taylor.

Failing to meet Taylor at the Rio Grande, General Scott sent to the latter his plan of operation ; the courier who carried the letter was captured, and the letter fell into Mexican hands. General Santa Anna thus learned what line Scott intended to follow, and furthermore, that he would take away about five thousand of Taylor's troops, including all the regulars. On learning this, Santa Anna determined to strike his enemies in detail ; first he would destroy Taylor's army, and then proceed to attack and destroy Scott.

In February, 1847, General Santa Anna, with nearly twenty thousand men, marched upon Taylor, who had taken a strong position in a mountain-pass at Buena Vista, to the south of Monterey; Santa Anna sent a flag of truce demanding Taylor's surrender within one hour, and received the historic reply, "General Taylor never surrenders!" Early next morning the Mexicans advanced, and the battle became desperate; twenty thousand Mexicans against four thousand Americans, all of the latter being volunteers, of whom very few had been under fire.

The battle was hard fought, and on more than one occasion it seemed as though victory was about to perch on the Mexican banners. At one critical moment General Taylor was standing near the battery of Captain Bragg; the Mexicans charged upon it, and Bragg loaded his guns with grapeshot, which he poured into the Mexicans when they were within twenty feet of the muzzle of the cannon. The terrible fire checked them; and as it did so General Taylor called out, "Give them a little more grape, Captain Bragg!"

This phrase became historic, and soon was widely known throughout the country. It was often quoted as an indication of the coolness under exciting circumstances of "Old Rough and Ready," as General Taylor was called.

Captain Bragg's grape turned the tide of battle. The enemy broke and fled, though fighting continued in several parts of the field until night. The Americans bivouacked on the field, and expected to renew the fight next morning; but under cover of the darkness Santa Anna retired.

The loss of the Americans in killed and wounded was nine hundred and forty-six, while the Mexicans lost about two thousand. The sanguinary nature of the battle can be realized by observing that the American loss was almost one-fifth of the whole number engaged.

On the night after the battle, while the troops were anxiously waiting for the morrow, General Taylor sent for his division commanders, in order to have a consultation. General Worth was the first to arrive, and was evidently very anxious as to the result. "Do you think we can whip them?" was his first question, after the ceremony of hand-shaking was over.

"Whip them!" exclaimed Taylor; "we haven't begun to fight yet. If we all hang together, we'll whip them out of their boots."

"Well," answered Worth, greatly encouraged by the words of his chief, "we'll hang together, of course, until we do whip them; and if they whip us, we'll probably hang together all the same."

During the battle, owing to a mistake in the delivery of an order, the Second Indiana Infantry left the field and marched to the rear, but immediately returned to the fighting as soon as the mistake became known. This gave rise to many slanders upon the regiment, and caused much indignation among its officers and men. In 1861, when the Second Indiana Infantry was organized for the War of the Rebellion, it was drawn up in line in front of the State House at Indianapolis to receive its colors. Its colonel (afterwards major-general), Lew Wallace, ordered the men to kneel as the colors were presented, and swear a solemn oath to wipe out the stigma that rested on their regimental name.

The oath was taken amid the most profound silence on the part of the assembled multitude; and then as the regiment rose and marched away the cheering was long and loud. Nobly did the regiment redeem its name; none showed greater bravery or bore itself more grandly in the many battles in which it was engaged than the Second Indiana Infantry. General Wallace served as a lieutenant of the First Indiana Infantry during the Mexican War, and was with his regiment at the battle of Buena Vista.

CHAPTER VIII.

March from Vera Cruz.—Meeting the enemy.—Battle of Cerro Gordo.—Scott's plan of battle.—“Always obey your superior officer.”—Advance to Perote and Puebla.—A long wait for reinforcements.—Advance into the valley of Mexico.—Battles of Contreras and Churubusco.—Attack upon the city.—Grant's exploit at Molino del Rey.—In a church belfry with a howitzer.—Grant's memory.—Capture of the city.—Declaration of peace.

AFTER capturing Vera Cruz, General Scott began his preparations for the march to the City of Mexico. Twelve thousand was a very small army with which to invade a country with a population of eight or nine millions, which was to be penetrated two hundred and sixty miles from the sea. At the end of that distance the capital city with a population of one hundred thousand was to be besieged and captured. Scott's army was in three divisions, under Generals Twiggs, Patterson, and Worth. Twiggs's division got away on the 8th of April, Patterson's followed on the 10th, and Worth's, in which was the Fourth Infantry, left Vera Cruz on the 13th. Twiggs's division ran against the enemy at Cerro Gordo, fifty miles west of Vera Cruz; and as soon as they ascertained the whereabouts of the Mexicans, the divis-

ion went into camp, and waited for the others to come up. General Scott was still at Vera Cruz, awaiting the departure of the last division; but immediately on hearing of the position of the Mexicans, he hurried forward and began his preparations for capturing Santa Anna and his army.

It is said there was not a battle in the Mexican War, and very few battles in any war, where the orders issued before the engagement were so nearly a correct report of what took place. The time for each movement had been calculated very closely, and in many instances to the very minute. Divisions and brigades moved in different directions, and came together at the exact times and places designed by the commander-in-chief. The engineers had led the way, and the troops followed; in some places the slope was so steep that the artillery was let down by hand by means of ropes on one side of the chasm, and drawn by hand up the other side. In this way the troops reached their assigned positions in the rear of the enemy's intrenchments quite unobserved. When the signal was given and the advance was made, the Mexicans surrendered. There was some fighting on other parts of the field, in which there were losses on both sides. Three thousand prisoners were taken, and a large amount of military stores. The Americans lost in killed and wounded four hundred

thirty-one officers and men. General Santa Anna escaped on the back of a mule. His carriage and personal baggage were captured, but were returned by General Scott.

After the orders for the battle had been issued, the colonel of a volunteer regiment came to General Scott to complain of the part that had been assigned to him in the coming affair. "The order I have received," said he, "is absurd, and will render my regiment liable to be annihilated. I come to you, General Scott, as the commander-in-chief, to know what I shall do about obeying it."

"Always obey your superior officer," replied the general.

"But look at this order, General, and see where it will put me."

General Scott scanned the paper; and as he returned it to the colonel, he remarked,—

"That is all right; obey your superior officer always."

"But suppose he orders me to jump out of a fourth-story window; shall I do it?"

"Certainly," responded the general; "do it without hesitation. He will have made preparations for catching you when you reach the ground."

Shortly after this battle the army advanced to Jalapa, and then to Perote and Puebla, where Gen-

eral Scott waited from May until August for reinforcements, which were slow in arriving. When they came, the army advanced over the Rio Frio Mountain, the highest point on the road being about 11,000 feet above sea-level. From this mountain the soldiers looked down on the great basin, or valley, in which the city of Mexico stands. Between the foot of the mountain and the capital city, there are three lakes; and between two of them, there is a narrow strip of land over which the road to the city runs.

General Garland's brigade of Worth's division, the brigade to which the Fourth Infantry was attached, was sent to San Antonio, near the village of Churubusco, on the road to Mexico, and ten or twelve miles from it. During the day and night of Aug. 19, the engineer officers completed roads by which the American troops were got around to the north and west of the Mexican positions. One of the strongest of these positions was at Contreras, a fortified hill; and operations were directed towards that point. Garland's brigade was kept in position at San Antonio, while the attack was made on Contreras on the morning of the 20th. Half an hour after the order to advance was given, Contreras was in the hands of the Americans, with all its artillery and military supplies; and when this point was secured.

orders came for Garland's brigade to advance upon San Antonio and Churubusco. The advance upon San Antonio was practically unopposed, as the Mexicans fled when they saw that Contreras was lost to them.

Somewhat contrary to General Scott's expectation, the Mexicans made a stand at Churubusco; they held their position and did some hard fighting, so that the American troops, and especially General Shields's brigade, suffered heavily. Some of the gunners who stood their ground to the very last were deserters from General Taylor's army in Northern Mexico.

A truce was agreed upon; and it lasted until Sept. 4, when hostilities were resumed. General Scott was then with Worth's division, which was occupying Tacubuya, about four miles south-west of the city. Not far from it was Molino del Rey ("Mill of the King"), a long stone building, one story high, and used as a storehouse for grain. Nearer to the city is Chapultepec, a long mound about three hundred feet high, which was fortified on the top and on both sides. From Chapultepec to the city there is a stone aqueduct built on arches, that supplies water to the capital; and there is a similar aqueduct which receives its water from a mountain stream close to Molino del Rey. One aqueduct enters the

city by the San Cosme gate, and the other by the Belem gate. There were strong fortifications at both the gates, while at intervals along the aqueduct parapets had been thrown up to facilitate the defense of the city.

Naturally the first point of attack was Molino del Rey; and the assault upon it was made on the morning of the 8th of September. When the troops were drawn up, and everything was in readiness, a single charge was made, and the enemy, after firing a few shots, broke and ran towards Chapultepec. Lieutenant Grant was one of the first to enter the mill. As he was watching the fleeing enemy, he happened to look up, and noticed that there were still many of them on the top of the building. He gathered some of the soldiers of his command, and ordered an empty cart turned up against the side of the mill. This cart he used as a ladder to climb up to the roof.

When he got there he found that a private soldier had got in ahead of him, and captured the whole party, including a major and five or six officers of lower grades. All the Mexicans still had their weapons with them. While the one American soldier was guarding them, he told Lieutenant Grant that he had "surrounded them all by himself." The Lieutenant immediately received the swords of the com-

missioned officers, and, with the aid of the soldiers who accompanied him, broke up all the muskets by striking them over the edge of the wall.

There is no doubt that if the capture of Molino del Rey had been followed up by an attack on Chapultepec, and the San Cosme and Belem gates, the city could have been taken with ease; but such was not the case, and consequently there was more loss of life in taking these positions several days after.

The bombardment of Chapultepec began on the morning of the 12th; and on the 13th the hill was stormed and captured. After the fall of Chapultepec the advance began along the two aqueduct roads; General Worth commanding the attack on San Cosme, and General Quitman that against Belem gate. Lieutenant Grant was on the San Cosme road, and was present throughout the entire engagement. The troops found the arches very useful in making their advance; they went forward an arch at the time, halted until they had taken breath, and then got ready for another arch. Dodging in this way, they got along pretty well, keeping a close watch on the intrenchments, and firing at every head that showed itself above the parapets. The Mexicans fled from the parapets as soon as the Americans came within shooting distance.

While reconnoitering the ground at one place,

Lieutenant Grant found a church on one side of the road; and it occurred to him that the belfry might command the ground inside the San Cosme gate. He got an officer of the voltigeurs with a mounted howitzer and the men to work it to go with him and his infantry. As the enemy had possession of the road, they were compelled to go around through the fields, which obliged them to cross several ditches breast high with water. They got to the church, however, and were met by the priest, who told them they could not enter. They explained to him that he might save property by opening the door, and said that they would go in whether he would admit them or not. Finally he opened the door; and they mounted to the belfry with the howitzer, which they hastily put together, it having been taken in pieces in order to carry it. Then they opened fire on the troops inside the San Cosme gate, and created a great confusion.

General Worth observed the effect of the howitzer, and was so pleased with it that he sent one of the staff, Lieutenant Pemberton (who was afterwards a lieutenant-general in the Confederacy), to bring Lieutenant Grant to him. He said the howitzer in the church steeple was doing great service, and ordered a captain of voltigeurs to report to Grant with another howitzer for a similar service. The fact is,

there was not room enough in the steeple for another gun; but etiquette forbade the young lieutenant to say so to his superior officer. He saluted and took the captain, but did not use the howitzer.

Eighteen years afterwards, when General Grant was commander-in-chief of the armies engaged in crushing the Rebellion, and was actively pushing in the direction of Richmond, the colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment came to him one day to make a report which had to be made in person. When his duty had been performed, he saluted, and was about to retire, when the general said,—

“Colonel, haven’t I met you before?”

“Yes, General,” was the reply; “and I think you’ll remember the incident. I was the sergeant with the howitzer that you took into the belfry of a church near the San Cosme gate of the city of Mexico.”

“We shook the Mexicans up very lively, didn’t we?” said the general as he seized the colonel’s hand and shook it warmly. Then he added, “Take a chair.”

The colonel obeyed, and for half an hour and more the conversation was wholly devoted to the Mexican War.

By the evening of the 13th, the American troops were close to the walls of the city at the San Cosme

and Belen gates; in the morning it was found that Santa Anna and his army had left the city, and the gates were undefended. The army entered the gates amid loud cheering, and the capital of the Republic of Mexico was in the hands of the invaders. The convicts in the prisons had been released, and there was a considerable number of deserters remaining in the city; when our troops entered they were fired upon by these fellows, and possibly by some of the citizens. Several of our officers and soldiers were struck by the bullets, some of them fatally. Among the latter was Lieutenant Smith of the Fourth Infantry, who died a few days later; and in consequence of his death second Lieutenant Grant was promoted to the grade of first lieutenant.

That promotion is slow in the army is illustrated by the experience of the hero of our story. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in the army in 1843; he entered the city of Mexico four years later with the same rank, after being in all the battles which were possible for one man during that war. His regiment had lost heavily in commissioned officers, but it was not until the death of Lieutenant Smith that he rose to the rank of first lieutenant.

General Scott followed the troops into the city, and, according to his custom, made as much display as possible. He was in full uniform, wearing every-

thing "that the law allowed;" and he required his officers to follow his example. Scott's habits in regard to uniform were just the reverse of those of General Taylor, who, as before stated, disliked wearing any uniform whatever. In consequence of their different peculiarities, General Scott received the *soubriquet* of "Old Fuss and Feathers," while General Taylor was known as "Old Rough and Ready." It was a wonder that General Scott, with his tall, commanding figure, was not fired upon as he entered the city. He made a grand parade through the principal streets, and then took possession of the famous building known as "The Halls of the Montezumas."

After the capture of the city of Mexico, General Scott issued orders for the government of the conquered city, in terms which assured the inhabitants that they were not to be despoiled of their property. Everything that was taken for the army or for individuals was paid for, and no marauding of any kind was allowed. Taxes were levied upon the cities and states of Mexico for supporting the army, and duties were collected on all imports at the ports opened for trade. The principal cities of Mexico were occupied by the American troops; and this state of affairs continued until peace was arranged in February, 1848, and the army retired from Mexico. The terms of peace were that the Rio Grande should be

the boundary between the two countries; the disputed territory between the Rio Grande and the Nueces was ceded to Texas, and the whole of New Mexico and Upper California became the property of the United States. In return for this addition to its territory, the United States paid to Mexico the sum of fifteen millions of dollars.

While the army waited for the settlement of the terms of peace, Lieutenant Grant went with some other officers to visit Popocatepetl, the great volcano of Mexico. Owing to a severe storm, he did not succeed in reaching the summit. In writing of this trip, he said that one of the most interesting incidents was the experiences of a mule that fell from a path cut in the mountain on one side of a deep and narrow valley. The animal was carrying two sacks of barley, and mule and load rolled over and over again to the rocks at the bottom of the valley. All supposed that the poor beast had been dashed to death. Imagine their surprise when the mule subsequently overtook them with its load, and neither of them much the worse for the long roll down the side of the mountain.

CHAPTER IX.

Promoted again.—Favorably mentioned in several reports.—General Scott's rattlesnake story.—Grant returns to the United States.—Robbed on the way.—Marries Miss Dent.—On duty at Sackett's Harbor and Detroit.—The first baby.—“The Cicotte mare.”—Quarrel with Zachary Chandler.—Dog-fight on Grosse Isle.—A Son of Temperance and an Odd Fellow.—Second son born.—Mrs. Grant returns to St. Louis.

NOT long after the capture of the city of Mexico, Lieutenant Grant was promoted to a brevet captaincy, dating from the day of the entry into the city. His conduct had received favorable mention in the official report of General Worth, and his action of placing the howitzer in the belfry of the church was referred to in the reports of Major Lee and Colonel Garland. The latter spoke of him as “acquitting himself most nobly on several occasions under my observation.” Capt. Horace Brooks of the artillery gave him credit for helping to carry a strong field-work, and turn the enemy’s right after an obstinate resistance. The various reports in his favor showed the promotion to be well-deserved.

The commander-in-chief invited all the general officers of his army to meet him at dinner one evening about two weeks after the fall of the capital

of Mexico. Generals Pillow and Worth declined the invitation in consequence of their personal hostility to General Scott; but all the others accepted. In his briefly spoken words of welcome, General Scott acknowledged the efficient services of his guests in securing the success of the campaign, and said that there were few instances in history where an army had successfully prosecuted an aggressive campaign into a hostile country, opposed constantly by a force double its own strength. Other words of congratulation followed from the lips of the hero, and his was the only formal speech of the evening.

Conversation and story-telling occupied the greater part of the time; and during the course of the dinner General Twiggs asked General Scott to tell his rattlesnake story. The general smiled, and nodded assent. He said he had told the story many times before, and was afraid that it might not be new to some of the gentlemen present; but since it had been called for by General Twiggs, he would tell it; and he did tell it, with emphasis.

"During the Florida campaign," said General Scott, "I was one night quartered in a rough building that stood upon posts that raised it two feet or more from the ground. The floor was open in many places; and we had scarcely made preparations for a bivouac, before the sound of rattling from below

told us that many rattlesnakes were there. We surveyed them with a light, and found there was a goodly battalion of them. I went out and measured with my eye the height of the floor from the ground, and saw at once that it was beyond reach by about two inches of the tallest rattlesnake ever known. I knew, as a boy, from experiments, that the rattlesnake never jumped or darted, only stood up as high as he could, and bit. I returned and told the officers that it was perfectly safe to sleep on the floor, and I intended to do it. But they left me alone in my glory, with my martial cloak around me, — a temporary Sir John Moore, — while they camped outside. Indeed, I rather enjoyed the discomfiture of the snakes as they rattled me to sleep and vainly tried to reach the holes in the floor."

After the Mexican War the State of Louisiana gave swords of honor to Generals Scott, Taylor, and Twiggs, the scabbard of each sword bearing an inscription appropriate to the deeds of its recipient. The gentleman who designed the inscription for General Scott's sword happened to meet that officer one day in a jewelry store in New York, and made bold to introduce himself, and tell what he had done. He added that he would be pleased to know how the design met the views of the general as a work of art.

The general assumed an air of majestic dignity, and said,—

“Admirable sir, admirable. But there was a slight mistake, sir, a slight mistake.”

“Indeed! and what was that?”

“The inscription, sir. The inscription should have been on the blade, sir. On the blade, sir; not on the scabbard. The scabbard may be taken from us; the blade — *never!*”

Several years after the close of the War of 1812, Congress voted a gold medal to General Scott. The general placed it for safe keeping in the vault of a bank, which was afterwards robbed by an expert burglar, who left nothing of value except the medal. The burglar was captured, and during his trial he said,—

“I examined that medal with my lantern, and well knew its value; but I scorned to take from the soldier what had been given him by the gratitude of his country.”

During the time the American troops remained in Mexico after the cessation of hostilities, Grant continued to act as quartermaster. The tradition is that he showed great ability in the discharge of his duties. He never failed to keep his regiment well fed. When the army was making the hardest of marches, there was always fresh beef waiting for his regi-

ment when it went into camp. He was famous always for his good horsemanship; and he had a very spirited horse that no one else could ride.

One day a Mexican gentleman whom he knew very well asked permission to ride his horse; but Grant hesitated to permit him, fearing an accident might happen. He knew that the Mexican was a fair rider, but not a first-class one; and he also knew that it would be a great affront to him to be refused. So the captain consented, but very unwillingly. The Mexican mounted the animal; but before he had gone more than a block or two he was thrown from the saddle, and instantly killed.

On another day, Grant went to see Colonel Howard, who commanded the castle of Chapultepec. He rode up the outside slope of the fortification, and then went two or three times around the castle. Finding no place to hitch his horse, he rode the animal down the long and steep stone stairs that led into the fort. There he tied the steed, and made his call upon the officer.

When he came away Colonel Howard came out to the entrance with him; and seeing the horse standing there, he said to Grant,—

“ Lieutenant, how did you manage to get that horse inside ? ”

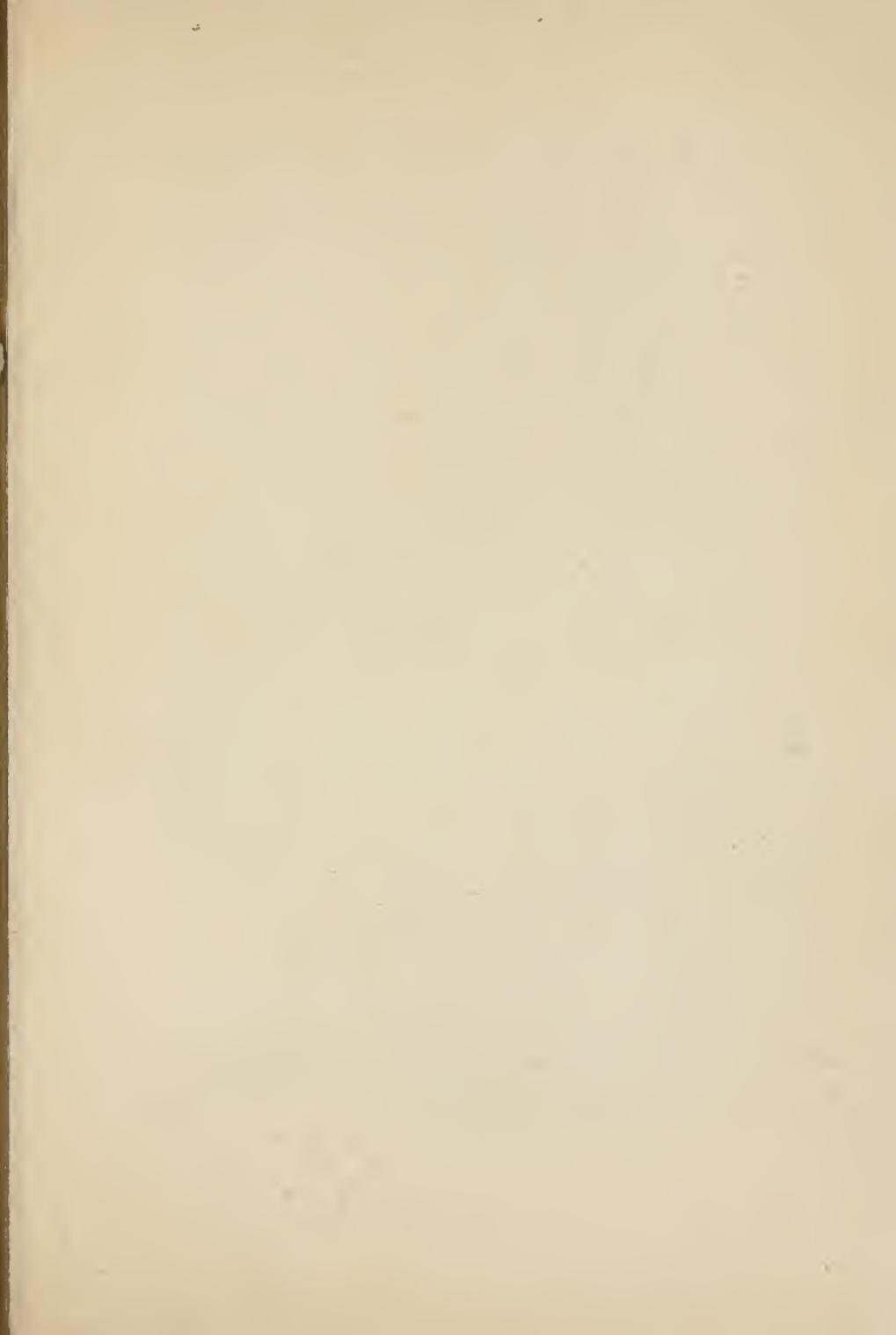
“ I rode him in, sir,” was the reply.

"Well!" said the colonel in a tone of astonishment; "how are you to get him out?"

"Why, ride him out, of course," said Grant, as he sprang upon the horse and turned him in the direction of the stone steps. The animal went rapidly up the steps; and when Grant reached the top he waved his hat to the colonel, and disappeared over the breastworks.

While the army was on the march back to Vera Cruz, Lieutenant Grant met with a misfortune. He had about one thousand dollars of Government money in his trunk. The lock became broken, and he put the money in the trunk of a fellow officer. One night this trunk was broken open and all the money it contained abstracted.

The lieutenant reported the loss with an affidavit as to how it happened, and supported it by the affidavits of several other officers. A bill was placed before Congress for his relief, and it remained there twelve years. In 1862, when Grant had captured Fort Donelson and became a major-general, Congress passed the bill which provided that one thousand dollars should be allowed to Lieutenant Grant in the settlement of his accounts as regimental quartermaster of the Fourth Infantry. Even then the bill was not passed unanimously, no fewer than eight senators voting against it, and only a minority of them were Democrats.





"HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"

On leaving Mexico the Fourth Infantry went to Pascagoula, Miss., where it was to remain during the summer. Grant obtained leave for four months' absence. He went first to St. Louis to see Miss Dent, and renew his protestations of devotion. Perhaps they did not need any verbal renewal, as the two had corresponded frequently during his absence, but he "went there all the same."

A few days after his arrival, he was married to the lady, and they spent their honeymoon in visiting his parents and relatives in Ohio. During Grant's absence on leave, his regiment moved to Sackett's Harbor, N.Y.; and when the time of his leave had expired he rejoined his company at that point. It was a time of peace, and nothing of importance occurred there.

In the following spring the regiment was ordered to Detroit, Mich.; and there Grant spent two years in the humdrum existence of a military barrack in time of peace, or, to be more exact about it, he spent there all the time when he was on duty. All the married officers lived outside; and Lieutenant and Mrs. Grant began their first experience of house-keeping at Detroit. He paid two hundred and fifty dollars for house-rent, which was considered a high price when the building and all the circumstances connected with it were considered. There was a

great deal of visiting among the officers and their families, and also among neighbors and friends. The evenings were largely devoted to social calls and games of dominoes, chess, and other simple amusements. Occasionally there was a visit to the theatre; but at that time the dramatic attractions of Detroit were not of the highest class, and traveling companies were by no means as numerous as they are at present.

A story used to be told about McKean Buchanan, an actor of Cincinnati who went to Detroit, Sandusky, and other lake cities, on what is called a starring tour; his support in each place being the local company. His tour was a very short one; and on his return to Cincinnati somebody questioned his agent as to the success of the affair.

"Pretty bad all through," replied the agent; "and the support was awful. We opened with Hamlet in Sandusky, and the local company was made up of canal-boatmen and blacksmiths, the worst actors I ever saw. They were worse than 'Mac' himself; even he couldn't stand them. He played the first act with 'em, and the other four acts alone."

Another story about McKean Buchanan relates to his skill at the American game of cards known as "poker." He decided to try his fortune in California, and asked a theatrical manager of Cincinnati to

give him a letter of introduction to a fellow-manager in San Francisco. The letter was promptly given, and read as follows:—

“Dear Sir:—

This will introduce the actor, Mr. McKean Buchanan. He plays Hamlet, Richard III., Henry VIII., Othello, Richelieu, Claude Melnotte, The Hunchback, and Poker.”

Early in 1850 the Grants broke up housekeeping. Mrs. Grant went back to her father's in St. Louis; and shortly after her going there her first son was born. Meantime Lieutenant Grant boarded with Captain Gore, another officer of the Fourth Infantry.

When Mrs. Grant returned, bringing the baby, she and her husband remained with the Gores. The house where they lived was of a better quality than the one they had previously occupied, and was situated on Jefferson Avenue, which was at that time the principal avenue in the city. The houses along it were not very close to each other at that time; but since then a great many fine residences have sprung up, and the inhabitants of the locality point with pride to their avenue.

Detroit was at that time the head of a large department. Lieutenant Grant was commissary and quartermaster of the post where his regiment was stationed; and the department quartermaster was

Major Sibley, the inventor of the well-known Sibley tent. Grant's duties at his own office were very light, the most of them being performed by his sergeant, so that the officer had no occasion to spend much time there. He was more frequently to be found at the office of Major Sibley; and divided his time during the day between the major's headquarters and the sutler's store of the post. The latter place was the favorite resort of the army officers, including those on active duty and those who had retired. There was quite a number of the latter; and it is safe to assume that the halls of the building resounded with a great many stories of army life, and especially of the Mexican War which was so recently in everybody's mind.

Grant's fondness for horses still continued; and outside of war he was more interested in stories of horse-flesh than of anything else. Grant brought from Mexico a large gray horse, which is still remembered by some of the old inhabitants of Detroit, and was probably the same animal with which he rode down and up the steps at Chapultepec. He did not by any means confine his riding to this horse. He used to ride the French ponies which abounded in Detroit at that time, and, in fact, was ready to ride any steed that was brought along.

On one occasion he offered two hundred dollars

for a mare which belonged to a Mr. Cicotte, on condition that the animal could pace a mile in two minutes and fifty-five seconds, at the same time drawing a buggy containing two men. The offer was accepted, and Jefferson Avenue was chosen as the place of trial. The horse was harnessed into the buggy, arrangements were made for “timing” the speed, and Grant and Cicotte stepped into the vehicle. Away went the horse, and the mile was finished inside the time agreed upon. Grant became the owner of the animal, and kept it for several years. He sent it to St. Louis, where it won a race for one thousand dollars, and was sold soon after for fifteen hundred dollars.

A local amusement of Detroit at that time was an occasional dog-fight. Grant was not a keeper of dogs, and had no fondness for the sport. One day two dogs, belonging to Thomas Lewis and Horace Gray, had a very savage encounter on Grosse Isle, in the Detroit River. Gray lived on Grosse Isle; and when the fight was going on, he turned to Lewis and said,—

“Either your dog or I must quit this island!”

Grant happened to be standing by, and joined in the laugh at the remark. Their next meeting was during the Civil War, when Grant commanded the Army of the Tennessee and Gray was major of a

Michigan regiment. When they met and had shaken hands, Grant's first question was,—

“Which one of you left the island, Gray? you or the dog?”

During a part of his residence in Detroit, Grant lived in a house belonging to a Mr. Bacon, and the landlord and his tenant became fairly well acquainted. When the news of the surrender of Fort Donelson was telegraphed over the North, accompanied by the “unconditional surrender letter,” Mr. Bacon said,—

“Seems to me that there was a Captain Grant lived in one of my houses; I wonder if this is the same one.”

Then he remembered that Grant wrote his name one day on a window-pane with a diamond. He went to the house at once, and was greatly rejoiced to find that his tenant and the hero of Donelson were one and the same.

Grant was considered one of the mildest mannered men in Detroit, and was very unlikely to get into a row with anybody. He did have one quarrel, however, with Zachary Chandler, who was then a dry-goods merchant, and later became United States Senator. The cause of the trouble was that Chandler did not keep his sidewalk clear of snow and ice, and they had a great deal of those articles in Detroit. Several of the officers had slipped and fallen on the

ice in front of Chandler's house; and one evening while Grant was on his way home he was unfortunate enough to slip and receive a severe sprain. Being very angry in consequence of his mishap, he swore out a complaint against Chandler for his failure to comply with the city ordinances which require the sidewalks to be kept clear.

The case came to trial, and Chandler insisted upon a jury and upon the right of being his own lawyer. The witnesses in the case were principally officers of the post, and they convinced the jury that the ordinances had been violated flagrantly. During his career in the United States Senate, Chandler was famous for his power of abusing his opponents, and at this trial he assailed the officers so savagely that possibly some of them wished they had never testified against him. He called them idle loafers who lived upon the community, and said that if they would keep sober they would not be slipping on other people's sidewalks. The jury brought in a verdict against Chandler, but the damages were placed at the moderate sum of six cents and costs. The affair created a great deal of talk in Detroit, and it was thought that a personal encounter between Chandler and some of the officers might come of it. Nothing happened, however; and when fifteen years afterwards Senator Chandler entertained General Grant at his home in

Detroit, both of them had a hearty laugh over the sidewalk incident.

Early in 1851 the Fourth Infantry was transferred from Detroit to Sackett's Harbor, N.Y. Before the transfer, Mrs. Grant went to the home of her parents in St. Louis with the understanding that she was to remain until Grant could provide a suitable home for them and send for her. Sackett's Harbor was a much smaller place than Detroit, and its population was of a somewhat different character. Detroit had quite a sprinkling of old French families, while Sackett's Harbor had none. It was not far from the spot where, in the old French War, about one hundred years before, Grant's great-grandfather was killed. It was a place of considerable importance in the War of 1812, as it was the rendezvous for the American fleet on the lake.

While at Sackett's Harbor, Grant joined the Sons of Temperance and also the Odd Fellows. He joined the former on account of having observed the drinking tendency among officers in time of peace; and as to the Odd Fellows, he became a member more to kill time than for any other purpose. He attended the regular quarterly meetings, but rarely took an active part. The story goes that he was once put on a committee of three for some purpose; he disagreed with the other two, and brought in a minor-

ity report. The other two members of the committee were leading citizens of the place, and it was thought by some to be a little presumptive on the part of the army officer to oppose the views of men so distinguished locally. But when his report was read, it proved to be such an able document that it raised him very materially in the estimation of the entire lodge.

Grant as usual showed more interest in horse-flesh than in anything else, though he performed his duties as quartermaster of the regiment, together with all other duties, with promptness and exactness. In summer there were horse-races on land, and in winter on ice, the latter being rather more popular than the former. Grant was a participant in most of the races, and a winner quite as often as anybody else. A fire-company was organized among the soldiers, and on several occasions it had friendly contests with the citizens' fire-company. The fact is, times were very dull in the town, and the soldiers as well as the officers were ready to accept anything that would afford amusement or excitement.

About the middle of 1852, orders came for the Fourth Infantry to proceed to the Pacific coast. The journey at that time was much more severe than it is at present; and it was decided that Mrs. Grant could not endure the hardship of the journey, and

therefore should not accompany her husband to California. She was to remain at home with her parents, after visiting Jesse Grant and his wife in Ohio.

During her stay in Ohio Mrs. Grant's second son was born, and received the name of Ulysses. When the child was a few months old his mother returned to St. Louis. The negroes on Mr. Dent's place named the boy "Buckeye," because he was born in Ohio, the Buckeye State. This nickname was shortened to "Buck," and adhered to the boy ever afterwards.

CHAPTER X.

Off for California. — On the Isthmus. — Difficulties and hardships of the journey. — Failure of the contractor to keep his agreement. — Overland in the mud. — How Grant acquitted himself. — Arrival at Panama. — Embarking on the Golden Gate. — Outbreak of cholera. — Arrival at San Francisco. — Expense of living in California. — Grant in Oregon. — His experience at farming. — Another promotion. — At Humboldt Bay. — Resigned and goes home. — Settles down to farming. — In the real-estate business. — Moves to Galena, Ill.

THERE was no Pacific Railway in those days, and the shortest and quickest route to the Pacific coast was by way of the Isthmus. Eight companies of the Fourth Infantry assembled at Governor's Island in New York Harbor, and on the fifth of July they embarked on board the steamship Ohio. Five officers only took their wives and children, all the other married officers leaving their families at home.

The Ohio had already been filled before the arrangements were made for carrying the regiment, and the consequence was that the ship was overcrowded. Temporary berths were erected on deck for the soldiers; they were several tiers high, and in the event of a storm they would have been terribly uncomfortable as well as dangerous. There was so much complaint about overcrowding that it was ne-

cessary to keep a strong guard on duty to prevent insubordination. Grant continued to be quartermaster, and achieved considerable popularity among the officers and men by his untiring efforts in their behalf.

Luckily there was no storm during the voyage, and the Ohio reached Aspinwall on the eleventh day from New York. The railway at that time was completed nearly twenty miles to the point where it crosses the Chagres River. The passengers spent the night at Aspinwall, breathing the fever-laden atmosphere of the place; and the next day they were packed in the cars, and carried to the point where the railway then ended. Through the energy of the quartermaster, boats were secured for transporting the regiment up the river to Cruces, eleven miles away. They started late in the afternoon, so that night came on before the party was three miles away. Here the boatmen refused to go until daylight, declaring that it was dangerous to do so; and consequently the whole party, ladies and all, were compelled to pass the night on the river without food or shelter.

In the following forenoon the boats reached Cruces; from there the river was abandoned and the party took to the road. The ladies and most of the officers through Grant's energies were supplied with mules; but the great majority of the party went on foot.

It happened to be the rainy season. The road

was nothing more nor less than a track of black mud for the greater part of the way, and it varied from two inches to as many feet in depth. Captain Grant in one of his letters describes it as thirty miles long, thirty feet wide, and thirty inches deep; but bear in mind that this was in a private letter to his wife, and not an official report. The officers' wives asked in vain for side-saddles, and found they must follow the custom of the country and ride "man fashion." They accepted the situation, laid aside their feminine dresses, donned trousers, and gallantly bestrode the mules that had been provided.

The steamship company had engaged to transport the regiment and all accompanying it across the isthmus; but beyond Cruces, no arrangements whatever had been made. The soldiers were obliged to march, and get along the best way they could. The mules for the ladies and the officers had been obtained through Grant's personal exertions, assisted by the alcalde, or mayor, of Cruces; but it was impossible to obtain transportation for the greater part of the regimental baggage. A considerable portion of it was destroyed at Cruces, owing to the impossibility of taking it along. While the regiment was at Cruces, cholera broke out in the camp, and cost the lives of one hundred and fifty men, women, and children of the regimental party.

Grant's duties kept him with the regiment; and he did not reach Panama until several days after the ladies of the party had arrived there. The steamship Golden Gate came in a day or two in advance of the regiment, and as soon as possible the troops were embarked. When they were fairly on board, the cholera broke out again and raged fearfully. Nearly one hundred men died, and one officer, Major Gore, an old and warm friend of Grant, and the man in whose house Grant and his wife had lived for some time in Detroit. Major Gore was accompanied by his wife; and after the burial of his remains on an island in the Bay of Panama, the colonel detailed a lieutenant to escort his widow to her old home in Kentucky. She was carried back to Aspinwall in a hammock borne by two natives, while five other hammocks carried her child, nurse, and baggage. Before reaching their destination these fellows robbed her of her money and jewelry and nearly all of her clothing.

The Golden Gate remained for some time in the harbor at Panama, until the cholera on board had subsided. The passengers were in strict quarantine, no one being allowed to land, and there was too much disease on board for going to sea. After a time the regimental surgeon insisted that the ship should be thoroughly fumigated. The passengers tem-

porarily landed on a small island. The Golden Gate was thoroughly fumigated, and large quantities of infected clothing, bedding, and the like, were destroyed. Then the steamer put to sea, and reached San Francisco near the end of August, 1852.

Before he had been an hour in San Francisco, Grant met an old friend of Mexican War days. To the question, "What are you doing here?" the man replied that he was like thousands of others, doing anything he could find, and also "doing" any stranger he could get hold of. "I've been handling ships' cargoes," said he, "carrying trunks, acting as clerk in a hotel, and doing a little preaching. Yesterday I built an oven for a Dutch baker. He did the work while I bossed the job, handing him a brick now and then; and I got ten dollars for what I did. I didn't know anything about building ovens, and so wasn't hampered by any preconceived notions."

A day or two after its arrival at San Francisco, the Fourth Infantry was sent to Benicia, a town and military post about midway between San Francisco and Sacramento. Lieutenant Grant found it was very fortunate for him that Mrs. Grant remained at home, as the expense of supporting a family there was far above his means. The wages of a cook alone would have taken all his pay, leaving nothing for other servants, house-rent, provisions, clothing, or

anything else. Flour was twenty-five cents a pound, potatoes sixteen cents, cabbage, beets, and turnips six cents, and everything else in proportion. People had not then turned their attention to agriculture; and the greater part of the provisions consumed there were brought from the United States, around Cape Horn, or from the Hawaiian Islands.

After the gold rush began to decline, attention was turned to the tilling of the soil; and it was then found that the land of California was wonderfully productive. For two or three years the wheat produced in California was shipped around Cape Horn to New York and other Eastern parts, and then shipped back again in the shape of flour. After a time flour-mills were erected in California, and put a stop to the business of going seventeen thousand miles to mill.

After a few weeks in California the Fourth Infantry was ordered to Vancouver on the Columbia River; and an intimation was given that it would remain there for some time. The high price of potatoes induced Grant and three other officers to go into the potato business, their intention being to raise enough for themselves and sell the balance. In the spring of 1853, they bought a pair of horses that had crossed the plains and were very poor; but the animals rapidly regained strength and flesh, and

were serviceable for plowing. Grant did all the plowing with the horses, while the other officers planted the potatoes. The tubers grew famously; but the Columbia River rose to an unusual height and killed most of their crop. Grant said it was a lucky circumstance, as it saved digging the potatoes up. Everybody else went into the potato business the same year, and three-fourths of the crop was allowed to rot in the ground. The firm of Grant & Co. never sold any potatoes except to their own mess.

Owing to the death of a superior officer, Grant was promoted to a full captaincy on the 5th of July, 1853, and was sent to a company of the Fourth Infantry which had been detached, and was then stationed at Humboldt Bay, Cal. The only mode of conveyance was first by steam to San Francisco, and then by a sailing-vessel going to Humboldt for lumber. A species of cedar, called redwood in California, was then used for building purposes as extensively as pine is used in the Eastern States. Saw-mills had been put up at Humboldt Bay, and large quantities of redwood were cut up and sent to San Francisco for a market.

Captain Grant found that San Francisco had grown considerably during the year of his absence. When he first landed in the city, there was only one wharf in front of it. In 1853 he found that the city had

grown out into the bay beyond what was the end of the wharf when he saw it. Streets and houses had been built on piles where, twelve months before, large ships were fastened to the wharf, or anchored. And we may add here, that as time went on San Francisco pushed farther and farther into the bay, so that the water-front of the present time is several blocks away from the old water-front of 1850. The curious may visit the Niantic Hotel, or whatever building may have succeeded it, and see in the cellar thereof the timbers of the old ship Niantic, where that craft once lay at anchor. The position is now nearly one-half a mile from the water-front. The highest court in San Francisco one day decided that the owner of the shore owned out into the bay for an indefinite distance. That very night an enterprising Yankee loaded a small house on a scow and floated it around to a vacant place on the water-front. Here, with the aid of some men he had hired, he pulled the scow about half its length on shore, and thus "squatted" on the strand. He duly entered his claim at the register's office, and within two days sold it to a speculator for one hundred thousand dollars!

After joining his company at Humboldt Bay, Captain Grant passed a weary and dreary life at the little post where he was stationed. There were some

Indians in the neighborhood, but they were so peaceful that the soldiers were cut off from the excitement of an occasional Indian hunt. Hunting of other kinds was abundant, but Grant did not have much taste for it. He bought one of the best horses he could find, and passed a considerable portion of his time on the back of his steed, roaming through the woods that surrounded the bay.

Grant was induced to embark in a speculation to lease a hotel in San Francisco, and run a sort of club-room and billiard-room combined, at a rental of five hundred dollars a month. It was represented that the profits of the investment would be very large. They might have been so if the officers could have managed the business themselves. The agents whom they placed in charge were dishonest, and the money they collected went into their own pockets. After a time the officers grew weary of advancing money that never returned, and the enterprise was abandoned.

The military post at Humboldt Bay was known as Fort Humboldt. There was a town three miles away, called Eureka, which consisted of two saw-mills, twenty dwelling-houses, and a store. The whole establishment belonged to James T. Ryan, who was one of those peculiar characters who seem to be especially created for new countries. On his first

visit to Humboldt Bay he observed a vast amount of timber, and realized how valuable it would be when cut into lumber. He purchased the Indian claim to the land for a barrel of whisky and a suit of old clothes, and then proceeded to San Francisco, where he made the necessary entries, and secured the land under a Government claim. He bought a saw-mill, but was unable to get an engine to run it.

So he bought an old steamboat and loaded the mill upon it, together with a stock of provisions and the men whom he wanted for his work. Just as he started he found that somebody had stolen his compass. He found a little river compass with the glass broken; he took a pane of glass and cut it into shape with a pair of scissors, holding the glass under water while cutting it. He fitted this glass into the top of his river compass, and by means of this instrument he steered the boat up the coast to its destination. Then he ran the bow of the steam-boat on shore, pulled her partly out of water by means of her capstan, set up the saw-mill by her side, and used the engines on the boat to run it by. He laid out the town of Eureka by means of a surveying instrument which he made out of a piece of wood and two medicine vials. He afterwards became a brigadier-general and a member of the California Senate. In 1861 he visited Washington, and

was introduced to President Lincoln by Senator Mac-Dougal of California in these words:—

“Mr. President, this is General Ryan, a loyal neighbor of mine, who can build a cathedral and preach in it, a ship and sail it, or an engine and run it.”

Ryan owned a fine horse called Eclipse, and occasionally he lent it to Captain Grant for a gallop in the afternoon. When Grant was commanding the armies in front of Richmond, Ryan called upon him, and was immediately recognized and addressed by name.

“How is everything at Eureka?” said the general, after first inquiring about Ryan’s family.

“Things are pretty much the same there,” was the reply, “though the place has grown some.”

“How is Eclipse? Is he still alive?”

“He is still alive,” Ryan answered, “though he isn’t the horse now that he was when you knew him.”

“He was the finest horse I ever saw on the Pacific coast,” said Grant with much emphasis; and then proceeded to introduce his visitor to Generals Sheridan, Meade, and other officers who were calling upon him.

Captain Grant went into business in a small way by entering into a partnership with his brother-in-

law, Lewis Dent, who was running a ferry-boat at Knight's Ferry on the Stanislaus River. The ferry was fairly profitable, but not largely so; and there was no chance that it would bring a fortune to its owners unless the discovery of gold beyond the river should lead to a rush in that direction. The owners of the ferry waited for the discovery and consequent rush, but neither of them came.

Grant longed for the society of his wife and two children, but he could see no prospect of having them come to him, as the support of a family in that locality was quite out of question on a captain's pay; so he decided to resign from the army and go into something else. His resignation was tendered, to take effect July 31, 1854. After resigning, he remarked to a friend that anybody who hunted for him ten years later would find him a prosperous farmer in Missouri.

Grant remained for a little while with his brother-in-law at Knight's Ferry, and occasionally assisted in running the boat. After he became famous as commander-in-chief of the army, and president of the United States, it was an astounding circumstance that every man in California from one end of the State to the other remembered "having seen Grant at Knight's Ferry." To this day pretty nearly all old Californians make the same assertion. The in-

ference is that the ferry must have done an enormous business in the short period that Grant remained there.

Late in the summer of 1854, Grant rejoined his family at St. Louis, finding in it a son whom he had never seen, the one who was born while he was crossing the isthmus on his way to California.

He arrived home with a very low purse, and went from New York to St. Louis by way of Sackett's Harbor, hoping to collect there fifteen hundred dollars which he had loaned to the post sutler; but the sutler had sold out his business and gone, and Grant was unable to get a cent of the money. Though the sutler was afterward an officer in Grant's command, he never repaid the debt, or any part of it. Grant might have taken advantage of his position and forced him to pay it, but he was too broad-minded for anything like that.

His prospects in life at this time were not brilliant. His wife owned a farm of sixty acres in St. Louis; but there was no house on it, and no stock or farming utensils. Grant built a small log house on the farm, working industriously until it was completed; then he moved in his family, and they set up housekeeping in a very modest way. He bought a wagon and a pair of horses partly for cash, and partly on credit; and occasionally brought a load of wood into

the city for sale. Several times he took wood to Jefferson Barracks, and while there he came across some of the officers he had known in the service. Usually he had a pleasant chat with them and came away in a cheerful mood; but sometimes his feelings were touched by a show of disdain on the part of some of his comrades who seemed to look down on him now that he had become a farmer.

About this time John Dent, a younger brother of Mrs. Grant, planned to go to California and join the elder brother, Lewis, who was running the ferry-boat at Knight's Ferry. One of the colored servants (slaves), named George, wanted to go with John as a protector; but the question was raised as to the chances of his taking advantage of the laws of the first free State he entered and running away. The matter was referred to Grant.

"I don't see why a black skin shouldn't cover an honest heart as well as a white one. I would trust George, as I believe him to be throughly honest and loyal to all of us."

George went to California with John, and never showed the least intention of running away. In course of time, when other enterprises called the Dent brothers away, he was in charge of the business of the ferry, and managed it faithfully.

In the spring of 1855, Grant managed to get to

gether a plow and some other farming utensils, and, as the phrase is in the West, he proceeded "to put in a crop." Farming was hard work, and the compensation not great. The crops from the land served to give him and his family an existence, and not much beyond it. Whenever any ready money was badly needed, it was obtained by the sale of wood.

After three years of farming experience, Grant, in the autumn of 1858, sold out the crops, stock, farming utensils, and the like, and gave up farming. He was ill with fever and ague for nearly a year before he did so; and he came to the conclusion that the atmosphere of the farm was malarious, and he would never be well as long as he remained there. His illness did not keep him in the house, but it interfered with his work.

After quitting the farm, Grant went into partnership with Henry Boggs, a cousin of his wife, in the real-estate business. Grant became a candidate for the office of county engineer. He was very anxious to obtain the position, as the pay (\$1900 a year) would have been sufficient to support him and his family handsomely. There were only two candidates for the position; and the appointment was in the hands of the county court, which consisted of five individuals. The other candidate was a German who had been recently made a citizen of the United

States. The German obtained the appointment; and when the news was taken to Grant, the latter quietly remarked that "the successful man had the advantage of birth." St. Louis had a very large population of Germans at that time, and it is quite likely that a native of the United States was at a disadvantage.

A friend urged Grant to study law and practice it in connection with his real-estate business; but the captain thought he was too old to undertake it, though he might be inclined to it if he could do as well as a friend of his in a mining-town in California. Then he told the following story:—

"My friend undertook the defense of a young man who was in jail on the charge of having stolen five hundred dollars from a stranger. The client satisfied the lawyer of his innocence; and the latter made such a successful defense that the prisoner was honorably acquitted, the judge and all the jury shaking hands with him before he left the court.

"The next day he came to my friend and handed him two hundred and fifty dollars, saying, as he did so, that he thought a lawyer who could do as well as he had done for a client deserved half the amount stolen."

Unsuccessful in the real-estate business, Grant looked around for something else. He obtained a

position in the custom-house at St. Louis, but lost it in less than a month on account of the death of the collector. After the loss of the custom-house place, he paid a visit to his father at Covington, Ky., to consider the subject of business for the future. Jesse Grant had established a tannery and leather-store at Galena, Ill., and placed it in charge of his two sons, Simpson and Orville, though it was still his property, and "J. R. Grant" was the nominal owner.

A family council was held concerning the future of Ulysses; and after considerable discussion it was decided that he could enter the leather-store as clerk, at a salary of six hundred dollars a year. If he was successful and liked the business, he would be taken in as partner. Jesse had been prosperous, and at that time considered himself worth from sixty to eighty thousand dollars. The Galena enterprise proved to be a good one, and much of its success was due to the good management of the two brothers. It was Jesse's intention to give Ulysses, provided he proved useful, a partnership interest, though not as large a one as either of his brothers, because they had helped to build up the business.

CHAPTER XI.

Galena and its history. — Lincoln's election. — Threatened troubles with the South. — Excitement in North and South after Lincoln's election. — The inauguration. — Conduct of Buchanan's administration. — Call for troops. — Response of Galena. — Speeches of E. B. Washburne and John A. Rawlins.

GRANT moved to Galena in March, 1860. Galena is situated on the river of the same name, forty miles above the point where it enters the Mississippi River. The city is built on both sides of the river, in a little valley, and at that time consisted of a main street devoted to business, while the streets on each side of it, and especially on the north, contained the residences. A steep bluff on the north side rose over the river to a height of about two hundred feet, and many of the residences were perched on the side of this bluff, or straggled away over its summit.

In the early days of Western settlement, Galena was for a long time a frontier post. Colonel Dent, Grant's father-in-law, had formerly traded with the Indians at Galena; and it is said that he erected one of the first buildings in the town. He supplied provisions for the military post farther up the Mis-

sissippi, and he went up the great river to the Falls of St. Anthony on the very first steamboat that reached that point.

Immediately on arriving at Galena, Grant assumed his new duties as clerk in the store. He weighed or measured leather for the customers, and bought hides to be used in the tannery. The stock of the store included not only domestic leather, but saddlery materials, shoe-findings, French calf, and morocco, and other goods purchased in the East, and not produced in Illinois. He made tours through the North-west, visiting their numerous customers, and obtaining orders for goods. Those who knew Grant then say that while he was cheerful and affable, and on friendly terms with all of their local customers, he was not a good traveling salesman. He could not chaffer and tell stories; and as for drinking, he had been a total abstainer for several years. Occasionally in his tours he fell in with old army officers; and on such occasions, especially when the Mexican War was under discussion, he could talk glibly enough.

The troubles which immediately preceded the war were then exciting a good deal of discussion. The election of 1860 was at hand; and the South was making very earnest threats as to what it should do in case its candidate, Breckinridge, was defeated, and

the Northern candidate, Lincoln, elected. The Republican party had come into existence only a few years earlier, having named its first presidential candidate in 1856.

Grant was conservative in his views, while his sympathies were with the Republican party, knowing as he did that the estimate put upon it by the South was a false one. He desired at the same time that the country should remain at peace. When the election of 1860 came on, he had not lived long enough in Illinois to be entitled to vote, and said he was glad of it, on the whole, that he was not compelled to make a distinction. He would have voted for Stephen A. Douglas, who had no chance whatever of being elected; but, nevertheless, Grant would have voted for him because his views more nearly coincided with the Douglas platform than with that of the others. As between Breckinridge and Lincoln, he wanted to see Lincoln elected. He had hopes that between the time of the election and inauguration, in case Mr. Lincoln were elected, the Southerners would cool down, and take a second sober thought before plunging the country into a condition of anarchy or civil strife.

From the date of the election in November down to the time of the inauguration of the President in March, 1861, was a period of great excitement.

South Carolina carried out her threat of secession, and other Southern States proceeded to follow her example. In most of the Southern States, any opposition to secession wherever it existed was suppressed, and, if necessary, by violent measures. Some of the slave States, Maryland, Delaware, and Missouri, did not secede, though their governors were in sympathy with secession, and did their best to carry their States out of the Union.

Several States had for a time after the beginning of the war a dual form of government; that is, they had a governor and other officials in sympathy with the Union, and also a governor and similar officials in sympathy with the Confederacy. The governor and lieutenant-governor of Missouri, Jackson and Reynolds, were in sympathy with the Confederacy, and kept the secession flag flying over the State House in Jefferson City until the Union troops arrived and took possession. Then they fled with the Confederate troops; and although Jackson died not long afterwards, the semblance of a Government was kept up till the close of the Rebellion, although for the greater part of the time it was outside of the State. A somewhat similar state of affairs prevailed in Kentucky, but it did not last as long as in Missouri.

So great was the excitement throughout the North, and so numerous were the Northern sympathizers

with the secession movement, that when the time came for the president-elect to proceed to Washington to take the oath of office, it was considered unsafe for him to travel openly. Plots were made for his assassination; and though Mr. Lincoln opposed the scheme vehemently, he yielded to the advice of friends, and consented to be smuggled into the Nation's capital. With the knowledge of his movements confined to a very small circle of close friends, he left at Harrisburg the train on which he was supposed to be traveling, and slipped through Baltimore and thence to Washington on another and earlier train. There is little doubt that he would have been assassinated had he continued on the train by which he traveled from Illinois to the capital of Pennsylvania.

President Lincoln was inaugurated on the 4th of March. The movement for secession continued; and on the 11th of April the Secessionists took the aggressive, and opened fire upon Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor. President Lincoln issued a call for seventy-five thousand volunteers to serve three months. Of course there was great excitement everywhere, and all over the North the enrolling of volunteers began. The majority of the people thought the call was for altogether too long a time; in their opinion one, or at most two, months would have been sufficient.

The whole North was on fire. Every city and town and village began to muster its able-bodied men; and, figuratively speaking, the entire region north of Mason and Dixon's Line became a military camp. Very speedily the required forces were raised, and the governors of nearly all the Northern States were perplexed at the excessive numbers of volunteers offered to them.

Let us see what happened in Galena.

On the evening of the day of election, a party of Republicans gathered at the leather-store, and sat up late at night to learn the news. It was pretty well along towards morning before they ascertained that Lincoln was elected. They cheered loudly, and one of them said afterwards that he thought the noise they made ought to have waked up everybody in Galena.

All the members of the Grant firm were at the store; and after the news of Lincoln's election had been received, the Grant brothers opened several cans of oysters for the entertainment of the party and also two or three bottles of whisky. Ulysses helped his brothers to entertain the party, but did not take any part of the refreshments; he seemed as much pleased at the result of the election as any of the group; and it was remarked by one of those present, that his Douglas Democracy was very thin. From that time on he was a Republican, though only a moderate one.

During the period that followed the election, Grant

took a more active part than before in public affairs. He was unsparing in his denunciation of the weakness and treachery of Buchanan's administration, and especially of the imbecility of the President himself. He did not look for serious trouble, but thought it not at all improbable that there might be a clash of arms before an understanding was reached. On one point he was somewhat at variance with his neighbors, or, at least, the majority of them. A friend said to him one day that there was a great deal of bluster about the Southerners, but he did not believe they would fight.

"There's where you're wrong," Grant replied. "I know they bluster a great deal; but when it comes to fighting you'll find they have just as much courage as anybody else, and will give us all the war we want. I know a good many of the officers that were raised at West Point, and they are just as brave and intelligent as the Northern officers are. Don't make any mistake about it; they are Americans just the same as we are, and will fight quite as earnestly for what they believe is right."

And so it was before the war began, and for the first few months of it; each side overestimated its own abilities, and underestimated the abilities of the other. Perhaps the Southerners did more boasting than the people of the North; and we heard a great

deal about that time of one Southerner being able to whip five Northern men. There was plenty of loud talk of the same sort through the North; but after the first few encounters in the field, all this boasting ceased on both sides, and we never heard more of it.

There was war talk all over the land, and Galena had its share. Nothing practically was undertaken until the firing upon Sumter, when the North, as already mentioned, rose to arms at the call of the President. Galena responded as promptly as any other town or city in the State of Illinois.

Trade had been dull for several months; and when on Monday, the 15th of April, news came of the capture of Fort Sumter, business was almost entirely suspended. Jesse Grant's leather-store was the center of attraction, and all day long it was filled with people. Before that time a considerable portion of Captain Grant's talk referred to horses and the Mexican War; but both of those topics were now dropped entirely. The captain saw war in the immediate future, and said to all visitors that the firing upon Fort Sumter settled the matter, and we could hardly hope to escape fighting. And to several friends he remarked, —

“I thought I had done with military life, and never expected to go soldiering again; but if my country

needs me, I am ready. She educated me, and I owe her my services in case of necessity."

Placards were posted all over town calling for a meeting in the Court House on Tuesday evening, April 16. The large hall of the Court House was crowded; and the chair was taken by the mayor, Mr. Brand, a Democrat, who was not at all in favor of the war. In his opening speech he charged the Republicans with having brought on the trouble which then disturbed the country. He said he could not conceive of any circumstance which justified the North in making war upon the South, and he hoped that some compromise would be made that would avert the threatened hostilities.

Among those present at the meeting was Elihu B. Washburne, a resident of Galena, and the representative in Congress of that district of Illinois. When the mayor sat down, Washburne rose to his feet, and exclaimed with great vigor,—

"Mr. Chairman, any man who will try to stir party prejudice at such a time is a traitor."

The audience applauded loudly and long, and it was several minutes before Mr. Washburne could proceed. He offered a series of resolutions which pledged the people to support the Government in maintaining the integrity of the Union, and recommended the formation of military companies ready for any call. The resolutions closed as follows: —

"Finally, we solemnly resolve, that having lived under the Stars and Stripes, by the blessing of God we propose to die under them."

The resolutions were greeted with loud cheering; and when Washburne sat down there were loud calls for —

"Rawlins! Rawlins!"

Rawlins was a young lawyer born in Galena, and owing his education to his own exertions. He was a fine speaker, and a Douglas Democrat, and in the presidential campaign of 1860 he was the Douglas candidate for elector. He "stumped" his district in behalf of his candidate during the election campaign, and was considered one of the best speakers in that part of Illinois. His complexion was dark, his eyes and hair were coal-black, and he was sometimes playfully called "Indian John" by his intimates.

A story was told about Rawlins during the campaign that illustrates his keen and ready wit. On one occasion he followed his opponent in a debate, after the Western custom. The latter had entertained the audience for about two hours, and wound up by saying that he was brought up in the country, and never went to school more than three months. When Rawlins arose, he began in a droll way and said, —

"My friend tells you that he never went to school but three months in his whole life. The fact is, I was very much surprised to hear he had ever been to school at all."

At the loud and continued calling of his name, Rawlins edged his way through the crowd and up to the platform where the mayor was sitting. Without waiting for an introduction, and none was needed where everybody knew his face, the young lawyer began. For nearly an hour he held the audience spellbound, while he went over the history of the past thirty or forty years, so far as the relations between the slave States and the free States were concerned. He briefly reviewed the history of the Missouri compromise, the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, and the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. As he went on, his voice rose higher and higher until it was audible beyond the walls of the building. As he neared the end of his speech his voice seemed to ring out like a trumpet as he uttered the closing words:—

"I have been a Democrat all my life; but this is no longer a question of polities. It is simply country or no country. I have favored every honorable compromise; but the day for compromise is past. Only one course is left us. WE WILL STAND BY THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY, AND APPEAL TO THE GOD OF BATTLES!"

His impassioned oratory carried the audience with him. Every man rose to his feet, and joined in three cheers for Major Anderson, the gallant defender of Fort Sumter; three cheers, and three times three, for the old flag; and cheers again for the maintenance of the Union. The meeting then broke up.

Captain Grant was at the meeting, but took no active part in it. His brothers were with him, and on their way home Ulysses said,—

“I think I ought to go into the service.”

His brothers agreed with him that it was his duty to serve his country in her hour of peril, and told him that they would look after the store during his absence. Little more was said on the subject that evening. The next morning Ulysses went to the store as usual, but found little to do, as the suspension of business still continued, and everybody was full of excitement concerning the war.

CHAPTER XII.

Galena raises a company.—Grant drills and instructs the men.—Presides at a meeting.—Writes to the adjutant-general at Washington.—Goes to Springfield.—Enters the State service.—Military adviser to the governor.—Colonel of Twenty-first Illinois Infantry.—Ordered to North Missouri.—Light marching order.—Guarding railways and bridges.

Two evenings later a meeting was held to consider the question of raising volunteers. Capt. John E. Smith, who commanded a militia company at Galena, called the assemblage to order, and then said,—

“I nominate Capt. Ulysses S. Grant as chairman of this meeting.”

The motion was carried, and the captain went upon the platform. A good many people in Galena knew him by name and also by sight; but of those present on that occasion, comparatively few had ever set eyes on the man to know him. He was wearing an old army overcoat, and held in his hand a soft hat which had evidently seen a good deal of exposure. As he reached the platform, and moved across it somewhat awkwardly, his head slightly on one side and his shoulders stooping, some of the

audience manifested a feeling of disappointment, and one remarked sneeringly, though in a low tone, to his neighbor,—

“He a captain!”

The captain took the chair at once, and proceeded to address the audience. A curious thing is that everybody who was at that meeting says his speech was very fluently delivered, and that he showed more coolness and composure in addressing the audience than he ever showed afterward at any public affair. He stated briefly the objects of the meeting, and referred to the President's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers, of which the quota of Illinois was six regiments. He explained that the quota of Galena would probably be one company; and then, in reply to questions by some of those present, he explained that a company consists of one hundred men, and a regiment of ten companies. He then told about the officers (three) of each company, and the officers (seven) belonging to the regiment as a whole. He told about the duties and pay of the men, and the duty and pay of each officer.

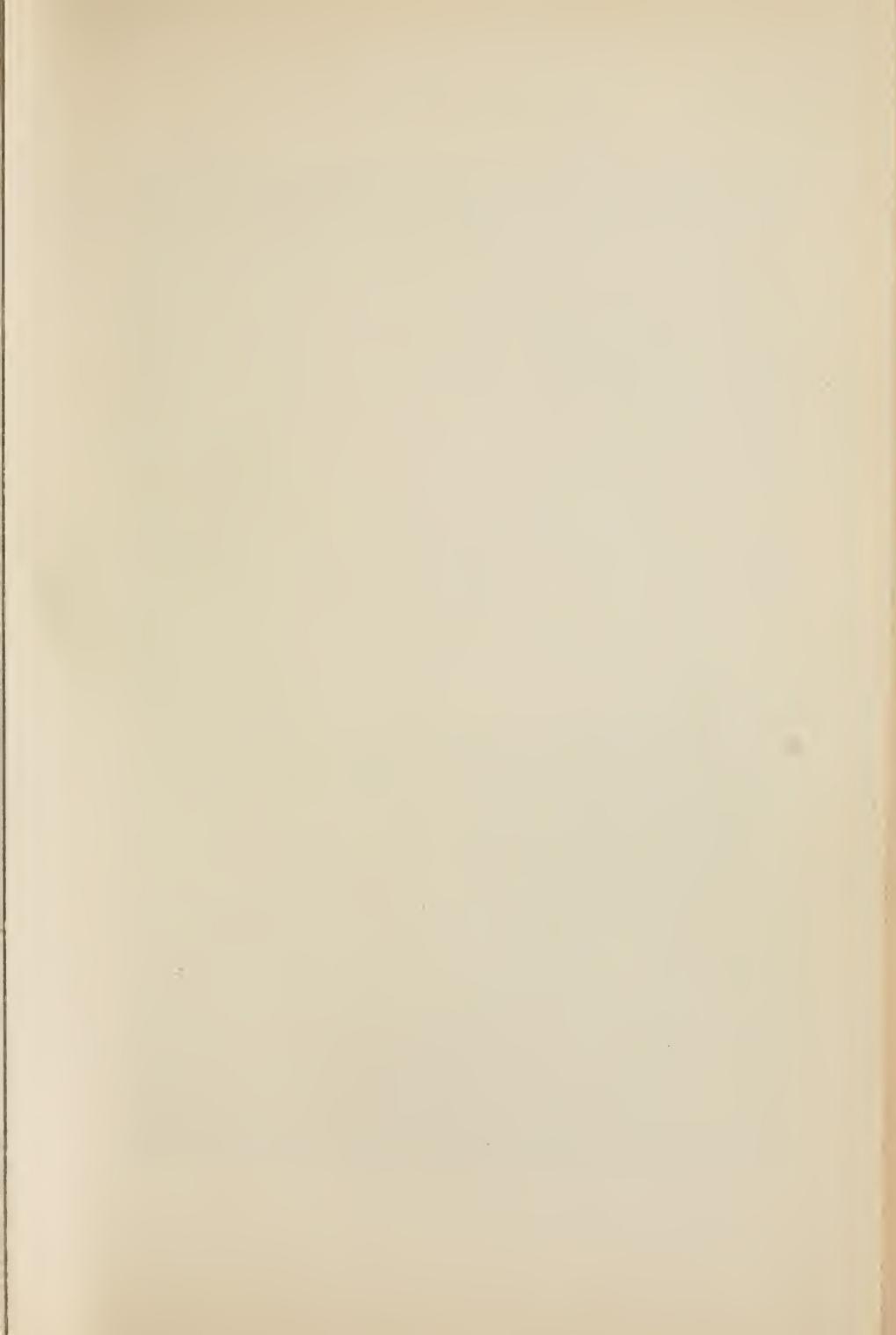
Half an hour or more was taken up with his speech, including the questions by which it was interrupted, and then rolls were opened for the signatures of volunteers. John A. Rawlins, the orator previously mentioned, was present, and suggested that

the original rolls should be preserved, as the signatures would be valuable in the future. The first signature was that of A. L. Chetlain, who afterward became a brigadier-general; and some eight or ten other names were put down that evening. By the next evening more than fifty signatures had been obtained, and within the week the whole number required, one hundred, had volunteered, and more than two hundred had been rejected. The company was attached to the Twelfth Illinois Regiment.

Two days after the formation of this company, one of Grant's friends told him there was to be a meeting for raising volunteers at Hanover that evening, and he thought they had better drive over. They did so, and found that the meeting was held in the schoolhouse, which was crowded. Speeches were made by Rawlins and others, including a young lawyer named Rowley, who held the position of county clerk. Grant was then called upon to address the audience. He declined at first, but on being pressed, he rose and said,—

"I don't know anything about speeches; that is not in my line; but we are forming a company in Galena, and mean to do what we can to put down the Rebellion. If any of you feel like enlisting, I'll give you all the information and help that I can."

Rolls were then prepared for signature, and a good





GENERAL GRANT AT THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

many of the young men put down their names. On the way home, Rawlins and Rowley were in the wagon with Captain Grant and his brother. Naturally the conversation was entirely in regard to the war, and the prospect of its duration. Rowley remarked that he thought the seventy-five thousand troops which the President had called for would put a stop to the whole business; and that as soon as the people of the South saw that the North was in earnest, they would become more reasonable.

Grant replied that he thought the business was a good deal larger than most of the people believed. "You'll want," said he, "ten times seventy-five thousand soldiers before you get through with the war."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Rowley; "excuse me for ridiculing your opinion, Captain, but I am sure you're wrong; sure as can be. Make it twice instead of ten times, and we'll compromise on that. I'll make any bet you please that we won't need two hundred thousand men."

"The subject is too serious for a bet," the captain answered; "suppose we wait and see."

Rawlins then interposed, and suggested, in a jesting tone, that the three of them should raise a company for the war. Grant should be captain, and Rawlins and Rowley would toss up a penny to determine who should be first lieutenant, and who second

lieutenant. Grant accepted the offer in the same spirit in which Rawlins had spoken, and then said he thought seriously that he could command a company, as he had already commanded one, though in time of peace. He told his friends that he had already written to the adjutant-general at Washington offering his services; as he thought it was the duty of every man who had been educated by the Government to submit himself to the orders of the nation when she desired him. He added that he thought such men would be needed, and he expected a favorable reply.

The fact is that no response was ever made to Captain Grant's letter. When it reached the war department, General Thomas, the adjutant-general, probably gave it a hasty glance and tossed it aside. After Grant became President, he caused a search to be made among the files of the war department for that letter. It could not be found among the regular papers anywhere, and General Grant concluded that it might have been lost in the mails and never received. But a long time afterwards, an officer in the department, while packing up his papers previous to removing his office, found the letter in an out-of-the-way place. It had never been put on the files of the department, and it seems almost a miracle that it ever came to light again.

The Galena company was as ignorant of military affairs as a herd of cows is of astronomy. Grant readily consented to instruct and drill them, and he devoted to this service all the time they required. They wanted him to be their captain, but he declined; and the election of that officer resulted in the choice of A. L. Chetlain. Mr. Washburne, a member of Congress for that district, as already stated, had never met Grant previous to the meeting in the town-hall. He inquired about him, and came to the leather-store one day to see him. They had quite a talk, in which Grant said he was not a seeker for position, but if the country wanted him he was ready to serve it.

Washburne replied that it was just that kind of men that the country needed; then he added,—

“The Legislature meets next Tuesday, April 23. Come to Springfield with me, and I’m sure you’ll be wanted for a place. Men with experience in military matters are altogether too scarce nowadays. The governor, I’m sure, will be very glad to have your help.”

Grant consented to go, and from that day on he never transacted any more business in the leather-store. Up to the time of his departure, he was constantly occupied with drilling the volunteers, or setting his own affairs in order for an indefinite absence.

The volunteers at Galena had no uniforms, and the ladies of the place determined to supply them. They had a meeting one afternoon at the house of one of their number, and Captain Grant was sent for to tell them about the uniform of the soldiers in the infantry. The principal tailor of Galena was also present; and the captain explained to the assemblage all the details of the uniform, the color of the cloth; and everything about it. Cloth was procured, and through the aid of the tailor the uniforms were properly designed and cut. Feminine hands sewed them together, and when they were completed and donned they looked very well indeed. Captain Grant did not have an opportunity to see them, as they were not finished until after his departure for Springfield, the capital of Illinois.

On reaching Springfield, Grant went to one of the hotels with Washburne; and as soon as he was lodged there, he accompanied his friend to call upon the governor. They had a short interview with Governor Yates, and also with Capt. John Pope, who afterwards rose to the rank of major-general. There was much confusion in Springfield, and everything seemed to be in a state of chaos.

Washburne and other Republicans from the Galena region urged the governor to give Grant an appointment at once; but there was much political

pressure from all parts of the State, and a great scramble for office. Consequently the governor hesitated; and after a few days, Grant said to Washburne,—

“I think I’ll go home to-morrow. I’m no office-seeker; and I see that nothing can be done here without crowding and pushing, to which I am very much averse. I might loiter around here for months and accomplish nothing.”

Washburne persuaded him to remain a little longer; and so he was kept on for several days, repeatedly declaring that he would return to Galena, and as often being persuaded by Washburne and the rest to wait a little longer.

Governor Yates was entirely ignorant of military matters, and it was suggested that he take Grant into his office as military advisor and clerk. It occurred to the governor that this would be a very good thing; and after questioning Grant as to the number of men in a company, and the number of companies in a regiment, he gave him the appointment. It is proper to say that after asking those questions and receiving the answers, the governor remarked that he presumed the captain was right, as he did not know himself.

The story is told of a colonel of a regiment in the early part of the war who was drilling his men

one day, and found himself facing a fence which he wished to pass. Pausing a moment, he gave the following command,—

“Gentlemen, break ranks and form on the other side of the fence!”

Grant entered at once upon his duties, and found that the adjutant-general of the State knew very little more about military matters than did the governor. There were no blank forms in the office for the transaction of its business. Grant ruled sheets of paper, and prepared them for temporary use until the proper blanks could be printed; and very soon he had the office work fully systemized, and the business running easily.

He was only in the office a few days before he was called to more important work. Captain Pope was sent away temporarily to Northern Missouri, and during his absence Captain Grant was put in command of Camp Yates. He had the title of captain; but as yet he wore no uniform, nor had he been supplied with a commission.

One of the first of his duties was to muster several regiments into the service. Among them was the Twenty-first Illinois, which he afterward commanded.

A Southern newspaper of May 13, 1861, had a jocular paragraph concerning the report of “one Cap-

tain U. S. Grant" to the governor, that the State possessed nine hundred rifles, of which only sixty were fit for service. The paper had a great deal of fun over the possibility of the soldiers of Illinois coming to conquer the South with sixty rusty muskets, and led by "one Captain U. S. Grant." They were not so jocular a year or so later when the same captain appeared among them wearing the uniform of a major-general, and followed by one thousand times more than the bearers of sixty rusty muskets.

Near the end of May, Grant went home for a few days, and while he was there one of his friends asked him why he did not apply for the command of a regiment. The friend thought that as things were going, Grant was as much entitled to a colonel's commission as anybody else, and a great deal more so than some who had received it. Grant hesitated a minute, and then said,—

"To be entirely frank with you, I would rather like a regiment; but there are very few men really competent to command one thousand soldiers, and I am in some doubt as to whether I could do it."

After Grant returned to Springfield, there was trouble in the Twenty-first Illinois Regiment, which was then at Camp Yates, close to the city; its colonel was found to be incompetent, as his habits were not of

the best, and he could not preserve order among his men. The regiment was insubordinate, and many of the men deserted. Governor Yates wanted to appoint Grant to the colonelcy; but he hesitated, as he had already offered to recommend him to the war department for a brigadier-general, but Grant declined, saying that he did not wish to be recommended for office, but wanted to earn one. Fearing that the same thing might happen if he offered the command of the Twenty-first Infantry, he sat down and wrote an order as follows:—

“ You are this day appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, and requested to take command at once.”

Later Grant's commission was made out, and Governor Yates afterwards said that it was the most glorious day of his life when he signed it.

Grant immediately assumed his new duties, and found the regiment in a chaotic condition; the men wore no uniforms, and most of them were as ragged as street beggars. There was an insufficient supply of tents; and as for discipline, there was none of it. They were splendid fellows physically, nearly all of them the sons of Illinois farmers, and excellent material for making soldiers.

When Grant first went to the camp he was almost

as shabby as his men. He had no uniform, and the citizen suit that he wore was in a very sad condition; the coat being out at the elbows, and the trousers very baggy at the knees, and frayed at the ends of the legs. His hat was a little rusty, and looked as if it had done duty for a season or two as a scarecrow in a cornfield. No wonder the soldiers made fun of him as he went among them. They uttered various exclamations not at all complimentary; and one of them, to show his derision, began sparring at Grant's back, and was pushed by a comrade so that he landed a slight blow between the shoulders of his new commander.

The men soon found out that their freshly arrived colonel had a way of enforcing order and discipline to an extent that surprised them. The first time the regiment was called out for dress parade, the day was warm, and several of the officers came without their coats. Grant reproved them sharply in a very few words, telling them that officers were expected to wear their clothing on dress parade; then he ordered them to dismiss the men, and sent them to quarters. A day or two after Grant assumed command the morning roll-call was an hour late. Grant sent the men back to quarters; and as there was no morning report, there were no rations that day. There was a great deal of begging and praying for food, and the offense was not repeated.

At the end of the week the regiment had been brought into a very creditable state of discipline; and in course of time the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry was one of the best regiments in the service. Grant was severe, but at the same time was kind to officers and men; and all became attached to him, as soldiers always do to an officer who "knows his business." The regiment had been mustered in for thirty days, and its time expired about a fortnight after Grant took command. Nearly all the men re-enlisted for the war.

About the time that the regiment was licked into shape, and had been uniformed and equipped, Grant obtained his colonel's uniform, and had bought a horse and the necessary equipments. He had no ready money, but obtained the means for his purchases by borrowing three hundred dollars on a note with the endorsement of a friend.

There was a good deal of trouble all over Missouri, particularly in the northern part, where Colonel Harris, a Confederate leader, had organized a cavalry squadron, and was moving about the country committing many depredations upon sympathizers with the Union cause. A call came for troops to be sent to North Missouri; and on hearing of it Colonel Grant went to Governor Yates, and asked that his regiment be sent in response to the call. Yates replied that he had no

transportation, whereupon Grant said he would find his own transportation.

Yates ordered the regiment to Mexico in North Missouri; and Grant immediately hired wagons for the baggage, and started across the country, marching his men all the way, and declaring that was the best method of making soldiers of them. The journey occupied a week, none of the marches being very long. The soldiers were inclined to commit depredations on the way, but Grant speedily put a stop to this by punishing all offenders. He introduced the old army practice of tying up by the thumbs, and otherwise making those who violated the regulations learn from practical experience that army life was not altogether a picnic. In a very short time plundering ceased altogether, and the regiment was as well-behaved as a Sunday-school taking a day's outing.

Captain Pope, now promoted to a brigadier-general, was commanding in North Missouri. He assigned Grant's regiment to guarding bridges and the railway line, and making occasional expeditions in pursuit of groups of rebels. They had no fighting, however, as they never succeeded in getting nearer to the rebels than within fifteen or twenty miles. They had a good deal of marching, and were under strict discipline; and a visitor to the camp of the Twenty-first.

Illinois would have failed to recognize in the well-drilled regiment, the disorderly mob that greeted their commander on the day of his first visit to their camp at Springfield.

The Twenty-First Illinois furnished a considerable number of officers out of its rank and file to its own and other regiments. Five of its captains and lieutenants became colonels, and one became a general.

CHAPTER XIII.

Grant becomes a brigadier-general. — Ordered to Ironton, Mo. — In command at Jefferson City. — State of affairs there. — The border States. — Grant goes to Cape Girardeau. — His staff-officers. — Pursuing Jeff Thompson. — Transferred to Cairo. — Captures Paducah, Ky. — Battle of Belmont. — Driving the rebels and driven by them. — Grant's narrow escape. — Intelligence of a horse. — Losses at Belmont.

BEFORE the regiment started from the capital of Illinois for the field of warfare, President Lincoln had issued his second call for troops, this time for three hundred thousand men for three years. Illinois had put altogether thirty-six regiments in the field, and President Lincoln notified the senators and representatives of that State that he desired a nomination of four brigadier-generals in the order of their rank.

The Illinois congressional delegation held a meeting at once; and when it was called to order, Washburne was the first to speak. He said that the north-west corner of the State had filled its quota promptly, and was entitled to a brigadier-general. He named Grant; and the nomination was accepted by the rest. Then followed the names of Hurlbut, Prentiss, and McCleernand, in the order in which they

are recorded. Altogether on that day from the various Northern States there were more than forty appointments of brigadiers, Grant standing number seventeen on the list.

Grant had not been consulted in the matter, and knew nothing about it until one morning the chaplain of the regiment brought him a St. Louis newspaper containing the announcement. He took it very unconcernedly, and remarked that he supposed it was Washburne's work, as was the case. The officers and soldiers of the Twenty-first Illinois were sorry to lose their colonel, and at the same time were very glad of his promotion.

He remained with them until he received the official news of his promotion, and then proceeded to St. Louis as he had been directed. General Frémont was then commanding the department of Missouri, and the new brigadier reported to him at once. There was trouble in several parts of the State south of the line of the Missouri River, and troops were needed especially in the south-eastern portion. The Rebels were also threatening Jefferson City, the capital of the State; and the commanding general remarked that he wished he could send General Grant in two directions at once.

Grant's first instruction was to go to Ironton, in the south-east part of the State, to take command of

the district. General Hardee, a Confederate officer, was at Greenville, about twenty-five miles south of Ironton, and was reported getting ready to advance northward. Three or four regiments of Missouri troops were at Ironton. They had been enlisted into the service for ninety days, and their time had expired. They had never received any uniforms, and were very much demoralized. Grant took with him several regiments, including the Twenty-first Illinois, which he had formally commanded; and on reaching Ironton, he sent the ninety-day men back to St. Louis to be mustered out of the service. Then he fortified Ironton, and began preparations for attacking Hardee at Greenville.

Before his preparations were completed, a new commander, General Prentiss, came with orders from St. Louis to relieve Grant. He turned everything over to Prentiss, and took the evening train for St. Louis. The new commander of the district stopped all the preparations for attacking the Rebels in Greenville, and turned his attention to putting the post in good condition for defense.

Grant was ordered at once to go to Jefferson City, where a good many troops had assembled, and take command there. Everything was in confusion; and Grant found that the department commander, General Frémont, had authorized men to raise regiments,

battalions, or companies with the promise that they should receive commissions according to the number of men they obtained. By the laws of Congress then in force, all troops raised at that time were enlisted for not less than three years; but the men then being gathered in Jefferson City were enlisted in various ways, some for six months, some for a year, and some for two years. Some of them made the condition that the men they enlisted should not be sent out of the State, while others were to go wherever wanted. Most of the volunteers they obtained were from the regiments then in the State capital. The men were deserting from these regiments, and becoming new recruits, although they were already enlisted for three years.

There was a degree of familiarity between officers and men in some of these new regiments that must have grated harshly on the nerves of a man of Grant's experience. While he was stopping for a moment near a colonel's tent, he saw the sentry who was on duty before it, pause suddenly in his pacing back and forth in front of it and then approach the opening in the tent. Then he placed his face close to the opening, and called out,—

“John, give me a chaw of terbaker.”

Thus summoned, the colonel stepped to the front of the tent and proffered the desired “chaw.”

One day while it was raining, another soldier who was on sentry duty sent to his colonel for an umbrella!

The city was full of Union refugees who had been driven from their homes by wandering bands of Rebels, and compelled to take shelter under guard of the Union troops. They were in a great state of destitution, as they had fled hastily with their wives and children and with only such property as they could throw into their wagons, leaving everything else to be seized and stolen by their Rebel neighbors. They lived in their wagons, or in tents, or in any shelter they could find; and if the Government had not supplied them with food, many would have died of starvation.

Even as it was, death caused great havoc among the women and children, and was by no means absent among the men. They had lost their homes solely because they sympathized with the Union. All over the State, and for the matter of that, all through the Southern States, the life of a Union man was not safe at that time.

Generally speaking, the Union men in the entire State of Missouri, and throughout all the border States, were quiet and law-abiding, while those who sympathized with the South were aggressive, tyrannical, and law-defying. Bands of Rebel raiders were constantly moving about the country terrorizing the Union

inhabitants; and in places where Unionists outnumbered the Secessionists four to one, the latter were constantly appealing to the Government for protection. Now and then there were cases where Unionists drove Secessionists from their homes; but for one instance of this sort there were a hundred where the situation was just the reverse.

General Grant stopped the recruiting in Jefferson City, and gave instructions that the immediate wants of the refugees should be supplied. He received orders to fit out an expedition to Lexington, Booneville, and some other towns, to take possession of the money in the banks and send it to St. Louis, in order to prevent its falling into the hands of the Rebels. It took him several days to get his troops in readiness, and gather the wagons necessary for transportation purposes. The day before the one he had fixed for starting, he was relieved of his command by Colonel Jefferson Davis, and ordered to report immediately at St. Louis for special orders.

Colonel Davis arrived just one hour before the train was to start for St. Louis. General Grant hastily turned over everything to his successor, and started for St. Louis, leaving his staff-officer, Capt. C. B. Lagow, the only one that had yet reported for duty, to follow the next day with his personal baggage and the headquarters' material. On reaching St. Louis, he

went at once to department headquarters and obtained his special orders, which were to take command of the south-eastern district of Missouri, and proceed there the next day.

Before leaving St. Louis he appointed Capt. W. S. Hillyer to his staff; and in the afternoon with his two officers he embarked on the steamer Louisiana for his destination. He had already invited John A. Rawlins, the young orator who has been mentioned elsewhere, to a position on his staff; but Rawlins had not yet arrived, though he came soon after, and joined his chief at his new headquarters. Hillyer and Lagow each remained for a year or more with General Grant; and Rawlins was with him all through the war, and until after Grant became President. He was secretary of war during Grant's first term as President, until his death in September, 1869.

Grant's new post was at Cape Girardeau, Mo.; and he had command of the whole of south-eastern Missouri and the southern part of Illinois. The journey from St. Louis to Cape Girardeau, at the time General Grant went to take his new command, is a memorable one for the author of this volume, as he was a passenger on the same steamer; and the occasion was the first on which he met General Grant, and formed an acquaintance which lasted many years. The author was then a correspondent of the *New*

York Herald, and in the afternoon on the way down the river he was introduced to the general. During the evening he wrote a letter describing the state of affairs in south-eastern Missouri, and closed it with an account of his interview with the new commander. It was the first interview with General Grant, and the first description of his personal appearance, that ever appeared in any newspaper. The following is an extract from that letter:—

“The general is decidedly unmartial in appearance, and would be the last man among the twenty occupants of the cabin who would be selected as superior officer of all. He is about forty-five years of age, not more than five feet eight inches in height, and of ordinary frame, with a slight tendency to corpulence. The expression of his face is pleasant, and a smile is almost continually playing around his eyes . . . thus much I have said concerning him, as it is possible he may figure prominently in action before many weeks.”

The Rebel troops in south-east Missouri at that time were under the command of General Jeff Thompson. His first name was Jefferson. Naturally enough when he was a boy it had been abbreviated to “Jeff;” and the abbreviation adhered to him all through life. If any one had spoken of him as Jefferson Thompson, it is doubtful if the listener would have identified the individual intended: but as “Jeff” he was known from

one end of the State of Missouri to the other. He was a very active partisan ranger, and a goodly number of expeditions for his capture were sent out unsuccessfully. He was caught at last through over-confidence in his ability to keep out of the way of his pursuers.

Grant went in pursuit of Thompson, but failed to catch him. On the march towards the place where Thompson was supposed to be, the advance was led by an Illinois lieutenant with eight mounted men. Provisions were scarce ; and at a house where he stopped to get something to eat the lieutenant thought that he could help matters along by announcing that he was General Grant and the men with him were his staff. He obtained a good meal for himself and party, and when he offered to settle was told that there was nothing to pay.

When General Grant came along he was impressed by the appearance of the same house, and riding up to the fence in front he asked if they could cook him a meal.

"No," said a woman in a gruff voice ; "General Grant and his staff have been here and eaten everything in the house except one pumpkin-pie."

Grant smiled, and asked the woman what her name was.

"Selvidge," was the reply.

"Keep that pie till I send an officer for it," said

Grant, tossing a half-dollar over the fence, and then riding away.

When camp was formed that evening, orders were issued for a grand parade at half-past six. At the time appointed the parade was formed, and the adjutant-general read the following order:—

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY IN THE FIELD,
Special Order No. —

Lieutenant — of the — Illinois Cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house except one pumpkin-pie, Lieutenant — is hereby ordered to return with an escort of one hundred cavalry and eat that pie also.

U. S. GRANT,
Brig.-Gen. Commanding.

After failing in his attempt to capture Thompson, Grant moved his headquarters to Cairo, Ill., where he relieved Colonel Oglesby. Grant was in citizen's dress, as his brigadier-general's uniform had not arrived, and Colonel Oglesby was a total stranger to him. When Grant entered Oglesby's office, it was full of people from the region round about, and the colonel was quite busy listening to what they had to say. He did not catch the name of the new arrival, and was very much surprised when Grant sat down at the opposite side of his desk, took a sheet of paper, wrote out the order by which he assumed command of the

district of south-eastern Missouri, and appointed Colonel Richard J. Oglesby to command the post at Bird's Point, which is on the Missouri shore opposite Cairo. He was still more surprised when Grant handed him the written sheet of paper, and looked around as if he would like to have some one vouch for the writer thereof. But the colonel regained his self-possession, and turned the post over to his successor.

The new appointment gave Grant plenty of occupation. The very next day he learned from reliable sources of information that the Rebels had sent an expedition from Columbus, Ky., twenty miles below Cairo, to take possession of Paducah in the same State, about fifty miles up the Ohio River. Grant immediately telegraphed the information to General Frémont, and said that unless he received orders to the contrary, he should take possession of Paducah at once. There were plenty of steamboats at Cairo; and he immediately ordered troops on board of them, and also ordered the boats to get up steam.

Hearing nothing from headquarters at St. Louis, he started at midnight; reached Paducah at daybreak, and took possession of the town. The very time that he did so, the Rebel troops which had marched overland from Columbus were within ten miles of Paducah. Citizens in sympathy with the Rebels immediately went out to inform the latter that the Yankees were in possession of the town.

It was a great surprise and disappointment to the Rebels, as they intended to fortify the place, and cut off completely the navigation of the Ohio River. Grant's quick movement spoiled their plans, and there was nothing for them to do but go back to Columbus. The general commanding the Rebels had come in advance of his column, and was actually at one side of the town while the national troops were entering at the other.

The people of Paducah were generally in sympathy with the Rebels, and had been told that they would be slaughtered if the Yankees came to the place. Consequently there was the wildest excitement when the first of the Northern regiments stepped upon the landing; and many citizens fled to the surrounding hills with their wives and children, leaving their houses to the mercy of the dreaded invaders. Others watched and waited, intending to run away as soon as the murdering began. They were very much surprised to find the Northern troops well behaved and orderly, and concluded not to flee immediately.

During the day General Grant issued a printed proclamation, assuring the people that their lives and property were safe, and advising them to remain peaceably at their homes. He told them they could continue their usual occupation without any hindrance whatever, providing they held no communica-

tion with the enemy, and offered no affronts to the troops then protecting the town. Copies of this proclamation soon found their way to those who had fled; and within a day or so nearly every inhabitant of Paducah was again at his home.

Some of the men, however, would not trust themselves in the hands of the invaders, or consent to live under the national flag. They drifted away to the South; and such of them as were suited to a soldier's life were very soon enrolled among the Rebel forces at Columbus. Having taken possession of Paducah and quieted the inhabitants, General Grant ordered that it be strongly fortified, and then returned to Cairo.

About that time General Frémont made arrangements for the exchange of some prisoners,— principally inhabitants of St. Louis who had been captured at Camp Jackson in the early part of the preceding May; and General Grant was ordered to allow them to go south through his lines whenever they appeared with the proper passes from department headquarters. He was personally acquainted with many of these men, and usually had a pleasant word with them for old acquaintance sake.

One day while Major Barrett, one of the exchanged prisoners, was in his office, something was said by the general to one of his aids about going the next day

to Cape Girardeau, to inspect the troops there. For some reason the general did not go; but when the steamboat on which he had expected to go was ascending the Mississippi River in the direction of Cape Girardeau, a Rebel battery opened fire on it from the Missouri shore, and compelled it to make a landing. As it did so, this same Major Barrett with a squad of Rebels came on board, and searched the steamer through and through to find General Grant. It was very difficult to satisfy him that the general was not on board; but when convinced that such was the case he immediately went ashore with his men, and allowed the boat to proceed on its course. After that incident General Grant was very careful as to what he said in the presence of any of those Rebel tourists on their way southward from St. Louis.

The strength of the forces at Cairo was increased as new regiments arrived from the North; and by the 1st of November General Grant had fully twenty thousand men at his immediate command, in addition to the garrisons of Paducah, Bird's Point, and the river stations above. Soon after taking Paducah he asked to be permitted to make a move against Columbus; but before November began the Rebels had fortified it so strongly that it could not have been taken without a long siege and a larger army than he was then able to bring against it.

The Rebels had at Columbus quite as many men as Grant had at Cairo; and the information came that they were about to send several steamboats laden with troops by way of the Mississippi and St. Francis Rivers to reinforce General Sterling Price, who was said to be advancing northward in the direction of Lexington and Jefferson City. General Frémont desired to detain these Rebel troops in Columbus, and ordered General Grant to make demonstrations that would carry out this object. Accordingly, General Grant prepared an expedition to go down the river and threaten Columbus in front, and at the same time he ordered General Smith, who was in command at Paducah, to move out all the troops he could spare to within a few miles of Columbus, and there stop and await orders.

General Smith obeyed the command, and the movements were so exactly timed that he left Paducah at nearly the same instant that Grant's fleet steamed away from Cairo in the direction of Columbus. The troops were greatly elated that they had something to do. They had chafed for what seemed a long time in idleness, and the only unhappy ones at Cairo when the expedition started were those who were left behind. Everybody believed that the first battle for the possession of the great river from Cairo to the Gulf was about to be fought.

Here we may remark that the people of the North-west were determined to regain possession of the great water-way which leads southwards to the Gulf of Mexico. Had the Rebels left the Mississippi open to navigation, it would have been far more difficult to rouse the North-western people to the high pitch of excitement they had reached than it was. In one of his eloquent speeches made at the outbreak of the war, General Logan voiced the general sentiment when he said the men of the North-west would hew their way to the Gulf of Mexico with their swords. The great cry through all the valley of the Mississippi, above its junction with the Ohio, was that neither the mouth nor the base of the great river must be under the direction of any other Government than our own.

The soldiers were greatly elated when they found that there was the prospect of a battle; and they cheered loudly as the five transports on which they were embarked steamed away from the landing-place at Cairo, preceded by two gunboats belonging to the naval squadron of Admiral Foote. When Grant started from Cairo, it was not his intention to bring on a battle, but to simply make a feint that would cause the Rebels to keep their troops in Columbus and not send them away to reinforce Price in Missouri; but he saw that the soldiers would be greatly disappointed if they had no opportunity to smell powder after lying idle so long,

and so he modified his plan. His original intention was to land on the Kentucky shore three or four miles above Columbus, establish communication with General Smith's troops that had marched out from Paducah, and, after making a movement as if to attack Columbus, return to the boats, re-embark his troops, and go back to Cairo. On thinking it over, he realized that his men would consider him timid and perhaps cowardly, while the Rebels would be correspondingly elated at their success in frightening the Northern troops away.

He carried out the first part of his plan; and then, instead of going back to Cairo after re-embarking the troops, he crossed over to the Missouri side of the river, and landed his whole force of about three thousand men with two pieces of artillery. He made a landing at a point about three miles above Belmont, which is opposite Columbus, and contained a Confederate camp with about two thousand men and six pieces of artillery. The landing was made immediately after daybreak on the 7th of November, and in front of a cornfield.

There were several fields and small clearings between the point where the troops landed and the Confederate camp at Belmont; but the most of the ground was covered with a natural forest. A battalion of infantry was left near the shore to protect the transports, while the rest of the expedition, about twenty-five hundred strong, started in the direction of Belmont. For

nearly two miles they were not opposed; but as soon as the enemy discovered their movements they sent out troops to meet the Northerners.

Then the fighting began in earnest. None of Grant's troops had been in battle; and it is safe to say that not a hundred altogether, officers and men included, had ever heard a hostile shot fired; but they all stood up like veterans, and won the admiration of their commander. In his official report he praised their coolness and steadiness, and pronounced them fully equal to regular troops.

Gradually the Rebels fell back to their camp, fighting all the way. The Union advance was so slow that it took four hours of fighting to reach the camp. The Rebels were driven through their camp, and down beneath the bank of the river, where they were safe from the Union fire. As soon as the Union troops were in possession of the camp, they fell to plundering, and became disorganized; and we regret to say that not a few of the officers joined the soldiers in ransacking the tents for what they contained. If a prompt demand had been made upon the Rebels below the bank, they would have surrendered; but nobody seems to have thought of that.

The battlefield of Belmont was in full view of Columbus. The ground was high at Columbus, the bluff rising to nearly two hundred feet; while Belmont

is on the low bottom land of the Mississippi valley. General Polk was in command at Columbus, and sent over General Pillow with three steamboat loads of troops to reinforce those who had been defending Belmont.

Finding they were not pursued, the Rebels who were crouching behind the banks gathered fresh courage, and worked their way along below the bank in the direction of Grant's transports, doubtless with the intention of capturing them, or setting them on fire. They suddenly appeared between the boats and the Union troops. Grant had already given orders to retire to the boats, but the men were so busy with their plundering that they paid no attention to the orders. He then told his staff to set fire to the camp, and at the same time tell the men that they were surrounded by the enemy. The two things together had the desired effect. The plundering stopped at once, and the men obeyed their officers. One of the latter said,—

“General, we're surrounded ; what shall we do now ?”

“Well,” replied the general, “we cut our way down here from the boats, and we must cut our way back again.”

“That's so,” replied the officer with a sigh of relief ; “and we'll do it too.”

Meantime the Rebel forces that had crossed over from Columbus had made a landing, and were nearer to

Grant's boats than his own troops were. But the Northerners fought desperately, holding the enemy in check, and cutting their way back to the transports. Grant had relied upon the enemy first encountering the guard that he placed for the protection of the boats. As he neared the place where he left them, he was very much surprised to find that the guard had been withdrawn, and there was not a soldier at the position where the battalion had been posted. Going to the boats, he found the officer who commanded the guard, and upbraided him severely for his conduct. If the enemy had known the state of affairs they could have captured or destroyed the transports without trouble.

At length all the troops were embarked; and the wounded, who had been first taken to the houses close by, were carried on board the boats. General Grant was the last man to leave the shore. He had ridden out into the cornfield with Captain Rawlins to find the position of the enemy. The cornstalks were so high that men on horseback could hardly see over them, and they quite concealed a man on foot. Suddenly General Grant caught sight of a body of marching troops not more than fifty yards away, and moving at that moment parallel to the river and in about the same direction that he was going. In a low voice he told Rawlins to go in the direction of the transports, but to keep at a walk until he got out

of sight of the enemy. Rawlins obeyed the instructions, and moved quietly away. Grant's uniform was concealed by a common army overcoat such as the soldiers wear; and it was this circumstance that saved his life. It afterwards turned out that General Polk with two of his staff-officers were riding at the head of the column which Grant saw; and the general said to his men,—

“There's a Yank; you can try your skill on him if you like.”

Nobody seemed to think it worth his while to take a shot at the common Yankee soldier, as he appeared to be; and so the commander escaped.

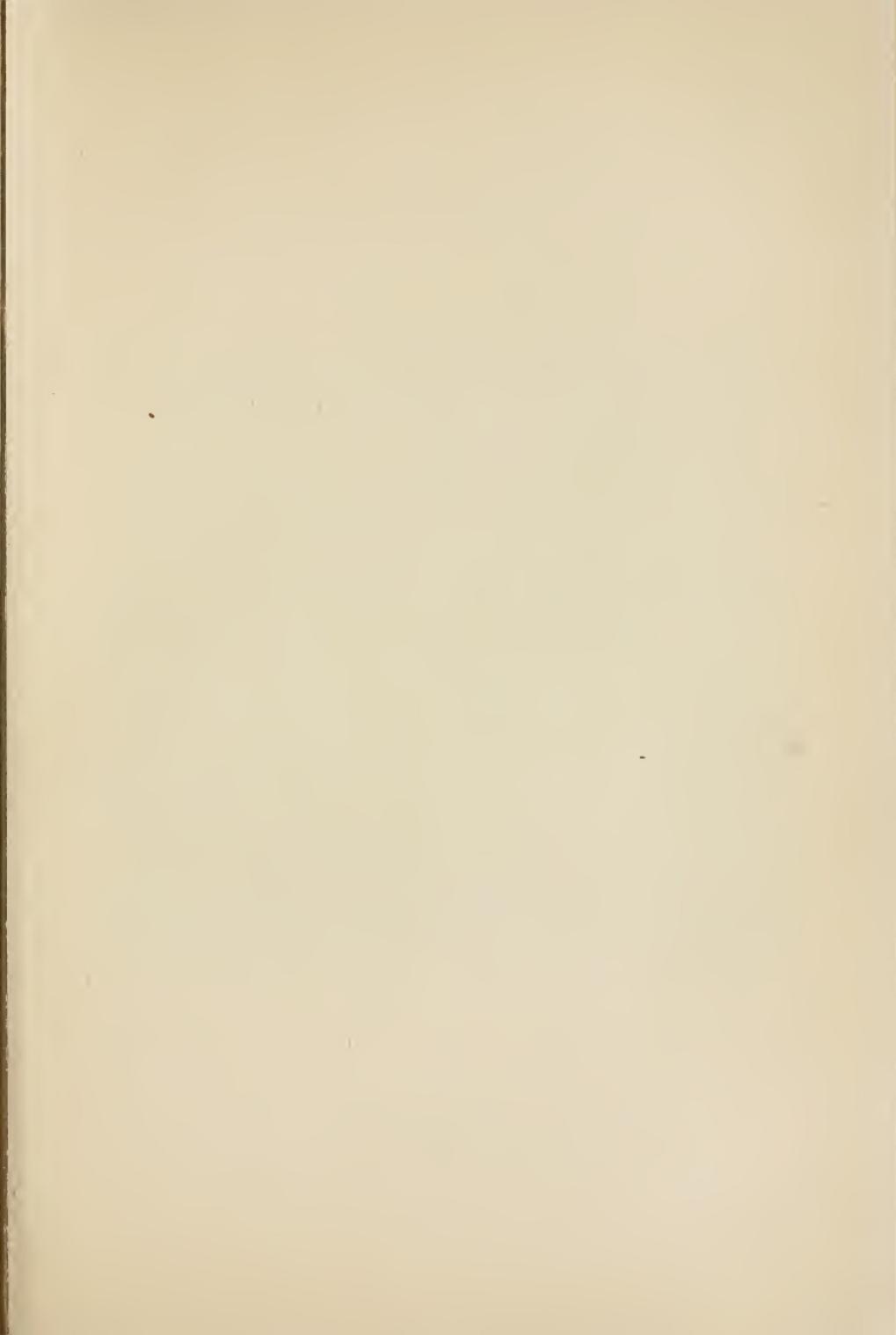
Rawlins reached the boats three or four minutes in advance of the general; and as he went on board, the gang-plank was drawn in, and the steamer moved away. Grant reached the river at a point a little lower down, where another boat was lying; this also had got ready to start, her plank being in, and her wheels turning. Somebody recognized the general, and told the captain of the boat. The latter swung her up to the shore again, and put out a single plank.

The intelligence of a horse this time saved the commander-in-chief. The Mississippi River is usually very low in November; and on the day of the battle of Belmont it was eight or ten feet below the bank, which at that time was a good deal steeper than the

roof of an ordinary house. Grant's horse took in the situation at once. He brought his feet together, slid down the bank, and trotted on board the boat on a single plank, about fifteen inches wide, which had been run out for his accommodation.

By the time the boats got away, the Rebels reached the bank of the river and fired heavy volleys at the departing transports. They were so high up that nearly all the shots went above the soldiers' heads. Nobody on the transports was killed, and only three were wounded. The gunboats at this time opened fire on the Confederates, and did some execution; and the soldiers on the transports kept up an active fusillade as long as they were in range.

The Union loss at Belmont was four hundred and eighty-five in killed, wounded, and missing; and more than one hundred of the wounded fell into the hands of the enemy. Our troops brought away two hundred prisoners and two guns, and spiked four other guns. The object of the battle was fully accomplished, as the Rebels did not send away any troops from Columbus. Both sides claimed a victory; and so far as the fighting was concerned the Rebels had the better reason to do so, as they held the ground after the battle. Their loss, according to the official reports, was between six and seven hundred; and the battle carried mourning into many Southern families.





SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

CHAPTER XIV.

Frémont superseded by Halleck.—Characteristics of the two men.—Frémont's march to the South-west.—His imaginary foe.—Retreat to Rolla.—Grant at Cairo.—His annoyances.—Fugitive slaves, and how they were dealt with.—Union sentiment in the border States.—Winter of 1861-62.—Buell at Bowling Green and Mill Springs.—Movements against Forts Henry and Donelson.—Capture of Fort Henry, and investment of Donelson.—^A A woman's tongue, and what came of it.

AFTER the battle of Belmont, there was a period of comparative idleness. Two days after the battle General Frémont was removed, and the command of the Department of the Missouri was given to General Halleck. General Frémont was in command just one hundred days. He was very fond of display; and although possessed of many natural abilities, he was not calculated to inspire respect as a military commander. After giving general directions to Grant at Cairo and other commanders, he went in person at the head of an army about ten thousand strong, to the South-west, which he penetrated as far as Springfield. His body-guard made a gallant dash at the last named place, and drove out the small garrison that was holding the town. Frémont's scouts reported that a large army was ad-

vancing from the South-west; and, according to their story, it was encamped on the banks of Wilson Creek, ten miles south of Springfield. Orders were issued for the army to advance and meet the enemy on the following day; but during the night following the issuance of the orders, General Hunter arrived to relieve General Frémont.

The troops did not march out on the following day, the order for their movement having been countermanded at once. A squad of cavalry was sent, however, and revealed the fact that there was no enemy whatever at Wilson Creek, nor was there any within fifty miles of that place. It was fortunate for General Frémont's reputation that he was relieved from the command at the time he was. Had he gone out as he proposed, he would have made himself a laughing-stock from one end of the country to the other, and recalled to the minds of many, the old couplet:—

“The King of France with twice ten thousand men
Marched up the hill, and then marched down again.”

General Hunter ordered the army, lately under General Frémont, to return, partly to the railway terminus at Rolla, and partly to the line of the Missouri River. Winter was coming on; and the army all along the line, from the western part of

Missouri to the foot of the Alleghanies, went into a condition of inactivity. Though inactive, it was not idle, as it was occupied with preparations for a general advance in the spring. The war department had decided upon a simultaneous movement; but of course the scheme was kept as secret as possible. Even department commanders received no information beyond what was needed for their own special instruction. Wagons, mules, horses, and other transportation material were accumulated in large quantities. Great supplies of small arms and ammunition were stored away and ready for use, and large contracts were made for provisions of various kinds. This was not only at one point, but at several points; and the army contractor was exceedingly busy in the land.

Grant was greatly annoyed by the contractors who hung around Cairo, and were constantly asking for contracts by which their pockets might be lined with money. Some were honest, but the majority were the reverse; and they had varying degrees of dishonesty, from petty deception up to the most unblushing rascality. Many did not hesitate to approach the general with proposals to interest him in their speculations. All men of that sort were immediately ordered out of Cairo, and were told that if they returned again they would be impressed into

the ranks. Grant was exceedingly careful in keeping his name above suspicion; and the same was the case with the officers of his staff.

On one occasion a relative of his, who had made a bid for supplying a large quantity of harness, came to Grant, and asked him to make a favorable indorsement upon his proposal, and gave as his reason for doing so the fact of their relationship. Grant took the paper, and indorsed upon it:—

“This man is my cousin, and I do not wish that he should have this contract at any price.”

The speculators and would-be contractors found that it was impossible to obtain General Grant's favor by proposals of a dishonorable character, and they took their revenge by circulating infamous stories about him. They said he drank heavily, and was frequently very much intoxicated; that he neglected his duties, and had it not been for the staff-officers, the whole department would be in a demoralized condition. The reports reached Washington; and they became so numerous that Congressman Washburne wrote to Major Rawlins, Grant's chief of staff, asking if there was as much as a grain of truth in them. Rawlins replied that the only possible grain of truth in the whole story was that one day when Grant was suffering from a chill he took a glass of

wine by order of the doctor; on no other occasion had he taken a drop of anything, spirituous or vinous. Before closing the letter, he handed it to General Grant along with Washburne's query. The latter read both letters, and then said,—

“Send it along by all means; and you can add that whenever you see me doing anything wrong, you will notify him at once. Your interest in the Union cause should be far above any personal friendship for me.”

Several times during the war, stories of Grant's intemperance were circulated, and almost invariably they came from disappointed speculators.

Another great annoyance to General Grant was the difficulty of dealing with fugitive slaves who made their way into the camp. No positive order had been issued concerning their treatment by the department at Washington, and consequently it was left to the local commanders to deal with the matter as they thought best. General Butler quite early in the war had harbored fugitive negroes in his camp; and it was he who gave the name “contraband” to the runaway slave. General Frémont's sympathies were decidedly of an anti-slavery character, and there was no danger that he would send back any fugitive slave who got within his lines; but when General Halleck came into command he

issued the famous, or rather infamous, "Order No. 3," which said that fugitive slaves who were allowed in our camps carried information to the enemy. Consequently, Halleck ordered their expulsion and absolute exclusion from our military stations.

The lower House of Congress had already passed a resolution to the effect that it was no part of the duty of American soldiers to capture and return fugitive slaves. Halleck's order was in direct defiance of this resolution of Congress, and the ground on which he based his order for the expulsion of refugee negroes was a false one. There may have been an occasional instance where fugitive slaves carried information to the enemy; but for every such instance there were a hundred in which they brought information from the enemy to the Union side. The negroes all over the slave States had a pretty clear understanding of the state of affairs, and they recognized that the South was fighting for the maintenance of slavery, and the North for its destruction. They were ignorant, and their ideas were more or less crude, and often absurd; but their general understanding of the situation was rarely wrong.

General Halleck established the rule that where the masters of runaway negroes were serving in the Rebel army, or the negroes had been working upon Rebel fortifications, they need not be sent back.

Very speedily this rule became known ; and from that time on, every negro who came into our lines, when taken to headquarters and questioned, would answer immediately that his master was in the Rebel army, and he himself had worked upon the fortifications. As the Union officers were almost always in sympathy with the runaway, he was rarely questioned any further, but allowed to go where he pleased.

There was considerable Union sentiment in the border slave States, and a good many slaveholders were in the ranks of the Union army. Then there were a good many Union men who stayed at home, and often gave valuable information to the Union commanders concerning Rebel movements. There was one old Kentuckian, named Mereer, who had been imprisoned as a Unionist by the Rebels at Columbus, and who had repeatedly given valuable information to General Grant. Several of his negroes strayed away, and he suspected they were in the Union camp opposite Cairo; but when he went there to search for them, he was arrested as a spy. The matter was called to General Grant's attention; and after a careful investigation of the matter, he gave orders for the return of the negroes, on the ground of the entire loyalty of their owner, and also because of Halleck's "General Order No. 3." The negroes were given up; but they did not stay long

at home. They took good care not to enter the military camp again, and they were not arrested.

A few days after the Mercer affair, a similar case came up, with the difference that the owner in search of runaway slaves was a Rebel sympathizer. In this case Grant decided that the man who had given aid and comfort to the enemy had no right to come within our lines for any purpose whatever, and therefore he could not be permitted to do so to find runaway negroes.

The winter of 1861-62 wore on without any military movement of consequence, but with plenty of occupation, such as we have mentioned, to keep General Grant's joints from rusting. During the winter he went out into Kentucky with an expedition to threaten Columbus on the one hand, and Fort Henry on the bank of the Tennessee River on the other. The enemy was then occupying a line from the Mississippi River at Columbus to Bowling Green and Mill Springs in Kentucky. They had strong fortifications at these points, and also on the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers near the State line, between Kentucky and Tennessee.

General Buell commanded the Department of the Ohio, with headquarters at Louisville; and opposed to him was General Buckner with a large Confederate force at Bowling Green. General Buell was prepar-

ing to attack General Buckner, and rumors came that reinforcements were to be sent from Columbus to Bowling Green. General Grant was ordered to make an expedition into Kentucky, as though it was a movement upon Columbus and also upon Fort Henry, but really a feint to prevent reinforcements going to Buckner.

Accordingly he set out in the direction of the Tennessee River with all the troops that could be spared from Paducah, and about ten thousand men from his own command to Cairo. A great deal of noise was made about the movement, the newspaper correspondents being allowed to telegraph as much as they pleased concerning it, and the most of them accompanying the expedition as it moved away. It was about the middle of January, the roads being in a wretched condition and the weather atrocious. Rain was falling for the greater part of the time. The soldiers came back from the expedition very much wearied and disgusted, as they had gone through some very rough experiences, and in not a single instance had they come in contact with the enemy.

But more active times were coming. General Grant repeatedly asked of General Halleck to be permitted to make an attack upon Fort Henry, a strong fortification on the bank of the Tennessee River, about fifty miles from its mouth. It had a gar-

rison of about three thousand Confederate soldiers, and was well equipped with artillery. General Grant believed that Admiral Foote's gunboats could silence its guns, and that he with a land force could then take possession of the fort from the rear. Halleck, acting under orders from the war department, declined the permission to move upon Fort Henry, very much to Grant's chagrin. Of course the department was waiting for the time of the general advance, and did not wish anything premature in the movements of any part of the army.

Finally, on the 1st of February, instructions came for Grant to move upon Fort Henry; and the expedition started the next day. Grant had seventeen thousand men to take up the river, but there were not enough transports at Cairo to carry them all at one time. He was accompanied by Admiral Foote's gunboat fleet, but of course the gunboats had no room for carrying troops.

Something more than half the force was sent forward under General McClernand, followed in a later boat by General Grant. The troops were landed about nine miles below Fort Henry, and then the boats were sent back to bring up the others. By the evening of the 5th of February most of the troops were up, and the others were on their way. At daylight on the 6th, the movement began, the

plan being for the gunboats and troops to start at the same moment. The troops were to surround the fort in the rear, while the gunboats were to attack it in the front. The fort contained seventeen heavy guns. There were seven boats in the gunboat fleet, and their weight of metal was greater than that of the fort; but of course the fort had a great advantage over the fleet, as the latter might be sunk, while the former could not.

The boats engaged the fort with great vigor, and an hour and a quarter after the first gun was fired the flag was lowered, and the fighting ceased. Grant's troops were delayed considerably in cutting their way through the thick underbrush and the obstructions which had been placed to impede them, and did not arrive in time to secure all the garrison. The Rebel infantry escaped, and fled across the strip of land between the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers to Fort D^onelson. At the points where the two forts were placed, the rivers are within twelve miles of each other; and as the Union troops had not had time to secure the road, the infantry regiments got safely away to Fort Donelson. General Lloyd Tilghman and his staff, with sixty artillerists, were the only prisoners who were taken at the fort.

It was evident that the garrison had fled in great

haste, as it left nearly all of its camp equipage behind. The camp-fires were burning, kettles were boiling, and preparations for breakfast or dinner were in full blast. Letters, books, and packs of cards were scattered about, and there were pans of bread half-mixed, and dishes of half-prepared vegetables and other eatable things. Our soldiers did not allow these good things to go to waste; they were hungry after their struggle through the fields and forests between the fort and their landing-place, and they speedily satisfied their appetites as far as the Rebel provisions allowed them to do so. Some of our soldiers donned the Rebel clothing which they found in the camp, and made themselves merry as well as the limited facilities would allow.

The loss of life was very small at Fort Henry, the fight being entirely one of artillery. It might have been a great deal worse had it not been for a woman's tongue; and this is the story as it was told at the time: —

When the troops accompanied by the gunboats landed at the point mentioned below Fort Henry, a woman came out of a house close by, and uttered a series of savage imprecations concerning the Yankee invaders. She was exceedingly bitter in her views; and, as one of the officers said, "her tongue ran on as if it would never stop." After reviling

the Yankee to her heart's content, she wound up in about these words:—

"There's one good thing about it, you'll all be blown sky-high when you go up there to the fort."

"No, I guess we won't," replied one of the officers. "There's nothing to blow us up except your tongue."

"Yes, there is; and you'll find it too. Our folks has a lot of torpedoes in the river, and I'm going to see you blown sky-high with 'em too."

"Thank you, madam," said the officer. "We are very much obliged to you for the information."

"Well, I reckon I've been talking too much," said the woman; and with that she went into the house and was not again seen.

The hint was taken, and the river searched for torpedoes. Sure enough, the gunboats found that the river in the neighborhood of the fort had been pretty well paved with them, and it took all the rest of the day to find the torpedoes and fish them up as far as the range of the guns of the fort. Later, as the battle began, the boats moved cautiously, and not one of them was injured by a torpedo. It is proper to add that a negro who had witnessed the placing of the torpedoes was of great service to Admiral Foote in pointing out their location.

Fort Henry having been taken, there was an unob-

structed way for boats up the Tennessee River to the head of navigation on that stream; but it would not answer to proceed far up the river, and leave Fort Donelson in the possession of the enemy. Part of the gunboat fleet ascended the river and destroyed the bridge of the Mobile and Ohio Railway by request of General Grant.

General Grant's next move was for the capture of Fort Donelson, which had a strong garrison consisting of nearly twenty thousand men, with sixty-five pieces of artillery. The fort covered about one hundred acres of ground, and was a very strong position. Grant realized that it was necessary to move as quickly as possible before reinforcements arrived at the fort, as the Rebels would be sure to send them when they heard of the fall of Fort Henry.

His plan was to march the troops forward, and invest the fort in the rear, while the gunboats went around in front and made a simultaneous attack. He sent to Cairo for reinforcements to join him, so that his strength might be at least equal to that of the enemy. It may be said to be a rule of military warfare, that when a fort is to be taken the attacking force must be far more numerous than the defending one; but here was Grant planning to capture a fortification with an army one third less than that of his enemy!

It had rained heavily, and the roads between the two rivers were practically impassable. Grant waited several days for the waters to subside and the roads to get into condition, so that the artillery and wagons could move; and finally, on the 12th of February, such a state of affairs was reached. On the morning of the 12th the expedition started; and before noon the Rebel pickets had been driven in by the Union advance, and by the end of the day the fort had been completely invested on the land side. The weather became cold, the thermometer fell to ten degrees above zero, and the soldiers were mostly without tents, and many of them without blankets. Many of the men were frost-bitten, and some died of exposure. There was considerable skirmishing on Thursday, but no severe battle. The greatest sufferers were the wounded who were lying between the contending lines and could not be reached by either.

On the morning of Friday the 14th, reinforcements arrived under General Lew Wallace, so that Grant's forces were about equal to those of the enemy. The gunboats came; and in the afternoon the attack upon the fort began.

The position was found to be very much stronger than that of Fort Henry. General Grant suggested that the gunboats should run past the batteries, and

by getting behind them, compel the evacuation of the fort; but Admiral Foote declined to do so, as he thought the risk too great. That was before the lessons of New Orleans and Mobile, which taught us with how little risk steam gunboats may run past powerful batteries. Had Admiral Foote known this, he would no doubt have complied with Grant's request, as a braver man than he never served in any navy.

The batteries of Fort Henry were almost level with the water; but those of Donelson were on a bluff, thirty or forty feet high. The battle between the fort and the gunboats was much to the disadvantage of the latter. After the boats had been under fire an hour and a half, Admiral Foote had only twelve serviceable guns remaining in his whole fleet. His flag-ship had been struck fifty-nine times, and all his other boats had received from twenty to thirty shots apiece. It was evident that the fleet could do no more fighting at present; and Admiral Foote sent word to General Grant that the boats would have to go back to Cairo for repairs.

Admiral Foote sent a note to General Grant early on Saturday morning, saying that he had been wounded, not very severely, but so badly that he was unable to walk; and he begged that the General would come on board the gunboat. Grant started,

and just as he reached the flag-ship he heard the sound of heavy firing on the right of his line of troops. He had a brief interview with the admiral, and then hurried back at full gallop to the scene of the fighting. The Rebels had massed heavily on Grant's right, opposite McClemand's division, and a fierce battle was going on. McClemand's men were resisting with great earnestness, and the battle lasted nearly four hours. The right wing and the right center were driven back a considerable distance; and if the Rebels had known it, they could have cut their way through. Part of a regiment of Illinois cavalry was drawn up in the road, but with no support on either side. As the ground was wooded, the Rebels could not see that the cavalry was unsupported; and, as they were wearied with their long fighting, they came to a halt, and then fell back to the fort. Only a little more effort would have carried them through our lines.

CHAPTER XV.

The Rebels make a sortie from Donelson.—Repulsed at a decisive moment.—Grant's discovery.—Three days' rations in haversacks.—Grant's movements on the battlefield.—Terrible weather for campaigning.—John B. Floyd and his escape.—General Pillow.—Buckner's flag of truce and his proposal.—Grant's reply.—The surrender.—Excitement in the North, and gloom at the South.—Losses at Donelson.

IT was nine o'clock when Grant got back to the battlefield, and the fighting had been momentarily suspended. Finding that the enemy was heavily massed on his (Grant's) right, the general concluded that the best thing to do was to make an attack on the left. While he was conversing with General McClernand about it, and making plans for the attack, he heard one of his body-guard say,—

“The Rebels have come out to make a long fight of it. They've got three days' rations in their haversacks.”

“What's that?” said Grant, turning quickly. The soldier saluted, and replied,—

“I was just sayin', General, that the Rebs were out for a long fight, and they've got their haversacks full of grub.”

“Let me see one,” said the general.

The soldier went away, and returned in a few minutes with an empty haversack which he handed to General Grant, and said,—

"That haversack had three days' rations in it, but the boys has eat it all up."

Just then a group of Rebel prisoners marched past on its way to the rear. Grant stopped them, and told his staff-officer to examine their haversacks. He did so, and found three days' rations in each of them.

When he learned this, Grant showed more excitement than at any previous moment during the fight. He said, with great earnestness,—

"Men in a fort do not come out with three days' rations unless they intend to get away. Buckner's intention is to cut his way through and escape. We'll go in and win now."

Grant immediately proceeded to make arrangements for an assault. He ordered McClernand and Wallace to be ready to attack when they heard the report of Smith's guns on the left; and he sent word to Admiral Foote to move up his gunboats and make a show of attacking, even though he didn't fire a shot. He galloped about from one end of the field to the other, and soon received word that Foote would comply with his wishes, and do the best he could with the gunboats.

By four o'clock everything was ready, and the attack was made all along the line, the men going in with a

dash. The gunboats fired at long range, and on land the artillery poured a heavy fire into the fort. When the right moment came, the artillery fire stopped, and the infantry of Smith's division made a charge, and after severe hand-to-hand fighting, gained possession of a corner of the fort. The fight ended with the darkness; and the Union forces held all the positions they had gained.

Grant and his staff slept that night in a negro shanty on the left of the line of attack. Grant was cheerful to the point of elation, and said he thought the fort was as good as captured. "We may have," said he, "an hour or so of fighting in the morning; but there won't be much more than that."

During the night, all of Grant's general officers called on him, and the plans were made for the morrow. General Smith gave an account of his charge upon the Rebel works, and said that the volunteer troops, with the Second Iowa Infantry in front, fought as well as the best regular troops he ever saw. He was proud of his command, and full of enthusiasm concerning the volunteers, whom he had hitherto been inclined to despise. He was ready to begin again in the morning just as soon as General Grant desired, and was fully confident that with a little more effort they would bring about the surrender of the enemy.

The scene in the Rebel camp that night was not a

happy one. General John B. Floyd was commander-in-chief, and he had special reasons for being unwilling to fall into the hands of the Union forces. Floyd was secretary of war under Buchanan, and until forced to retire he was for months doing everything in his power to help the Secession cause. He transferred great quantities of arms and ammunition from Northern to Southern arsenals, and distributed the regular troops in such a way that they could be captured with comparative ease as soon as the war broke out.

Floyd had committed treason; and he knew that if he was captured he would probably be tried, convicted, and executed. He knew that he deserved just such treatment, and consequently he preferred escape to surrender. He explained to his subordinates, Generals Pillow and Buckner, why he should not become a prisoner, and ended by turning over the command to General Pillow, who was next to him in rank. Pillow also declined to take command, as he considered that there were special reasons why he should not be included in the surrender. Floyd and Pillow had been there but a few days, Floyd succeeding Pillow but two days before, and Pillow having been in command only five days previous to Floyd's arrival.

The command devolved upon Gen. S. B. Buckner, who was more of a soldier than either of his so-called

superiors. Buckner was in command before Pillow arrived, and he had the soldier's instinct of being unwilling to desert his men. Floyd and Pillow took two steamboats and fled to Nashville during the night, carrying with them about three thousand men. General Forrest, with a thousand cavalry, waded the stream on the south side of the fort, and escaped.

Early in the morning, just as daylight was breaking, a negro, the private servant of a Rebel officer, came to General Smith's headquarters and reported that the Rebels had been going away all along during the night. He was immediately taken to Grant's headquarters, where he was closely questioned, and he repeated his assertion that the Rebels were getting out of the fort as fast as they could go. General Grant said to him,—

"If we go on your information and it is not true, a great many lives will be lost, and we shall hang you."

"All right, Massa," replied the negro; "you may hang me if I ain't tellin' the truf. I've just come from de fo't, and know what they's a doin'."

Grant immediately sent orders to his division generals to get ready for an assault upon the fort. He told them that it would begin with Smith's division, and the others were to move as soon as they heard the sound of Smith's guns.

The messengers with the orders had been gone

only a few minutes when General Smith walked into the cabin. He brought a letter which had been given to him by a Rebel officer, who was accompanied by a soldier bearing a white flag. The letter was addressed to General Grant, and Smith had made all possible haste to deliver it. It read as follows:—

HEADQUARTERS, FORT DONELSON,
Feb. 16, 1862.

SIR,—In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation of the forces and post under my command; and, in that view, suggest an armistice until twelve o'clock to-day.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

S. B. BUCKNER,
Brig-Gen., C. S. A.

To Brig-Gen. U. S. Grant, commanding United States forces near Fort Donelson.

Grant was shivering with the cold, and the light in the cabin was dim. Whether it was on account of the dimness or the momentous character of the communication, it took him several minutes to read it. Without saying a word he handed the letter to Smith after he had perused it.

Smith read the letter, and then said very emphatically that traitors deserved no terms whatever.

Grant called for pen and paper, and writing rapidly, penned the following:—

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY IN THE FIELD,
CAMP NEAR DONELSON,

Feb. 16, 1862.

GENERAL S. B. BUCKNER, *Confederate Army*,—

Yours of this date, proposing armistice, and appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,

Brig-Gen.

It was from this letter that the general received the name of "Unconditional Surrender Grant," the initials of the two words corresponding with those of his name. The last sentence of the letter, "I propose to move immediately upon your works," was for a long time on many a lip on frequent occasions throughout the length and breadth of the country, or at least the Northern half of it. The phrase was not thought over or studied at all. It was penned as rapidly as the general could write,

and he suited the occasion to the word by immediately sending two of his aids to warn Wallace and McClerland to begin the assault as soon as they received the signal. Smith was not in Grant's cabin more than ten minutes; and he left as soon as the letter was ready, in order to give it to the Rebel officer who would convey it to his commander.

Buckner did not take long to consider the matter. Within an hour General Grant received from him the following communication,—

HEADQUARTERS, DOVER, TENN.,
Feb. 16, 1862

To BRIG.-GEN. U. S. GRANT, *U. S. Army.*

Sir,—The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms yesterday, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose.

I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

S. B. BUCKNER,

Brig-Gen., C. S. A.

Buckner in the meantime ordered that white flags be raised all along his front so that there would be no more fighting; and when his letter came, the word passed quickly along the Union lines that the Rebels had surrendered. The night had been cold,

and during a portion of it snow had fallen. Our soldiers were exposed to the full severity of the weather, and the night had been one of suffering. All were shivering with cold on that frosty morning, and no doubt many a man wished he was at home rather than in the place where he found himself. But as the word passed along that Fort Donelson had fallen, the severity of the night was forgotten, and the air rang with cheers which rose along the line from one end to the other. Every heart rejoiced "with exceeding great joy," and every soldier present felt that the battle which had just been won would live in history. They had had a hard fight, not only with the enemy, but with the elements; but their losses and sufferings were forgotten in the flush of victory.

Grant read Buckner's second letter in the same quiet way in which he had perused the first. Handing the letter to Rawlins, he said,—

"The game's up! I'll go over and see Buckner. Come along."

Grant and his staff mounted their horses and rode to Buckner's headquarters, being guided there by the officer who had brought the letter. Grant and Buckner were well acquainted, as they had known each other at West Point, and had afterwards served together in the army. It was about breakfast-time

when Grant and his staff arrived, and the Rebel general asked them to sit down to that meal. The breakfast was not such as one would expect to find at Delmonico's; but Buckner remarked that under the circumstances, he thought no apology was necessary for the frugality of his table. One of the staff-officers afterwards remarked that he thought he had seen some very bad coffee since his campaigns began, but the Confederate coffee surpassed in vileness anything he had ever before tasted. It should be remarked that the coffee of the Rebels was usually quite innocent of the coffee-bean, and was generally made of burnt corn, with perhaps a little chicory or toasted breadcrusts to give it substance.

Grant and Buckner shook hands in a very cordial way, and immediately fell to talking about the surrender. Buckner asked that his men be supplied with provisions, and that certain delicacies should be given to the wounded officers. Grant immediately assented to these requests, and also said that officers might retain their side-arms and personal baggage, but horses and other public property must be surrendered.

When these details were arranged, Buckner said to Grant,—

“If I had been in command, you would not have taken Donelson so easily.”

"Quite true," replied Grant. "And if you had been in command, I should have waited until I was reinforced before I came so near the fort. But I knew Pillow would never come out from behind the works."

There was some further talk on the subject, and while it was going on General Smith arrived. He and Buckner were old friends, and they shook hands heartily. As they did so, Buckner complimented Smith on the splendid charge he made, to which Smith replied,—

"The men did magnificently, but the credit doesn't belong to me. I did it by General Grant's orders, that's all."

As quickly as it could be done, the surrendered Rebels piled their arms, and were placed on board the transports to be sent to Cairo as prisoners of war. In consideration of its gallantry in heading the charge, General Grant allowed the Second Iowa Infantry to hoist its flag over the fort. By noon the Northern troops had been marched inside; and as they came from their various positions, cheer on cheer resounded through the forest and along the banks of the Cumberland.

Fort Donelson, the fort on which the Confederates had relied for the possession of that long line from the Mississippi River to the foot of the Alleghanies,

had fallen. The fall of that fortress necessitated the evacuation of Columbus and of Nashville, and the retiring of the Confederate line a hundred or more miles to the south.

The capture of the fort was a terrible blow to the Confederate power; and there was consternation all through the Southern States, and especially at Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. The consternation was made greater than it might have been by the folly of General Pillow, who continued to send encouraging dispatches down to the very moment when he fled towards Nashville. At the very hour that the surrender was going on, the papers of Nashville were printing the news with the following headlines:—

“ENEMY RETREATING — GLORIOUS RESULT — OUR BOYS FOLLOWING, AND PEPPERING THEIR REAR — A COMPLETE VICTORY.”

An hour or two later, when every one was exulting over the success of the Southern arms, news came of the surrender, and the rejoicing was instantly changed to mourning. There was a wild panic in Nashville, as it was well understood that the capture of Donelson opened the way to that city. Service had just begun in the churches, but it was immediately suspended; and men, women, and children sought to leave the city as quickly as

possible. The railway trains were crowded, and the hire of carriages rose to twenty-five dollars an hour. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good;" the hackmen of Nashville reaped a rich harvest in the general consternation that prevailed.

The mourning of the South was as great over the loss of Donelson as was the rejoicing in the North. In nearly all the Northern cities business was suspended, schools were dismissed, all the church bells were ringing, men embraced each other in the streets, crowds gathered at every newspaper bulletin, "extras" sold enormously and at any price the newsboys chose to ask, and the whole population gave itself up to unlimited and tumultuous joy. Chicago went fairly wild with delight, as it had a nearer and more practical interest in the fall of Donelson than had the Eastern States. Very little business was transacted in Chicago for twenty-four hours after the news of Donelson came, with the single exception of the saloons. Men felt that they must have something to celebrate upon, and they took the readiest means which occurs to convivial minds. During the afternoon a placard was widely posted on the dead walls of Chicago, on which was printed in glaring letters:—

"ANY MAN FOUND SOBER AFTER
SIX O'CLOCK THIS EVENING WILL BE
ARRESTED FOR DISLOYALTY."

History doesn't record that any arrests for disloyalty were made that evening in Chicago.

Immediately after the surrender of the fort, troops were sent out to bury the dead and bring in the wounded, each side looking out for its own. There can be little doubt that in going back and forth through the Union lines in this work of humanity, many of the Rebels embraced the opportunity to escape, as it would be practically impossible for the Northern soldiers to prevent them from doing so. A good many Rebel soldiers went to General Grant and asked permission to go home, promising that they would never be found in the Confederate ranks again. He allowed them to go, and there can be little doubt that the majority of them intended to keep their promise. But necessity, according to the old adage, "knows no law;" and probably the Southern conscription forced them once more into service.

The actual number of men who defended Fort Donelson, or who were in it when the fighting began, will never be known exactly. The Southern writers say that there were 17,000 men in Donelson when Grant landed his troops below the fort. But this figure is too low; as 14,623 Donelson prisoners passed Cairo, and received rations there from the commissary-general. General Pillow reported 2,000 killed and wounded; and when Floyd and Pillow escaped

during the night of the 15th, they took with them not fewer than 3,000 men. A thousand cavalry went away with Forrest; and squads and groups of men were escaping all along during the night. Putting all these things together, there could hardly have been less than 21,000 Confederates at Fort Donelson on the 15th of February. On the day the fort fell, Grant had 27,000 troops — some of them required for guarding the roads. After the surrender several regiments arrived, but they were not needed.

The Confederate loss at Donelson was reported at 237 killed and 1,000 wounded. The National loss was estimated at 446 killed, 1,755 wounded, and 152 made prisoners.

CHAPTER XVI.

Movements after Donelson.—Evacuation of Columbus.—Capture of Clarksville and Nashville.—Up the Tennessee River.—Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh.—Great battle there.—First day's fighting.—Grant's army in peril.—Reinforced by Buell.—Fighting on the second day.—Rebels driven back.—Fugitives from the battlefield.—Grant injured by a fall.—Death of Albert Sidney Johnston.—Losses at Shiloh.

IMMEDIATELY after the capture of Fort Donelson, Grant was promoted to the rank of major-general of volunteers. All three of his division commanders were promoted to the same grade; and the colonels who commanded brigades were raised to brigadier-generals. Congratulations came to Grant from all over the country, except from the commander-in-chief of his department. General Halleck issued a formal order thanking Admiral Foote, General Grant, and the forces under their command, for the victories of Forts Henry and Donelson; but he sent no congratulatory message to either of those officers.

Grant took possession of Clarkesville and Nashville, which are both on the Cumberland River above Donelson. General Buell was advancing towards Nashville with the Army of the Ohio; he detached from it General Nelson's division, and sent it by steamboat

down the Ohio and up the Cumberland, with orders to report to Grant. Grant had no use for it, and sent Nelson to take possession of Nashville, which the Rebels had evacuated, and hold it until Buell arrived.

The Rebels evacuated Columbus; and, in fact, there was a general falling back along their whole line. General Grant learned that they were concentrating at Corinth, Miss., about twenty-five miles from the nearest point on the Tennessee River, and the junction of two railways,—the Memphis and Charleston,—running nearly due east and west, and the Mobile and Ohio, nearly north and south. Grant desired to make a rapid movement upon them, but was restrained from so doing by the positive orders of General Halleck. Halleck appeared to be jealous of Grant's success. While the whole country was shouting itself hoarse over the victory of Fort Donelson, Halleck was upbraiding Grant for alleged violations of orders, most of them imaginary; sending complaints about him to Washington; and culminating by removing him from command, and appointing General C. F. Smith in his place. The removal took place on the 4th of March; and on the 13th, nine days later, General Grant was restored to his command. He immediately proceeded to Savannah, Tenn., where the most of his troops had been sent by General

Smith, the latter having taken up and carried forward the plans of General Grant.

Savannah is on the east bank of the Tennessee, ten miles below Pittsburg Landing; while Corinth is on the west side, and, as before stated, about twenty-five miles away. Grant's plan was to gather a sufficient army to make an attack upon Corinth, and keep the river between him and the enemy until his force was sufficiently strong to take the offensive. Near the latter part of March he transferred a large portion of his force to the west bank of the river, at Pittsburg Landing, forming a camp there, but without throwing up fortifications. He was still waiting for reinforcements which had been promised, but were not arriving as rapidly as he desired.

General Buell, with the Army of the Ohio, was marching across country from Nashville to make the junction with Grant; and the latter intended to move against the enemy as soon as Buell arrived. There were daily skirmishes with the enemy's cavalry, but they generally retired as soon as they came into collision with our troops. Evidently the enemy was feeling the position of the Unionists, and learning as nearly as possible where Grant's troops were encamped.

Buell's army was expected to come in at Savannah; and the advance division, commanded by General Nel-

son, reached there on the 5th of April. Buell sent word that he himself would arrive at Savannah on the 6th, and wished to meet General Grant as soon as possible. It had been Grant's practice for a week or more to spend the day with the army at Pittsburg Landing, and return to Savannah in the evening. When he went to bed on the night of the 5th, he planned to take a very early breakfast and ride out and meet Buell, thus saving time.

While he was at breakfast he heard heavy firing in the direction of Pittsburg; and instead of going out to meet Buell, he hastened to Pittsburg as quickly as possible, but sending a note to General Buell explaining why he could not meet him just then.

As Grant's steamboat pushed up the river, the sound of the firing grew more and more distinct. It did not take long for the general to realize that the enemy was attacking in force, and that all the strength of his army would be required for the successful defense of the position.

Thus began the battle of Pittsburg Landing, also called the battle of Shiloh in the Southern States and sometimes in the Northern. The former name comes from the point on the river where the troops went ashore from the transports. That of the latter comes from a church bearing the name of Shiloh, and standing about two miles back of the river. Much of the heavy

fighting was done around Shiloh Church, and the place was in the possession at different times of both the contending parties. Pittsburg Landing from beginning to end was held by the Union forces, and at no time did a Confederate soldier set foot upon it except as a prisoner.

At the beginning of the battle, Shiloh Church was within the Union lines. During the afternoon it fell into the hands of the Confederates, and it was not regained again till the next day. The front of the Union army was between four and five miles long, extending in a semicircle from the river-bank at Pittsburg Landing to a point three miles below at what was called Crump's Landing.

The whole Confederate force at Corinth, about forty thousand men, had moved out to attack the Union position. It was commanded by General Albert Sidney Johnston, and his second in command was General Beauregard. The attack began upon the division of General Prentiss, on the left of the Union line. At the extreme left of the line was Owl Creek, which was very high at the time, and served materially as a protection to the camp. On the right of the Union position was Lick Creek, which was also swollen by reason of heavy rains. The condition of these creeks prevented the Rebels from making a flank movement, and compelled them to attack directly in front.

The first intimation of the presence of the enemy was when a column of Confederate troops attacked the division of General Prentiss; and the assault was made with great vigor. Prentiss's troops were perfectly raw, none of them having ever been under fire before; but they formed quickly, and made a good defense, so much so as to cause heavy loss to their adversaries.

Almost simultaneously with the assault upon Prentiss, the sound of firing was heard all along the front, and the fighting was soon in full blast. The sound of artillery and musketry rose through the woods in such heavy volumes that it was audible many miles away. The attack was so vigorous everywhere that the Union troops were forced back; but they held their ground stubbornly, and fought every inch of the way.

As soon as General Grant arrived, he visited each of his division commanders, and conferred with them concerning the outlook. Each of the generals appeared to understand the situation, and considering the rawness of their troops was handling them with skill. Whenever a brigade or division was forced back by a heavy onslaught of the enemy, it was necessary for the divisions on either side of it to retire a little in order to preserve an unbroken line.

The ground on which the battle was fought con-

sisted principally of forest, with occasional fields and other open stretches; but at no place was it possible to see at a long distance, and consequently it was not easy to ascertain in one division what was happening in the next.

General Prentiss's division fought stubbornly, and held its ground; in fact, it was so busy at one time holding its position that it did not know until too late that the next division had fallen back. The Rebels suddenly appeared in its rear, coming in through the opening made by the retirement of the division next to it. Hemmed in as he was with strong forces, both in front and behind him, Prentiss had no alternative but to surrender. He was captured, with about twenty-five hundred officers and men; the capture taking place not far from five o'clock in the afternoon. A story was circulated at the time that Prentiss's division was surprised and captured at daylight; but the story never had the least foundation whatever. Prentiss's division fought stubbornly throughout the day, and changed its position several times until the hour mentioned. Prentiss himself was moving constantly among his men, and was visited by General Grant as late as four o'clock. His commander says that at that time Prentiss was as cool as a cucumber, and confident of victory.

During the latter part of the first day of the battle, the fortunes of the Union army had a gloomy outlook. Column after column dashed against the Union line; and it was forced back, back, back, until, when night came, it had retreated to within a half-mile of the river. Not a few of the raw regiments broke and ran at the first fire. The men were panic-stricken, and sought a place of shelter. A dense mass of stragglers accumulated on the river-bank, seeking the shelter of the transports; and all the efforts of the officers were unavailing to drive them back to the field. A few here and there were rallied and brought again to the front, but they were so few that they did not visibly deplete the great mass. So near were the enemy to the river-bank that the Confederate artillery threw a plunging fire among them, causing several deaths and many wounds.

It is proper to say in this connection that the accumulation of stragglers in the rear of the battle-field of Pittsburg Landing was by no means exceptional. Probably the same thing was going on on the Confederate side, as it occurs and has occurred in every battle in every land since warfare began. Always in time of action there is a stream of stragglers, unwounded or with slight wounds, who by accident or design become separated from their commands and seek safety in retirement. Not all

of these men, nay, only a small portion of them, are cowards, and deliberately running away from battle. The same men who sought the rear of Shiloh afterwards stood up bravely and fought like veterans. They were demoralized by their first experience; but when the shock was over, their inborn courage returned, and they determined to redeem the names they had sullied by retiring.

The Rebels were confident that by nightfall they would drive the Union army to its transports, or into the Tennessee River, and receive the surrender of those who remained. But within half a mile of the river they encountered an obstacle,—a battery of thirty pieces of heavy artillery which Colonel Webster of General Grant's staff had placed there during the day. When the Rebel column came within range of this battery, it opened fire upon them, and checked their advance. Then the curtain of night dropped over the battlefield, and the combatants rested on their arms.

In addition to the night came reinforcements. Mention has been made of the arrival of Nelson's division of Buell's army at Savannah, on the evening of the 5th, before the fighting began. On the morning of the 6th, General Grant sent orders for Nelson's division to move as quickly as possible up the eastern bank of the river to a point opposite Pittsburg Landing, whence it would be ferried across to the scene

of action. Just before night, Nelson's division arrived on the scene, and took a position on the left; but there was no fighting of consequence after it arrived. During the day, Buell's other divisions came into Savannah, and at night were taken on steamboats up the river to the battlefield. All along, during the night, Admiral Foote's gunboats kept up a slow cannonading, throwing shells every fifteen minutes into the Confederate camp. It was not expected that this cannonading would cause much slaughter. The idea was to create consternation among the Rebels; and this was the result as afterwards ascertained.

Grant remained on the battlefield, near the battery which Colonel Webster had erected, for a part of the night, and spent the rest of it in visiting his division commanders. He gave orders to begin the battle immediately after daylight, and to push the Rebels as earnestly as possible. General Lew Wallace's division, which had been on the extreme right, near Crump's Landing, on the 5th, and was not engaged by the enemy, was brought up during the night, so that it formed a part of the line for the work of the 6th. Grant was confident of victory, and had inspired his officers with similar confidence. He directed them to throw out heavy lines of skirmishers as soon as it was daylight, and engage the enemy from one end of the line to the other.

Two or three days before the battle of Shiloh, General Grant met with a mishap through his horse slipping and falling upon him. He walked with difficulty, and could not mount into the saddle, or dismount, without assistance. Notwithstanding his personal suffering he went around as actively as ever, and his presence gave great encouragement to officers and men. He was in the saddle before daylight on the 7th, and personally issued the orders already mentioned.

These orders were carried out to the letter. Promptly at daybreak firing began along the whole line, the Union troops being the first to open the contest. Fresh supplies of ammunition had been brought up during the night, and the cartridge-box of every soldier was filled to its utmost capacity. Ammunition wagons stood at numerous intervals in the rear of the line, ready to deliver their contents wherever wanted. It takes a great deal of lead to kill a man on a battlefield. The estimate during the Civil War was, that for every man killed or wounded in battle a hundred pounds of leaden bullets were used, and at least a thousand pounds of artillery, shot, and shell. Bearing this in mind, the reader will perceive that a great many tons of ammunition were used at Shiloh.

Nearly always a great battle is followed by a heavy rain. Rain fell in torrents during the night of the

6th of April, and made the bivouac of the troops on both sides an uncomfortable one; but it extinguished the fires that had started in the forest in many places, and gave welcome relief to the wounded who lay scattered on the ground. Rain was still falling on the morning of the 7th when the fighting began; and it made the ground soft, and increased the difficulty of moving artillery. Several cannon were hopelessly stuck in the mud, and our troops were unable in repeated instances to bring their artillery forward. Some of the guns remained for several days so deeply mired that they were scarcely visible above the sea of mud.

During the night, a great number of the stragglers who sought the shelter of the river-bank during the first day's work were temporarily organized into companies, and brought forward to take part in the second day's work. A few of them ran away for the second time, but the great majority had now recovered their senses and stood up manfully.

At the close of the first day's fighting news came to General Grant that the Confederate commander, General Johnston, had been killed. Confirmation of this report came shortly after; and the general took pains to spread the information all along the line, and thus give encouragement to his men. General Johnston was considered one of the best commanders in

the Confederacy. He was a soldier of experience and marked ability, and his loss at the time it occurred was a very serious one to the Confederates. General Beauregard succeeded him in command. He was of French origin, and was not held in as high esteem by officers and soldiers as was General Johnston. One of Grant's generals remarked of Johnston's death that it was equivalent to the loss of at least one division of troops. The elation of the Union forces on hearing of it was about equal to the gloom that overspread the Confederate troops when they learned the, to them, sad intelligence.

From the very beginning of the fighting on the 7th, the Union troops steadily pushed the Rebels before them, backward, backward, backward, till the center of their line was once more near Shiloh Church. There they made a desperate stand a little past noon. They massed heavily, and for the time resisted all attempts to move them; in fact, at one time they almost broke the Union line. Grant hastened to the spot, guided by the heavy firing, and as he neared it he overtook two regiments on their way to reinforce a brigade that had suffered heavily and was in danger of falling back. These regiments were hesitating in consequence of the hot fire, whereupon Grant placed himself at their head, and led them forward to the line of battle. Following these regiments came a

battery of artillery which was whirled up to within short range of the dense mass of Confederates. Grant ordered the captain of the battery to drop his shells into the middle of that mass. He did so, and the Confederates broke and fled in confusion.

"That's the end of it," said Grant. "They won't make another stand."

And they did not. Sullenly the Rebels retreated from the battlefield, and sought the shelter of their intrenchments at Corinth. Grant wanted to pursue them, and was confident that he could take possession of Corinth without more serious fighting; but his troops were in no condition for a pursuit. They were utterly worn out by the fatigue and exposure of the two days' battle, having passed the night in the rain without sleep; and pursuit was quite out of the question. Grant rode over to Buell on the left, and had an interview with that general and his division commanders. To them he urged the pursuit; but all pronounced it impossible under the circumstances, and he was obliged to abandon the idea.

General Beauregard put the best face he could on his failure to capture Grant's army. He telegraphed to Richmond as follows:—

"We have gained a great and glorious victory, eight to ten thousand prisoners, and thirty-six pieces of canon. Buell reinforced Grant, and we retired to our intrench-

ments at Corinth, which we can hold. Loss heavy on both sides."

The same day, after sending away this boastful dispatch, he sent a letter to General Grant asking permission to send a party to the battlefield to bury the Confederate dead. As his reason for so doing, he began his letter as follows:—

"At the close of the conflict yesterday, my forces being exhausted by the extraordinary length of the time during which they were engaged on that and the preceding day, and it being apparent that you had received, and were still receiving, reinforcements, I felt it my duty to withdraw my troops from the immediate scene of the conflict."

Grant replied that all the dead had been buried, therefore there was no necessity of the burying party from the Confederate side. He added that if the necessity existed he should certainly grant the courtesy requested or any other that was dictated by humanity.

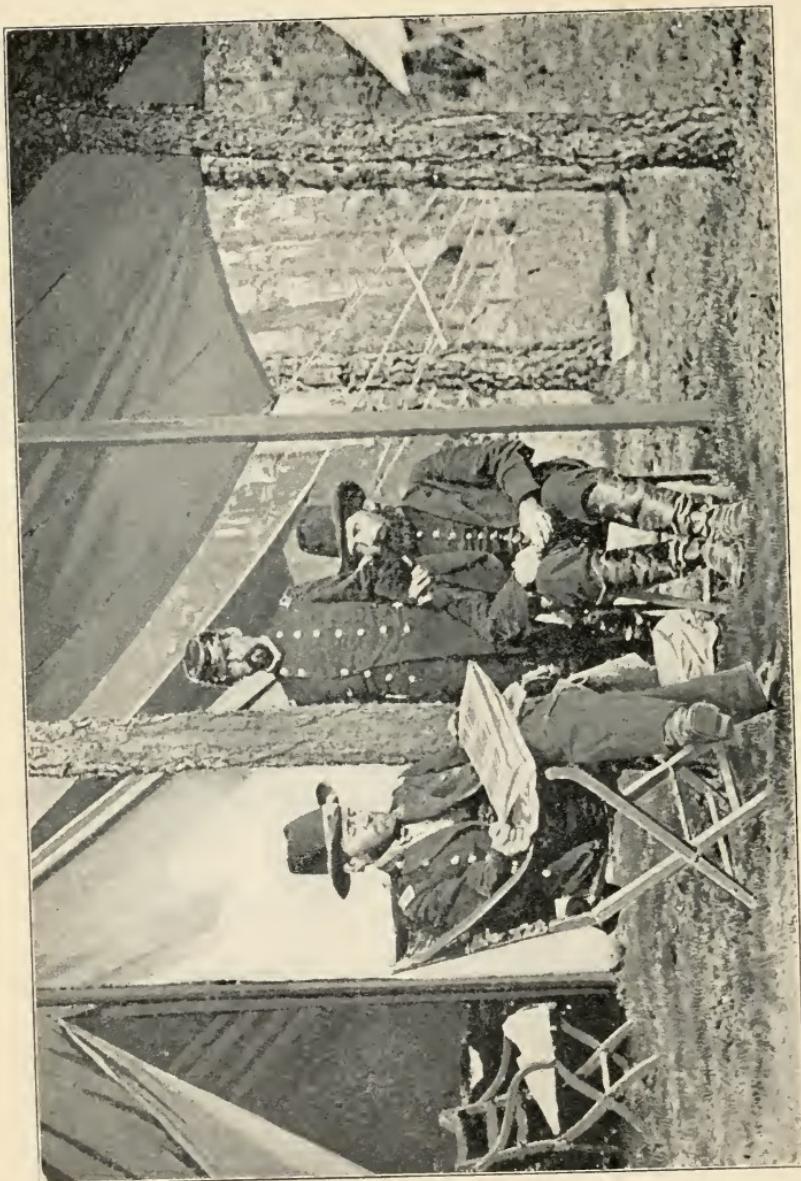
The official reports of the battle show the losses on each side to have been as follows:—

	KILLED	WOUNDED	MISSING	TOTAL
Union	1,700	7,595	3,022	12,217
Confederate . .	1,728	8,012	957	10,699

Shiloh was the greatest battle of the war down to that time, and one of the most stubborn battles of the entire war. Neither side fought behind intrench-

ments. For nearly two days they stood up and faced each other; and for a great part of the time the lines were so close together that the men on the opposite sides shouted at and taunted each other whenever their voices could be heard above the surrounding din. It was a steady "give and take" struggle; and no man in his sober senses could say, after that battle, that the men on either side were cowards. It was American bravery on one side, and American bravery on the other. In the early part of the battle it was Southern dash against Northern steadiness. Steadiness gave way beneath the dash; but it rallied, held its own, and triumphed in the end.

GENERAL GRANT AT HIS HEADQUARTERS, GOLD HARBOR, 1864.



CHAPTER XVII.

Grant's narrow escape in the battle.—Confederate strength at Corinth.—General Halleck assumes command.—Siege of Corinth.—A slow approach.—Fifteen miles in six weeks.—Grant asks to be relieved.—His request denied.—Rebels evacuate Corinth.—Pope and Buell pursue them.—Grant in command of the department.—His escape from guerrillas.—Rebels attack Corinth.

DURING the battle, Grant seemed to bear a charmed life. He was under fire many times; his horse was struck with a bullet, and a cannon-shot passed beneath the animal's belly within an inch or two of the general's feet. At one time, when he was riding at full speed from one division to another, a bullet struck and broke his scabbard, and released his sword, which was never afterwards found. While he stood talking to an officer behind the batteries about five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Carson, a scout, reported to him, and then stepped back a few feet. Hardly had he done so when a cannon-shot took off the scout's head, and bespattered the general with his blood.

While General Grant was looking on at the contest near Shiloh Church, an artillery officer rode up, and touching his cap, thus addressed the commander:—

"Sheneral, I comes to makes one report. Schwartz's Battery is took."

"How was that?" the general asked.

"Vell, you sees, Sheneral, dem Rebels comes up in front of das battery; den dey comes on one sides, and den on oder sides, and den in der rear of us, and Schwartz's Battery vos took."

"Well, sir," said the general, "of course you spiked the guns."

"Vat! spike all dem new guns! No, it vould schpoil dem."

"Well," said the general in a tone of disgust, "what did you do?"

"Do! vy, we took dem back agin!"

In order to fight the battle of Shiloh and destroy the Army of the Tennessee, the Confederates had stripped the South-western States of their best troops, and concentrated them at Corinth. They brought forty thousand men into battle, and a considerable additional force was on its way to join them; Johnston decided not to await these reinforcements, but to attack before Grant could be joined by the Army of the Ohio under Buell. Originally he planned to make the attack on the 4th instead of the 6th; and had he done so, Grant would have been unable to bring Buell and his army corps into the field. A heavy rain on the 3d caused the postponement of Johnston's plans.

A few days after the battle, General Grant was superseded by General Halleck, who came to take command in person. As already stated, Grant was not in favor with Halleck; and the latter proceeded to strip him of his authority, while pretending at the same time to increase it. The army had been strengthened by the arrival of General Pope with a considerable force, which had recently captured Island No. 10 on the Mississippi River. Halleck issued an order giving General Thomas command of the right wing of the army, Buell the command of the center, and Pope that of the left. The reserves were placed under General McClernand, and then the order concluded as follows:—

“Major-General Grant will retain the general command of the District of West Tennessee, including the army corps of the Tennessee, and reports will be made to him as heretofore; but in the present movement he will act as second in command under the major-general commanding the department.”

Halleck pretended that this was a promotion, as he thus placed Grant second in command, so that if any accident happened to himself Grant would succeed him. On the other hand, Halleck required the other commanders to report directly to himself, and Grant was practically left with nothing to do;

and in order to know the strength of the army or what was going on, he was obliged to ask information of Halleck. Grant said nothing, but took the affronts quietly, though it can easily be imagined what his feelings were when orders were issued over his head to his subordinates.

News of the victory at Shiloh caused great rejoicing in the North, though less so, perhaps, than did the capture of Fort Donelson. The country was getting accustomed to victories, and therefore was not so much impressed when one occurred. Furthermore, the victory of Shiloh had given us no decided advantage which the ordinary citizen could perceive; as far as he could see, we were in the same position at the end of the battle as we were in the beginning. The enemy had attacked us and had been driven away, and that was all there was about it. The magnitude of the battle would have been realized if the public had considered what would have been the result if the Confederates had destroyed or captured the Army of the Tennessee, as they had planned to do. The Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers would have been at their mercy; and before many days the Rebel flag would have floated from Forts Henry and Donelson, and over Nashville and other places that had recently been surrendered to us.

Halleck collected an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men, and proceeded to intrench as though he was opposed by a larger number of men than he had under his command. Slowly the army moved in the direction of Corinth, and every advance that it made of a few hundred yards it stopped to intrench itself. So strong was its position at all times that an assault by a vastly superior force should have been easily repelled. Halleck received, or pretended to receive, news that Beauregard's army in front of him was one hundred and fifty thousand strong, and consequently his careful advance would seem to be justified. He gave to all his subordinates the strictest orders not to bring on a battle under any circumstances; even if attacked by the enemy and successful in repulsing him, they were not to pursue.

A military critic remarked of Halleck's operations at this point:—

“Napoleon might as well have intrenched on the field of Austerlitz, or Wellington on the eve of Waterloo.”

The fact is, that the army at any time could have captured Corinth, as Beauregard had not one-third the strength of Halleck. Days and weeks passed away, and with a front eight or ten miles long the army slowly crept forward. It suffered terribly from disease, as the upturning of the soil filled the air with malaria;

and many thousands of soldiers perished of fevers, dysentery, and other diseases, induced by bad water and bad air.

The men certainly were not broken down by hard marching, as it took six weeks to make an advance of just fifteen miles. Whenever opportunity occurred, Grant urged an immediate movement upon Corinth; but he was so effectually snubbed by Halleck that he did not venture to do so often.

His position was so irksome that he asked on the 11th of May to be altogether relieved from the department, or to have a definite knowledge of what his position was. Halleck replied in an ambiguous note which attempted to explain matters, and assure his subordinate that there was no intention of disrespect to him.

In the last days of May rumors came into the camp that the Rebels were evacuating Corinth; and so positive was the information of some of the commanders that they reported it to General Halleck, and ventured to suggest a movement upon the place. Halleck laughed at the idea, and intimated to the officers who had the temerity to address him that he knew perfectly well what was going on. The front of the army was then about three miles from Corinth, and the movement of railway trains could be heard distinctly. On the 29th of May the sound of a tremendous explosion

was heard, and the idea occurred to many that the Rebels were blowing up their works previous to getting out.

Halleck took the other view of the case, and said that they were getting ready to attack. He issued orders for the whole army to be ready for battle on the following morning, as the indications were that the enemy would attack in full force. The fact is, that at the moment the order was sent out, the last of the rear-guard of the Rebel army was marching out of Corinth, and leaving the place deserted.

It afterwards turned out that for three weeks Beauregard's preparations for evacuation had been going on. He had been sending away troops and materials, and Halleck had not been able to find it out. Logan's division on the right was ordered to advance about five hundred yards, and intrench; and they were actually throwing up the earth with their spades when a portion of the right wing of the army was being marched into Corinth, General Pope having been informed by the country people that the place was abandoned.

Pope and Buell went in pursuit of the fleeing Rebels. They picked up a good many stragglers, but with a single exception did not succeed in engaging any portion of the army. In the force that went in pursuit there was a brigade of cavalry commanded by a young

captain of the regular army who had been serving as quartermaster; he had received his appointment as colonel of the Michigan cavalry regiment only five days before, and was practically unknown. With his brigade he made a dash upon the Confederate rear, and after a sharp fight took several hundred prisoners. He afterwards became known to the country and the world as Lieutenant-General Sheridan. His exploit in this pursuit was what first brought him into notice.

Halleck's army entered Corinth and took possession. The Rebel evacuation had been made so leisurely that nothing of value remained. The capture of Corinth made it impossible for the Rebels to hold on much longer at Memphis; and within a week that city was captured, after severe fighting between the two hostile fleets of gunboats. The Rebels defended their boats bravely; but the superiority of construction of the Northern ones was such that only one man on the Union side was injured. With a single exception every one of the Rebel boats was blown up, sunk, or captured. The fight took place just after sunrise, and was witnessed by the entire population of Memphis, which lined the bluff on which the city stands.

There was no longer any need at Corinth of the vast army which had been collected, and portions of it were sent away in different directions. Halleck continued in command of the department, and Grant was assigned

to the district of West Tennessee a few days after the fall of Memphis. He went by rail to within forty miles of the city, where a bridge had been burned; and from there went through on horseback accompanied by three staff-officers and a small escort of cavalry. The country was full of guerrillas, or independent rangers, who were hunting for Union men, whether in uniform or out of it, and making travel very unsafe. Some of them learned that Grant was riding through to Memphis, and organized as quickly as possible to intercept and capture him. Grant had several miles the start of them, but at a point five miles from Memphis they came in on a side road in order to capture him. They stood there and waited for half an hour or so; then a man who had been working in a field not far away came and asked them what they wanted.

“We’re after a crowd of Yankee soldiers,” said the leader. “They ought to be along here pretty soon.”

“What kind of a crowd is it?” the farmer asked.

“One of them is a general,” was the reply. “And there’s some officers and a lot of soldiers all on horseback.”

“You’re waitin’ here for nothin’ then,” the farmer answered. “That crowd done gone by about fifteen minutes afore you came.”

The guerrilla leader’s face fell. Gone fifteen minutes before he came, and he had waited half an hour! Forty-

five minutes, and five miles! Grant was in Memphis by that time, and there was no hope of capturing him.

Grant took command of Memphis, relieving Lew Wallace, who was then commanding the town, and remaining there until the middle of July, when he returned to Corinth. The day after he arrived, Halleck was ordered to Washington to take chief command of the armies of the United States; and he turned his authority over to Grant, as he was the next in rank. Before doing so, however, he offered it to another officer, who promptly declined it. After Halleck transferred it to Grant, he became very gracious in manner, and said,—

“Now that I am going to the East, I can’t be here to take Vicksburg. I suppose I must leave that job to you.”

Grant replied, “I am here to obey orders; and if I am told to take Vicksburg, I shall certainly try.”

Corinth continued to be the strategic point in Grant’s department. He garrisoned Bolivar, Jackson, and one or two other places, and kept open the railway line to Columbus, through a region haunted by guerrillas. He drew all his supplies from Columbus, as the Tennessee River was too low at that time to afford navigation for any but the smallest steamboats. The Confederate General Bragg had organized a large army, and was moving toward Kentucky. Reinforcements for Buell’s

army were urgently requested, and a large portion of Grant's troops were sent away.

In the meantime another Rebel army, under Van Dorn and Price, was threatening Grant, who was now altogether too weak to take the offensive. He kept a sharp watch upon the movements of his antagonists, and renewed the fortifications of Corinth. He found the place pretty well fortified; but as the Rebels would naturally know all about the fortifications that they had built, he remodeled the old works, and built many new ones, so that if the former occupants of Corinth should attack him they would not be as thoroughly informed as they thought they were.

By the end of August the position at Corinth was a strong one, and Grant felt confident of repelling a force much larger than his own. General Pope was badly beaten in Virginia, where he had been sent after the capture of Corinth; and in Kentucky, General Bragg pushed northward until his army was in front of Cincinnati, and an invasion of Ohio was looked upon as quite probable. Price and Van Dorn were moving in Grant's direction, but had not yet united. Price occupied Iuka, a town about twenty miles east of Corinth. Grant determined to destroy Price's army before Van Dorn could join it. He sent two divisions to attack Price; and a battle was fought which resulted in Price's retirement. His army was crippled, but not broken up.

Price and Van Dorn united their forces, and showed no disposition to move farther away.

Grant removed his headquarters to Jackson, Tenn., which was a better point than Corinth for overlooking his whole department. It was difficult to guess where the enemy would strike him; but from the way the Rebel army was moving, Corinth was the point indicated. Van Dorn, who commanded his own and Price's troops, swung around to the north of Corinth so as to attack it from that direction. General Rosecrans was in command at Corinth, and he met Van Dorn's army five miles outside the fortifications. They had a sharp battle, but Rosecrans wisely allowed his troops to be driven into his fortifications. By the time his forces were inside, night had come, and movements were suspended. The Rebels were greatly elated at their success, and they formed their bivouac within a hundred yards of the Union lines.

At daylight the next morning they made a savage assault. They were doing what the Union troops did at Donelson,—attacking their enemy behind breastworks; and they did it just as bravely. Charge upon charge they made against the Union front; and each time they were mowed down by artillery and small arms, great gaps being cut in their ranks. Time after time they assaulted; and once they obtained possession of a fort, but only for a few minutes. General Rose-

crans in person rallied his troops, and drove the enemy back.

The fight lasted in this way from daybreak until noon; then the enemy hesitated. They were wearied and exhausted by their long struggle, and it was evident that their commanders had about given up the fight as hopeless. Rosecrans ordered a charge; and our troops rushed out and attacked the Rebels, who quickly retreated.

With his wonderful foresight, Grant, at his headquarters in Jackson, foresaw these events, and sent out two divisions under Generals Hurlbut and Ord. These divisions met the retiring Rebels ten miles south of Corinth while they were crossing a river. They captured a battery and many prisoners; and if General Ord had not been severely wounded in the early part of the battle, it is probable that the whole would have been destroyed.

The movement of the Rebels to attack on the north side of Corinth was inspired by a resident of that place, a woman who was acting as a spy. She sent a letter to Van Dorn containing a map of the fortifications, and saying that they were weakest on the north side and very poorly garrisoned. General Ord intercepted the letter and read it; he then sealed it again, and allowed it to go to General Van Dorn, but at the same time he proceeded to strengthen his works on the north side, and to increase the garrison.

One of the participants in the battle was a bird, an eagle belonging to the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry. This eagle was presented to the regiment shortly before its departure from home, and it was carried by the men throughout the whole war. The bird was allowed to go wherever it pleased, and made itself quite at home among the soldiers on the march. It was sometimes carried on a perch borne by one of the men; but the greater part of the time it flew in the air, hovering above the regiment, lighting on trees, and moving on a short distance at a time, but never losing sight of the body of troops to which it belonged. In battle it would fly high in the air, circling round and round, and screaming with apparent delight. It enjoyed hearing the band play, and enjoyed just as much the sound of cannon and musketry. The bird was shrewd enough to keep out of harm's way in time of battle, but was very often so near that it must have heard the whistle and "ping" of the bullets. The soldiers called him "Old Abe;" and there would have been great mourning if any misfortune had come to the bird. After the war he was kept for years in the Wisconsin State House, and was frequently exhibited at Grand Army reunions and other public festivities. In 1876 he was one of the attractions of the Centennial Exhibition.

The failure of the Rebels to capture Corinth rendered General Grant entirely easy concerning all offen-

sive movements by the enemy in the immediate future. He now turned his attention to the next great move on the chessboard of war in that part of the country,—the capture of Vicksburg.

Vicksburg by nature and by the art of the military engineer was a veritable Gibraltar, at least on its front. The town stands on a high, almost precipitous, bluff, overlooking the Mississippi River at a point where that mighty stream makes a sharp bend from west to east, and then from east to west again. The nature of this bend may be understood when it is remembered that the river passes around a tongue of land nearly three miles in length, and little more than a quarter of a mile across at the point where it joins the mainland. The extreme end of this tongue is known as Young's Point, and directly opposite Young's Point is the town or city of Vicksburg.

The bluff and the hills on which the city stands, and by which it is surrounded, are composed of an argillaceous clay that can be hewn with an ax and quarried into blocks if desired. This quality rendered it an admirable material for building fortifications; and during the siege it enabled the inhabitants to cut bomb-proof caves and shelters, to which they retired whenever the cannon-balls and shells rained inconveniently upon them. Before the surrender of Memphis, the Rebels had made a stronghold of Vicksburg. After the fall of

that city they worked like beavers to strengthen the place, so that by the time General Grant was ready to move on the city, they could bid defiance to any direct assault.

General Grant concentrated troops at Jackson, Tenn., whence he moved southward to La Grange in the same State. At the same time he concentrated other troops at Memphis; his object being to compel a considerable force of Rebels to remain in his front, while he sent an expedition down the Mississippi to attack Vicksburg in the rear by making a landing on the Yazoo River, which comes into the Mississippi a few miles above Vicksburg. He thought that by landing there it would be possible to enter the place without serious difficulty. As for the front of Vicksburg, an attack upon that was quite out of the question.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Vain attempt against Vicksburg. — Grant's long line of communications. — Dickey's raid. — Rebels capture Holly Springs. — Colonel Bowers and the muster-roll. — Grant falls back. — Movement from Memphis towards Vicksburg. — Canal-digging. — A misfortune. — Various expeditions. — Playing a joke on the Rebels. — Running the batteries. — Landing at Grand Gulf. — The first battle.

IN advancing south from Jackson, Grant had a long line of railway to protect, and it became longer every time he advanced. The whole country through which the railway ran was hostile to him and his movements, and it required a large force of men to keep the road open. All his supplies were drawn from Columbus; and he realized that if he pushed southward to the parallel of Vicksburg, one-half of his army would be required to guard the line and keep it open. So he determined that the best way for attacking Vicksburg was by the Mississippi River; in the meantime holding as many of the Rebel troops in front of him as he could.

The expedition to attempt to take Vicksburg in the rear by way of the Yazoo River proved a failure. An attack was made at Haines's Bluff, thirteen miles from Vicksburg; but contrary to expectation the place

proved to be strongly fortified and well defended. After four or five days up the Yazoo River, the expedition retired, and went into camp at Milliken's Bend on the western bank of the Mississippi, twenty-five miles above Vicksburg.

Meantime Grant had pushed south to Grenada, Miss.; and he realized more than ever the difficulty of keeping open a long line in consequence of a disaster which happened to him one day. While he had his headquarters at Grenada, he sent out a cavalry expedition to disable the Mobile and Ohio Railway; it was commanded by Colonel Dickey, who returned on the 19th of December. He immediately reported to General Grant, and said he had effectually torn up many miles of the road, burned bridges, and did all the destruction in his power.

Grant listened quietly to the report, showing no great interest until Dickey remarked that at one point he crossed the rear of a Rebel column which was estimated at about ten thousand strong, and was reported to be moving rapidly towards the North.

As Dickey said these words, Grant sprung from his chair, rushed to his desk, and wrote out an order. Calling for one of his aids, he said,—

“ Telegraph that order immediately! ”

It was to all commanders along the line north of Grenada, and told them to call in all their detach-

ments, exercise the utmost vigilance, and if attacked, to defend their posts at all hazards.

The orders were immediately telegraphed. Grant was in a fever of excitement all that day and the next. He expected some important intelligence, and did not have long to wait for it.

All the commanders acted promptly upon the order with a single exception; and that was at Holly Springs, Miss. He was a man who took things easily; and when the order came he read it, and then waited until next morning before obeying it.

It turned out that Holly Springs was the objective point of the Rebel column which Colonel Dickey reported. Holly Springs had been made the principal depot of supplies for Grant's army, and contained large quantities of provisions, forage, and war material generally. The Rebels appeared there one morning, and held possession of the place until nightfall. They destroyed millions of dollars worth of property, carried away some of the garrison as prisoners, and paroled others. They endeavored to parole everybody, as they did not want the bother of taking prisoners; but the Union soldiers understood the situation, and most of them refused to be paroled.

Colonel Bowers of Grant's staff had been sent to Holly Springs on special duty; and one evening he was occupied making a roll of the strength, sup-

plies, and location of every post in Grant's department. Such a document would have been worth thousands of dollars to the Rebel commander, and Bowers knew this well. At a late hour he finished the paper, rolled it up, and placed it on the mantel above the fireplace. The night was cold, and he told the sentry to replenish the fire from time to time.

Early the next morning he was waked by an altercation in front of his door. He stepped from his room, and found that two men were trying to disarm the sentinel. It took but a glance to tell him that the men were Rebel soldiers, and he quickly drew the inference that the Rebels held the town.

Instantly he jumped back to his room, and threw that precious roll of manuscript into the fire which had unfortunately burned very low; then he returned to the door, and parleyed with the captors so as to give the paper a chance to burn. The coals were almost dead, and it seemed as if that paper would never kindle into a blaze. He kept on talking with his captors, telling them where they would find whisky, tobacco, and other things of which some men are fond, and in various ways entertained them until he saw the paper burst into flame. Just then the men came into the office and the blaze attracted their attention. They tried to save the paper, but it was already consumed.

General Van Dorn was at the head of the raid, and Bowers was taken before him. He found Van Dorn reading Grant's order-book containing the orders for the battles of Iuka and Corinth. Van Dorn was very much interested in these orders, as he commanded in both battles. He carried the book away with him, and it was never recovered.

After this disaster, Grant withdrew his army to Holly Springs, and then marched across country to Memphis, where he began in earnest his movement for the capture of Vicksburg by way of the Mississippi. He said afterward that if he had known how easily an army of thirty thousand could have lived upon the country without any base of supplies, he would have marched southward, and entered Vicksburg by the rear, which at the time was not well fortified, all attention being given to the front. Down to that time there had been no example of an army of such magnitude subsisting in an enemy's country, and he did not therefore attempt it. As already stated, a portion of the army was already at Milliken's Bend, near Vicksburg. As fast as the divisions and brigades arrived at Memphis from the interior, they were put on steamboats and transported to the camp stretching from Milliken's Bend to Young's Point, opposite Vicksburg; and there the army remained for several weeks.

The fleet which had captured New Orleans, and turned the city over to General Butler and his land troops, moved up the river with little opposition as far as Vicksburg. Some of the vessels ran past the batteries and anchored above Young's Point, where they met the fleet of gunboats from above. The land forces followed this fleet, and took possession of Young's Point. General Williams, who commanded this force, originated the idea of digging a ditch across the neck of Young's Point and opening a navigable channel, so that boats might pass up and down without danger from the batteries of Vicksburg. His idea was to make a ditch sufficiently large to give a depth of a few feet of water, and then turn the river into it. It was thought that the rapid current would wash away the earth on both sides and soon make a navigable channel.

General Williams's troops dug a ditch which had a depth of only a few inches below the surface of the water. The river was let in, but it refused to cut away the earth; and after a time General Williams was ordered to Port Hudson, farther down the river, and the plan was abandoned.

When General Grant arrived, he professed great faith in the ditch idea, and promptly set a large force of men at work to enlarge the little channel which Williams had made. As the general had faith in the ditch, his subordinates had it likewise. They had good reason

for it, as channels had been made across necks of land in several places along the great river in just the manner described. A small channel was dug so as to let in a foot or two of water, and the river "did the rest." An old resident described to the writer the cutting of Raccourci Bend, where the river formerly made a sweep of twenty-eight miles to get around a point whose neck was less than half a mile across.

"The channel that was cut," said he, "was about ten feet wide; and when it was opened there were four or five feet of water in it. The river was rising, but for the first day it did not cut away much earth. The second day it rose more, and we began to see the bank crumble. By the morning of the third day the channel was two hundred feet wide; and every few minutes you could see a big piece of earth tumbling over into it. In four days from the time the water was let in, there was a good big channel, navigable for the largest steamboats; and one of them came up the river that day, and went through it."

For the greater part of its length, the Mississippi River is the dividing line between States. Thus, it separates Iowa and Missouri from Illinois, Kentucky from Tennessee, and Mississippi from Louisiana. The main channel is the dividing line; and consequently when a so-called cut-off becomes the main channel, property is transferred from one State to another. Be-

fore the war, a plantation in Missouri was thus sent over into Illinois by the action of the river itself. The slaves on that plantation were liberated by the action of the river. "Thus, you see," said the man who had narrated the circumstance to the writer, as he pointed out the locality, "thus you see, sir, the elements themselves are in favor of freedom."

At one time Grant had as many as four thousand men working on the ditch, with an equipment of carts, horses, and dredges. Worked was pushed, and progressed rapidly until the pressure of the water broke the dam at the head of the canal, and inundated it completely. The men who were in the canal at the time escaped; but the carts and dredges were overwhelmed, and many horses were drowned. Work was abandoned; but it was understood that it would be resumed as soon as the river fell sufficiently to permit the building of a new dam and the removal of the water.

The Rebels established batteries opposite the lower end of the canal so as to command it completely; and General Grant proceeded to erect similar batteries on his side of the river in order to silence the Rebel fire. It turned out afterward that, while professing great faith in the canal project, Grant had no faith in it whatever. It began and ended in eddies in the river, and therefore there would have been no current to wash it out. Even if finished, the Rebels would pre-

vent its use to any great extent by the batteries before mentioned. But anything was better than idleness; as long as the army had faith in the canal, and were occupied on it, they were not likely to lose heart, as would have been the case had the troops lain idle for weeks and weeks waiting for the river to fall. Nothing could be done with the Mississippi at the height it then was; but it was difficult to make everybody understand the state of affairs.

With the same spirit, and with the same objects in view, Grant sent various expeditions to open possible water-ways by means of the lakes, rivers, and bayous on the western side of the Mississippi Valley all the way from Memphis to the Gulf of Mexico. One of his schemes was to cut the levee or artificial bank of the Mississippi at Lake Providence near Milliken's Bend. The water thus let in flooded an immense area, and such was its depth that a steamboat was floated over cotton- and cornfields several miles from the banks of the great river. The scheme was to reach the Red River, and afterwards the Mississippi, by following a series of lakes and bayous till the first named river was reached. One after another of these plans were carried out as far as they could be carried. All resulted in failure as to their ostensible objects; but on the other hand they were all successful in keeping the army occupied and in good spirits, and at the same

time hoodwinking the enemy, and greatly disturbing his peace of mind.

The real movement for the capture of Vicksburg was all the time being perfected in Grant's mind; but he dared not mention it to any one, not even to an officer of his staff. He discussed with Admiral Porter the possibility of running the batteries with gunboats and transports, but gave no hint as to the use he would make of them in case they got safely through below Vicksburg.

One of the gunboats, the Indianola, had run the batteries some time before, and after a series of adventures had been captured by the Rebels, and was tied up at the shore below Vicksburg undergoing repairs. Porter suggested that a dummy should be sent down to feel the batteries, and find out where they were. Grant assented to the idea, and an old coal-barge was fitted up to resemble a steamboat. She had chimneys made of pork-barrels piled endwise, one on top of another; and in the topmost barrel of each chimney there was a quantity of tar, mixed with sand and sawdust so that it would smoke furiously while burning. Furnaces were built of old brick, and filled with a mixture of tar and coal; and a small out-building from a plantation was stood up between the chimneys as a pilot-house.

One dark night this bogus steamboat was towed down to within two miles of Vicksburg, and then

allowed to drift with the current. The batteries opened fire on her, the long roll was beaten, and the whole garrison was under arms. A Confederate gun-boat lying at the Vicksburg landing-place fled in terror down the river for fear of being destroyed by the terrible monster. All the batteries fired repeatedly at the dreaded foe, and the Rebels blew up the captured gun-boat Indianola for fear of losing her. The stranger finally went aground on a shoal close to the Vicksburg shore, and about three miles below the town. The reader may imagine the disgust of the Rebels, from the highest general down to the lowest private soldier, when they found how they had been deceived.

Shortly after this exploit the wooden steamer, Queen of the West, which had been fitted up as a ram, went past the batteries of Vicksburg in the gray of the early dawn. In passing she delivered a blow with her prow and fired several shots from her guns at the Rebel gun-boat City of Vicksburg, which was lying at the landing. During the delay thus caused, and while she was under the fire of the batteries, she was penetrated by a dozen or more shots. She escaped with little injury, and created a great deal of havoc among the Rebel transports and the supply-boats on the Mississippi and Red Rivers, until she was finally captured.

Her exploit led the river men to say that any of the boats could run the batteries just as well as the Queen of the West.

Early in April the grand movement began. Grant marched a division of his army down the west bank of the Mississippi to New Carthage, which is several miles below Vicksburg. On the night of the 16th there was a commotion in Vicksburg. Porter's flag-ship, the Benton, led the fleet of gunboats and transports past the batteries amid the fire from the Rebel guns which lined the banks of the Mississippi for miles. The gunboats engaged the batteries, while the transports, with their boilers protected by bales of hay, hugged the Louisiana shore as closely as possible. The Rebels burned great bonfires and set houses ablaze, so that the whole river was lighted up.

For two hours and more the procession of river craft kept on, and during all that time the thunder of the cannon could be heard for many miles around. One transport was set on fire by an exploding shell and burned. Her crew took to small boats and escaped. None of the men on the gunboats were killed, and only eight were wounded. On the transports not a single man was injured. The fleet arrived at New Carthage before daylight, and was warmly greeted by the division of Grant's army that waited there.

A week later another expedition of six transports and twelve barges ran the batteries in the same way. One steamer and six barges were sunk, and one man killed and five or six wounded. The soldiers began to

hold the batteries in great contempt, and many of them said they would much rather take the risk of running down the river on steamboats than endure the fatigue of marching overland to New Carthage.

One division followed another, and in a very short time Grant had the bulk of his army concentrated below Vicksburg. His next move was to capture Grand Gulf, on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, and commanding the mouth of the Big Black River. Until it was in Union hands Grant was unable to make the next move for the capture of Vicksburg.

McClernand's division was embarked on transports ready to move when the signal was given. The gunboat fleet steamed down the river, and attacked the batteries at Grand Gulf; but the attack proved a failure. The battle lasted five hours; and at the end of that time not a gun of the enemy had been silenced, but the fleet had suffered badly. On board the Benton, the admiral's flag-ship, a shell exploded, killing and wounding more than twenty men. Every vessel of the gunboat fleet was hit repeatedly, one of them more than forty times. Porter drew off at the time mentioned, and was joined by Grant, who had watched the fight from the deck of a small tug. Porter declared that it was impossible to take the batteries with the gunboats. The position of the upper batteries was such that they could not engage them effectively.

"All right," replied Grant; "you've done your best; you may attack again after dark this evening. You will thus draw the attention of the Rebels, and while you are engaging them, the transports can run quietly past and make a landing below Grand Gulf.

Grant's plan was carried out, and the transports slipped by, quite unknown to the Rebels. As many men as the transports could carry were ferried over to Bruinsburg, where there was a good landing; and General Grant had learned that there was a good road running back to Port Gibson, where the Rebels had a small garrison.

The movement was successfully carried out, and without opposition. Two divisions of Grant's army landed on the eastern bank of the Mississippi with good roads in front of them, which would place them in the rear of Grand Gulf and also of Vicksburg. Transportation was limited, and the army stripped for a rapid campaign. Every ounce of weight that could possibly be spared was left behind. The soldiers carried their clothing, arms, and ammunition, and hardly anything else. The leader set the example; he took no tent for himself, nor even a change of clothing. His entire personal baggage consisted of a tooth-brush, a pouch of tobacco, a pocket-knife, and a briar-wood pipe. For the first day he had no horse, and neither did any of his staff. On the second day

the horses were brought over, and the officers had their usual mounts.

The first encounter with the enemy took place when the head of McCleernand's division was about eight miles back from the river. It began with a skirmish that speedily developed into a battle; and the battle became so strong that it was necessary to order up Logan's division to take part in the affair. Logan came promptly; and with his customary dash and enthusiasm he rushed into the fight, followed by his equally enthusiastic soldiers.

The battle was obstinately contested, but it resulted favorably to the Union arms. The last position for which the enemy contended was a ravine among the hills; and in trying to take it the attacking force suffered a heavy loss. General McPherson was sent around to make an attack in the rear. His movement was completely successful. He reached the Rebel rear quite undiscovered; and when his soldiers burst from their concealment with a loud yell, the enemy took to flight immediately.

Fighting continued until nightfall, and then the army halted. The soldiers bivouacked on the ground as best they could; and most of their officers did likewise, as all were without tents or baggage. Grant and his staff slept in a fine house, which had been deserted by its white owners and left in charge of

the negro servants. The negroes gave their guests an excellent supper and breakfast, and furnished them with the softest of beds on which to sleep. In the morning two large white horses were discovered in the stable, and brought forward for the use of the staff. By this time the staff was pretty well mounted, and from that time on there was no lack of horses around general headquarters.

CHAPTER XIX.

Intercepted dispatches.—The march continued.—Battle of Raymond.—Capture of Jackson.—Destruction of rebel factories and store-houses.—General Joseph E. Johnston.—Pemberton comes out to meet Grant.—Battle of Champion Hills, and defeat of rebels.—Pemberton retires to Vicksburg.—Investment of the place.—The siege.—Exploding a mine.—Famine in Vicksburg.

PORT GIBSON was captured and occupied the next morning. In the telegraph office was found a dispatch from General Bowen, the commander at Grand Gulf, to General Pemberton at Vicksburg, urging the latter to hurry up reinforcements. While General Grant was reading this message, a flag of truce came from General Bowen, asking for a suspension of hostilities, and permission to enter the Union lines to bury the dead and remove the wounded. Grant acknowledged to Bowen the receipt of his request, and referred in his letter to the captured dispatch, which suggested to him that the flag of truce was merely a pretext to gain time. Consequently he declined Bowen's request, assuring him that the dead would be buried and the wounded cared for.

The capture of Port Gibson caused the evacuation of Grand Gulf, which speedily became the base of

supplies for Grant's army. Stores were accumulated there as fast as they could be brought down from above Vicksburg, and pushed forward to Grant's army; so that it was fairly well supplied. Grant lived upon the country as far as it was possible to do so; and foraging parties were constantly kept at work to bring in all the cattle that could be found, together with all other material suitable for food.

But the plan was a bold one,—more than a bold one; it was audacious. Grant was moving towards the rear of a city which contained at that time more troops than he had under his immediate command, and reinforcements to a number not ascertained were moving in the direction of Vicksburg. It was necessary to strike the line of railway leading into Vicksburg before these reinforcements could arrive. If he could fight the enemy in detail he might win; but if he allowed them to unite with Pemberton's forces in Vicksburg, the combined strength would be too much for him.

Grant decided to cut loose from his base, take as much provisions as his men could carry, and move as rapidly as possible, so as to intercept the reinforcements that were coming from the east. He sent word to General Halleck that he should not communicate any more with Grand Gulf, and could not say at what point he might next be heard from. The course of the Big Black River, which by the

way is a very crooked stream, is generally south-west. Grant marched along its eastern side, thus keeping the river between himself and Pemberton, and making of it a good protection for his left flank.

Grant reached the line of railway at Edwards's Depot, and concentrated his whole army at that point and at Bolton, a short distance to the north and east. At a small town called Raymond, McPherson's division on the extreme right encountered a force of about five thousand Rebels under General Gregg; and they made a stubborn fight, which lasted three hours and more. At the end of the battle the Rebels retreated; and somewhat to Grant's surprise they retreated to the east, and not toward Vicksburg. He immediately surmised that reinforcements were coming from the east; and he decided at once that it would never do, even if he should defeat Pemberton, to allow such a force in his rear.

His original intention was to press in the direction of Vicksburg, and send a small expedition to Jackson to destroy the supplies there; but on hearing this intelligence he instantly changed all his plans, and issued orders for the entire army to move in the direction of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, and the junction of several railways, to destroy whatever military stores had been accumulated there, and disable the railways.

Before the movement began, Grant learned from the country people, particularly from the negroes, that there was a considerable force at Jackson ready to fight him. He pressed forward; and his advance encountered the enemy at Clinton, several miles to the west of Jackson. This was on the 13th of May; and on that day General Joseph E. Johnston arrived at Jackson, and assumed command of all the Confederate troops in Mississippi. Grant expected that Johnston would send word to Pemberton to come out from Vicksburg and attack Grant's rear, while Johnston himself would attack in front.

"At any rate," Grant said, "that is what I should do under similar circumstances." It turned out that Johnston did give exactly such an order.

By the morning of the 14th of May, Johnston had a force of eleven thousand men under his command, confronted by about twenty-five thousand of Grant's troops. It rained heavily during the night of the 13th and the morning of the 14th, putting the roads into a horrible condition. The ground was covered with water; but the soldiers trudged steadily along, and were ready for the work required of them. As they moved in upon the city, they found it well fortified. The two divisions of the Union army stretched out, and lapped around the fortifications on either side. Johnston saw that his enemy was much

stronger than himself; and after a little fighting he ordered a retreat, leaving most of his artillery to be captured. With slight opposition the Union troops pressed forward, and a little past noon the Union flag was flying over the State House of Mississippi.

The retreating Rebels set fire to their store-houses, and destroyed a large amount of army supplies. Nearly all business had stopped, and the town was quiet, although there was one manufactory of tent-cloth in full operation. The operatives, mostly women, remained at their posts; and the manager attended to his duties as though nothing had happened. Accompanied by several of his officers, General Grant visited this factory; and after looking on for a while as the machines were turning out rolls of cloth with the letters "C. S. A." woven into each piece at regular intervals, he suggested that it was time to stop the business. He told the manager to notify the operatives to quit work immediately, and that they might take away, for their own use, as much clothing as they could carry. They obeyed the order with alacrity; and as soon as they had departed the factory was set on fire and consumed, together with several hundred bales of cotton that were piled around it.

General Grant intercepted a dispatch from Johnston to Pemberton, telling him to come out and attack Grant's army. Satisfied that the dispatch was

genuine, Grant made a dispersion of his troops to prevent the success of Johnston's plan. Through the inhabitants of the country he kept fully informed of the movements of Johnston and Pemberton; and he maneuvered, so as to bring on an engagement at Champion Hills.

Pemberton selected that position for an engagement, and it was a very good selection indeed. It is one of the highest of the hills in the whole region about, and commanded the ground in every direction. There are roads running from Champion Hills to several points of the compass; and Pemberton's forces covered all these roads, so that the enemy could by no possibility make an advance towards the hill without being discovered.

The Rebel pickets were driven in early in the forenoon of the 16th of May; and it wasn't long before the skirmishing developed into a battle, which soon became severe, especially with McPherson's and Logan's divisions. At one time Logan's division was between Pemberton and Vicksburg, so that the Rebel line of retreat was cut off; but neither Grant nor Logan knew it at the time. The fighting became so severe on the other front of the battle, that General Hovey, who commanded the assault, sent for reinforcements. In order to strengthen him, a portion of Logan's division was moved around until it met



BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

Hovey's flank. This movement uncovered the line of retreat towards Vicksburg, whereupon the enemy embraced the opportunity, and retreated in the direction of their fortifications.

The battle lasted altogether about four hours, and before it fairly opened there were at least two hours of pretty heavy skirmishing. About fifteen thousand Union troops were actually engaged in the fight; and the loss in killed and wounded was fully twenty-five hundred. Pemberton's loss was over three thousand killed and wounded, and about three thousand prisoners. If General Grant had been able to bring up all his troops, the probability is that he would have captured the whole force that was with Pemberton. One division of Pemberton's army, under General Loring, did not get back to Vicksburg at all. Its line of retreat was cut off; and it was obliged to march to the south, and by a circuitous route join the forces under Johnston.

Pemberton fell back to Vicksburg, contrary to the orders he had received from Johnston. Johnston directed him that, if unsuccessful in an encounter with the enemy, he was to make a night march to the Big Black, and by moving north and east make a junction with Johnston. Of course that movement would have abandoned Vicksburg; but it would have avoided a worse calamity, that of surrendering the place six weeks later with all its garrison.

The Rebels made a stand at the crossing of the Big Black, but were quickly dispersed after a sharp fight of less than an hour. The enemy succeeded in burning the bridge just after crossing; and as the river was high, the advance of the Union forces was temporarily stopped. Three temporary bridges were constructed,—one of rafts fastened together, and another of cotton-bales similarly fastened. The third one was made by felling trees from opposite sides of the river, so that they would fall across the stream with their branches interlaced and without entirely severing the trees from their stumps. The interlacing branches were firmly fastened together, and then the bridge was built above with the trees to support it. In less than twenty hours from the time the Rebels were driven away, all three of the bridges were finished, and the troops were marching across. Had it not been for the destruction of the original bridge, it is probable that Grant's troops would have pursued so closely on the demoralized and retreating enemy that they would have entered Vicksburg and captured it without serious opposition. The time lost in their advance by the destruction of the bridge was of great value to the Confederates.

There was no more serious fighting between the two armies until the rear of Vicksburg was reached, and the right wing of the army rested on Haines's

Bluff, and opened communication with the gunboat fleet, and the transports that were waiting there with supplies for the army. Immediately roads were built; and as fast as the teams could move them, cases and barrels and bags and boxes of provisions were brought forward and distributed. Cheer upon cheer greeted the commissary wagons as they arrived and discharged their burdens. The men had now been out more than twenty days, with only five days' rations. They had lived upon the country, and on the whole had lived well; but they longed for regular supplies of the bacon and other food to which they were accustomed.

Just before the provisions came, General Grant happened to be riding along the line when one of the soldiers said under his breath, “Hard-tack.” The cry was taken up by the others, and very quickly it was in every mouth. General Grant appreciated the situation; and stopping his horse for a moment, he said,—

“Boys, we’re building roads to bring you provisions just as soon as we can get them to you.”

This was enough. Cheer upon cheer rose from the long line, and the cheering did not die away until the general was out of sight.

General Grant drew his lines around Vicksburg; and when he did so he had fewer men in his com-

mand than were afterwards surrendered by General Pemberton. He sent to Washington asking for reinforcements, meantime strengthening his position as much as possible. There was constant skirmishing for several days, and on one or two occasions it rose almost to the extent of a battle. On the 22d of May an assault was made on all parts of the line; and at several points the troops succeeded in reaching the enemy's parapets and planting their flags upon them; but at no place were they able to enter. The fighting did not end until nightfall, when the troops retired from the positions they had gained. Thus ended the last assault upon Vicksburg.

Now began the siege. The line of investment was more than fifteen miles long, extending from Haines's Bluff, above Vicksburg, to Warrenton, below the city. The Rebel line was about seven miles long. Grant had far too few troops to hold such a long line; and in addition, he had to watch out for Johnston, who might attack him at any moment. Reinforcements were needed, and they came promptly. General Halleck appreciated the situation fully, and hurried reinforcements and supplies to Grant with great rapidity.

The investing lines around Vicksburg were formed on the 18th of May. In twenty days Grant's army had marched two hundred miles, and fought five

battles ; it had taken six thousand prisoners, and had killed and wounded as many more ; it had captured ninety pieces of artillery, destroyed the Rebel store-houses and factories at Jackson, cut off Pemberton's communications, and bottled him up in Vicksburg. And all this had been accomplished with a loss in killed, wounded, and missing of a little over four thousand men !

The siege-works were pushed all along the line, and in some places besieged and besiegers were only a few yards apart. There was constant skirmishing and sharp-shooting on both sides, and many men fell under the bullets of their enemies. The ditches were so close together that the opposing pickets frequently talked to each other in a friendly and familiar way, and sometimes the Union men exchanged coffee or tea for packages of tobacco. Tobacco was abundant in the Confederate lines ; but coffee and tea were very scarce, so that the trade was generally to the advantage of the Northern side.

Sometimes there was quite an exchange of rough wit in the dialogues between the opposing sides. One day a newspaper writer who had gone to the Union front made a memorandum of a conversation like this :—

“ What are you-uns doin' out there ? ” a Rebel picket called out.

"Guarding thirty thousand of you prisoners, and making you board yourselves," was the reply.

"Good enough," retorted the Rebel. "Why don't you come and take Vicksburg?"

"We don't want to just now," replied the Union soldier; "Grant is waiting for the transportation to take you up North."

"We've got a lot of your old flags here; what shall we do with them?"

"Make shirts of 'em," replied the Northerner. "They'll look better than your old butternut."

"Will you trade coffee for tobacco?"

"Certainly," was the answer, "just to oblige you, but we've got lots of both. Fling 'er over here."

Occasionally it would be agreed among the soldiers that they would suspend firing for a stipulated number of minutes. That would give an opportunity for a good-natured parley in full view of each other. On several occasions of this sort the Rebel soldiers took the opportunity to escape into the Union lines, whereupon General Pemberton issued an order prohibiting any more of these friendly arrangements.

Pemberton was not an able commander, but he was thoroughly in sympathy with the rebellion. Notwithstanding these circumstances, he was frequently accused by his own people of sympathizing with the North. He endeavored to set these rumors at rest

one day by a speech to his men, of which the following is an extract :—

“ You have heard that I was incompetent and a traitor, and that it was my intention to sell Vicksburg. When the last pound of beef, bacon, and flour, the last grain of corn, the last cow, and hog, and horse, and mule, shall have been consumed, and the last man shall have perished in the trenches, then, and only then, will I surrender Vicksburg ! ”

Within a week after the beginning of the siege, there were evidences of famine in Vicksburg. The soldiers were put on half-rations, and the same rule was adopted in regard to citizens. Several times General Pemberton endeavored to negotiate with General Grant to send away the citizens, together with their families; but each time the proposition was emphatically refused. Grant said :—

“ I am sorry for the unfortunate citizens; but this is war, and we are besieging Vicksburg. The more people that remain there, the sooner must the city surrender. If I allow Pemberton to send away all noncombatants, it will prolong the siege. My intention is to shorten it. Therefore everybody now in the place must remain there ! ”

Flour rose in the besieged city to one thousand dollars a barrel in Confederate currency, and meat sold for two hundred and fifty dollars a pound. Diseases

caused by hunger, fatigue, and terror added to the horrors of the condition of the besieged. All parts of the city were reached by the Union shot and shell. Soldiers in the hospitals, citizens in their offices, and men, women, and children in their homes, were killed by the shells. Many of the citizens resorted to caves dug in the bluffs on which Vicksburg stands. Some of the excavations were of considerable size, and were furnished with carpets, beds, chairs, tables, and other things brought from the houses. Most of these caves were bomb-proof, but unhappily all were not so. Occasionally a shot or shell penetrated through to the interior of a cave, and killed or wounded the occupants. In one case a child, sleeping by its mother's side, was torn in pieces by a shell which came through the roof of the cave and then exploded.

So great was the scarcity of food that every cat and dog around Vicksburg was slaughtered and eaten. In many instances rats and mice were caught for the same purpose; and some of the poorer people, together with some of the soldiers, became experienced ratters in the struggle to support life. It was learned that some of the inhabitants had secreted quantities of food in their houses previous to the siege, in expectation of a calamity of the very kind which had arrived. General Pemberton ordered a search of all suspected houses, and a seizure for army purposes of everything that should

be discovered. For the last two days of the siege everybody was reduced to one-quarter rations; and there was loud complaining by the soldiers, who were nearly ready for mutiny. Nearly every horse and mule in Vicksburg had been slaughtered. The only horses that escaped were those of General Pemberton and his staff, together with those of the highest officers serving under him.

Grant's army was well supplied with provisions, which were landed at Haines's Bluff, and then brought by wagons for distribution along the rear of the line. The soldiers suffered greatly from dysentery, caused by the unwholesome water which they were compelled to use. The officers were in the same category as the men, and some of them were ill the most of the time. The negroes living in the neighborhood brought in some roots and herbs as remedies; one of them, called dittany, was especially recommended, and its efficaciousness was shown by a few trials. Under its healing influence many of the sufferers in the army recovered their health in a short time.

After digging twelve miles of trenches, and getting two hundred pieces of artillery in position, Grant caused a mine to be made under Fort Hill, one of the strongest points of the Rebel defenses. It was dug underground, from inside the Union lines, directly under the hill; and then branches or galleries were

extended in several directions, the intention being to blow up the entire hill. Nearly a ton of powder was placed in the galleries and connected by fuses.

When all was ready, a cannonade was ordered along the whole line, and then the mine was exploded. Only a portion of the powder ignited, and consequently all of the fort was not blown up. A great many timbers, rocks, and guns, together with all the men then in that part of the fort, were blown into the air, accompanied by a vast cloud of smoke. Most of the men thus blown up were killed, but not all. Some came down only slightly hurt; and one negro, who was working underground at that time, fell within our lines. He gathered himself up, and to the astonishment of everybody who saw him, was practically unhurt, but terribly frightened. An officer asked him, as he slowly recovered his senses, how far up in the air he went.

"I don' know, sah," he replied; "but I tink about free miles."

"Do you want to go back to Vicksburg?"

"No, sah; as long's I's come here I done reckon I'll stay. De Lord hab sent me."

And he staid.

CHAPTER XX.

Result of the mine. — The Lord and Joe Johnston. — A flag of truce. — Terms of surrender. — Vicksburg in Union hands. — Rudeness of General Pemberton. — Grant's "Yankee trick." — Surrender of Port Hudson. — Grant ordered to Cairo. — Commanding the grand military division of the Mississippi. — Grant at Chattanooga. — A state of siege. — Capture of Lookout Valley. — Charge of the mule brigade.

THE column of troops was ready to make an assault through the breach, but the mass of *débris* which fell back into the crater formed by the explosion greatly impeded their progress. The Rebels recoiled for a moment when the explosion took place; but they quickly rallied, and defeated all attempts of the Northern men to enter. There was a sharp contest, in which the bayonet was used and many hand-to-hand fights took place. Hand grenades were thrown over on both sides until the supply was exhausted. As soon as it became apparent that the assault would not be successful, the troops that made it were withdrawn.

One day a Rebel woman, who had been brought into Grant's presence, sneeringly asked him how much longer it was going to take him to go into Vicksburg.

"I can't say exactly," he replied; "but I shall stay here until I do, if it takes thirty years."

Several times during the siege, dispatches between Pemberton and Johnston were captured; they showed that Johnston intended to attack the besieging army, and thus relieve Pemberton. Johnston was known to be in the neighborhood of Jackson, and scouts were kept on the watch to ascertain if there was any movement in the direction of the besieged city. Grant had received large reinforcements; and though he would not detach any of his troops from the siege, he ordered a strong force to be ready to march against Johnston in case he made an offensive movement. A Rebel officer in Vicksburg wrote to his wife a letter which was captured. At the close of the letter he said, "We put our faith in the Lord, and expect Joe Johnston to come to our relief." In sending the order to one of his commanders to be ready in case of Johnston's advance, Grant added:—

"They seem to put a good deal of faith in the Lord and Joe Johnston, but you must whip Joe Johnston at least fifteen miles from here!"

As the end of June came, the army grew weary of the siege; and though quite confident of capturing Vicksburg, the soldiers were very impatient. Grant determined to make another assault on the 4th of July, but he was prevented from doing so by circumstances not altogether unforeseen.

On the morning of the 3d a white flag appeared

at one part of the Rebel works. Of course all firing at that point ceased; and the Rebel General Bowen came forward to the Union lines, where he was blindfolded and taken to General A. J. Smith, who commanded at that point. General Bowen asked for an interview with General Grant, but his request was promptly denied; thereupon he presented the following letter:—

HEADQUARTERS, VICKSBURG,

July 3, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT,

Commanding United States Forces.

General,— I have the honor to propose to you an armistice of — hours, with a view to arranging terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end, if agreeable to you, I will appoint three commissioners to meet a like number to be named by yourself, at such place and hour as you may find convenient. I make this proposition to save the further effusion of blood, which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for a yet indefinite period. This communication will be handed to you, under a flag of truce by Major-General John S. Bowen.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. C. PEMBERTON,

Lieut.-Gen.

White flags appeared all along the line, and in the constant fusillade and bombardment for the past six weeks, the stillness was almost oppressive.

In a verbal reply, Grant named three o'clock in the afternoon of that day as the time when he would meet Pemberton. At that hour Grant and several of his officers rode out from the lines, and halted under a small oak-tree. A few minutes later General Pemberton appeared, accompanied by General Bowen and another officer. Grant was well acquainted with both Pemberton and Bowen, having served with the former in Mexico, and lived as a near neighbor to the latter in St. Louis. He shook hands with both of them, and Bowen introduced to General Pemberton the Union officers that accompanied General Grant. Pemberton drew himself up with an air of dignity, and said:—

“I’ve come to see if we can arrange terms for the surrender of Vicksburg. What is your demand?”

“All the terms I have I stated in my letter of this morning,” replied Grant.

Pemberton answered with even more haughtiness,—

“If that is so, the conference may terminate at once, and hostilities be resumed.”

“Very well,” responded Grant; “my army has never been in better condition to prosecute the siege.”

Pemberton turned as though he intended to be as good as his word; but General Bowen, who accompanied him, interposed, and suggested that the matter be discussed further. To this Grant assented, and

then he and Pemberton stepped aside from the rest. Grant was calmly smoking a cigar, and he motioned to Pemberton to sit down beside him on the ground. As they sat there talking, Grant remained motionless, while the Confederate leader nervously pulled up the thin grass around him.

They talked together only a few minutes; and then Grant called up McPherson and A. J. Smith, while Pemberton called upon Bowen to join them. Grant adhered, though not with an air of absolute firmness, to his terms of unconditional surrender; while Pemberton insisted that the Union commander ought to be satisfied with the place, and the cannon, ammunition, and public stores which it contained. He reiterated that he had abundant provisions, and could hold out for a much longer period. The other three officers who had been called in made various suggestions, and in less than half an hour the terms of surrender were practically settled. Then the parties separated, Pemberton going back to Vicksburg, and Grant returning to his headquarters to write out the conditions.

There was further correspondence between Grant and Pemberton, and two or three hitches; but before the day was ended the whole matter was completely arranged. The Rebel soldiers were to march out from Vicksburg, pile their guns and flags in front of the Union lines, and then march back again and remain in

their old camps until they were paroled. Officers were permitted to retain their side-arms and personal baggage, and the soldiers were allowed all their clothing, but nothing else.

At eight o'clock the next morning, July 4, Logan's division marched into Vicksburg and took possession. His men fraternized at once with the Confederate soldiers, talking to them in a most friendly way, and in numerous cases giving the hungry Rebels food from their haversacks. All through the town there were little groups of the Blue and the Gray; and at almost every step, while walking along the streets, one would encounter pairs of soldiers, Union and Confederate, chatting and strolling together as though they had been acquaintances of twenty years. The Confederates frequently assumed the position of hosts or guides, and pointed out to the strangers places of interest in the town.

Grant gave orders for rations to be issued to the Confederate troops when asked for in proper form. Pemberton's statement that he had an abundance of provisions was, to say the least, a piece of boasting, as the garrison had been in a condition of starvation for several days. It is needless to say that the applications for rations came very quickly.

There was loud and long-continued cheering through the entire length of the Union lines when the knowl-

edge of the surrender became known. General Grant issued orders that there should be no cheering when the Confederate troops marched out and piled their guns, as agreed, in front of the Union lines. He felt that the men who made such a noble defense of the fortifications of Vicksburg, and had fought for the cause which they considered right, should not be humiliated any more than was absolutely necessary; and afterwards, when the troops had been paroled and were marched through the Union lines in the direction of Jackson, he repeated the order at all points where the line of march had been laid out. To his dogged persistency in attacking his foe, he added a heartfelt generosity to that same foe after he had surrendered.

As soon as the terms of surrender were settled and the agreement signed, Grant sent the two divisions of his army which comprised the Fifteenth Corps in pursuit of Johnston, who was known to be about half-way between Vicksburg and Jackson. Very quickly Johnston's army was broken, scattered, and in full retreat. It was pursued a considerable distance beyond Jackson, and put in such a condition that it was of little use afterwards as an army.

After Logan's division had taken possession of Vicksburg, Grant rode into the place, accompanied by his staff and a small escort. He went first to General Pemberton's headquarters to return the visit of

that officer, and was received with scant courtesy. Pemberton and his staff were sitting on the veranda of the Rebel headquarters, and not one of them rose to greet their visitors, or asked them to be seated. General Grant was thirsty, and asked for a drink of water; General Pemberton merely motioned with his hand in the direction of the rear of the building, where there was a well. Grant followed the direction, and found the well surrounded by negroes, who were assuaging their thirst with the water. One of them went into the house and brought out a glass, which he filled and offered to Grant. The latter thanked him, and accepted the proffered drink.

Grant's officers were very indignant at this uncivil treatment of their chief, and did not hesitate to say so. Grant laughed and said,—

“I guess I can stand it if Pemberton can. These fellows have no occasion to feel particularly gracious towards us.”

Returning from the well, Grant remained standing for a moment, and then with some irony in his tone thanked General Pemberton for his hospitality, and bade him good-day.

All of Grant's division commanders thought the terms very lenient; and the opinion was prevalent that the Rebel troops should have been taken North as prisoners of war instead of being paroled, but they after-

wards admitted that their leader acted far more shrewdly than they thought. If the men were held as prisoners of war, and there were thirty-one thousand of them, it would have cost a great deal of money to transport them up the Mississippi River, and then by railway to the regular point of exchange on the James River near Richmond, meantime guarding them as prisoners until they could be regularly exchanged. Grant's idea was that most of them were tired of fighting, and would go straight to their homes as soon as they were outside our lines.

The result proved the correctness of his reasoning. Some of the men refused to be paroled, and were sent North as prisoners of war. Others gave their paroles, but remained within the Union lines, refusing to march out with their comrades. Pemberton begged hard for a sufficient number of guns to arm a guard to keep the discontented ones from straggling, but this Grant refused. As soon as the Rebel column was outside our lines, the men began to straggle in every direction; and by the time Pemberton was fairly on Confederate soil, not more than ten thousand men remained of the thirty-one thousand that had been surrendered. Pemberton declared that Grant's performance was a Yankee trick, and when all the facts are considered it looks very much that way.

The Mississippi was now open from Cairo to the

Gulf of Mexico with the single exception of Port Hudson, which was then besieged by General Banks. Grant immediately wrote to Banks, offering him all the men he wanted for the capture of the stronghold. Banks caused a copy of this letter, in which was the announcement of the surrender of Vicksburg, to fall into the hands of General Gardner, who then commanded at Port Hudson. Gardner immediately wrote to Banks, saying that if Vicksburg had really surrendered it would be useless for him to hold out any longer. Banks replied on his word of honor that Vicksburg had really fallen, whereupon Gardner surrendered unconditionally on the 9th of July. Thus was the Mississippi River open to Union navigation throughout its whole course. "The Father of Waters flowed unvexed to the sea."

News of the surrender of Vicksburg caused great rejoicing throughout the entire North, and especially so as it came almost simultaneously with the victory of Gettysburg, where the Rebellion reached its high-water mark, and the tide was turned back never to rise again. The capture of Vicksburg and the defeat at Gettysburg were considered by many people as practically the end of the war, but it was not so with the great military leaders on either side. The South had yet many men in the field; she had able soldiers; and whatever views may be entertained of the right or

wrong of their cause, they believed in it, and fought for it as gallantly as did those who fought on the other side to maintain the Union. Grant realized that there was still a great deal of fighting to be done before the war would come to an end; and in the same dispatch in which he announced officially the fall of Vicksburg, he asked for orders as to what he should do next.

After the fall of Port Hudson, General Banks, with the greater part of his army, returned to New Orleans; and shortly after he did so, General Grant went down the river to pay him a visit. Before starting, he asked permission to capture Mobile, which was not strongly defended; but the Government had other movements in contemplation, and took away a considerable portion of Grant's army to reinforce General Banks. Great Britain and France were affording aid and comfort to the Rebellion by their conduct in Mexico, in whose national affairs they had intervened. It had been determined to send a strong force to the Rio Grande, and occupy the left bank of that river opposite Matamoras. Grant's forces were further weakened to reinforce Rosecrans in Tennessee.

A day or two after Grant's arrival in New Orleans, General Banks held a review of his troops in honor of his guest. Knowing that Grant was a fine equestrian, Banks had supplied a very high-spirited horse

for Grant's use. The animal was restive, and it was with difficulty Grant could control him during the review.

On their return to the city the horse became unmanageable, and taking fright at a locomotive, ran against a carriage, and fell with his whole weight on Grant's leg and hip. He was picked up nearly insensible, and carried on a stretcher to the hotel where he was stopping. He was confined to his bed about twenty days, taking his confinement philosophically, and amusing himself with one of the funniest American books ever published, "Phenixiana." He remarked one day to a friend that he was illustrating the truth of a Chinese proverb which is thus rendered in pidgin-English:—

"What man swim best, that man most catcheee drown ;
Who lidee best make mostee tumble down."

As soon as he could get about on crutches, Grant returned to Vicksburg, where he was joined by his family. There was very little activity in military movements in his department at that time, and he waited with some impatience for orders to do something.

On the 10th of October, Grant received the following dispatch from General Halleck:—

"It is the wish of the Secretary of War that, as soon as General Grant is able to take the field, he will go to Cairo and report by telegraph."

The dispatch was received about noon, and before sunset Grant was ascending the river in the direction of Cairo. On reaching that place he found the following order waiting for him : —

" Proceed by way of Indianapolis to the Galt House, Louisville, Ky., where you will meet an officer of the War Department with your orders and instructions. You will take with you your staff for immediate operations in the field."

He proceeded by the first train ; and on reaching Indianapolis he met Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, who joined him on the train and accompanied him to Louisville. It was the first time that these men had ever met. They had a long and earnest conference, and the result of it was the consolidation of three military departments into one. These were the departments of the Ohio, commanded by General Burnside, of the Tennessee under Grant, and of the Cumberland under Rosecrans. These departments were made into one, which was called the Grand Military Division of the Mississippi ; and the command of this extensive territory was given to General Grant, with headquarters to be in the field, wherever he chose to make them. Grant was given the choice of continuing Rosecrans in his command, or of replacing him by General Thomas. Grant had been dissatisfied with Rosecrans

for various reasons, and he at once decided to make a change of commanders.

Rosecrans was then holding Chattanooga under great difficulties. General Bragg had cut off all communication with the Union base of supplies, except a very difficult road across the mountains. The army was suffering greatly from lack of provisions, and the horses and mules were starving for want of forage. It had been feared that Rosecrans would abandon Chattanooga and fall back, and certainly he would not have been without justification had he done so. After Grant had telegraphed the order superseding Rosecrans by Thomas, he sent another dispatch in these words:—

“Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible.”

Thomas immediately replied,—

“We will hold the town until we starve!”

Grant was still on crutches, and every unusual movement or exertion was painful to him; nevertheless, he started at once for his new field of action. From Nashville, which he reached at midnight on the 20th of October, he sent dispatches to Thomas, Burnside, and Admiral Porter, ordering them to prepare for movements which he had already planned in his mind. The next day he continued his journey, and at Stevenson

met General Rosecrans, whom he had just removed from command. Rosecrans was too much the gentleman and soldier to manifest any feelings of chagrin, however much he may have possessed them. He greeted the new commander in the old familiar way, with the words,—

“ How are you, Sam ? ”

From Bridgeport to Chattanooga, a distance of sixty miles, the railway was obstructed and also the river; and it was necessary for Grant and his party to travel by wagon or horseback. Grant refused an ambulance, but mounted his favorite horse; he had to be lifted into and out of the saddle, and at difficult places he was carried in the arms of soldiers. This ride of sixty miles was completed in a single day. That he persisted in going through in spite of his weakened and crippled condition is an instance of the bulldog determination which characterized General Grant from infancy to the end of his life.

The road over the mountains was strewn with broken wagons, and almost lined from end to end with carcases of dead mules, that were said to number fully ten thousand. The road was a very poor and rough one at best, and the thousands of wagons that had passed over it since it became the only line of communication had rendered it worse than ever. Towards the end of the day, when the party was within a few

miles of Chattanooga, General Grant's horse stumbled and fell; but it was a less severe fall than the one at New Orleans, and did no permanent harm.

Grant and his staff took their first meals with General Thomas, who received them cordially, though some of his aids felt a little sore because a superior had been placed over their commander. Provisions were scarce; and for several days the party lived on coffee, hard biscuits, and dried vegetables, with a few meals of salt meat. The army was actually in a state of starvation. Fresh beef was very scarce, and soldiers considered themselves lucky when they could secure an ear of dried corn. So great was the scarcity of food that the soldiers hung around the place where the mules were kept, and sifted and washed the earth to obtain the corn which the animals had scattered on the ground in the days when corn was plenty.

Chattanooga of itself is a place of no great importance, but at that time it was of immense consequence when regarded from a strategic point of view. It is the junction of several railways, and is situated close to the spot where Tennessee joins Georgia and Alabama. About two miles east of the town is Mission Ridge, which is well described by its name. It is a ridge four hundred feet high, and the site of schools and churches established a long time ago among the Cherokee Indians.

Lookout Mountain, about two thousand feet above sea level and fourteen hundred above the Tennessee River, is about three miles west of Chattanooga. From it one can look into no fewer than six States,—Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, Virginia, and North Carolina. Thirty miles of the Tennessee River can also be seen, and for quite a distance the stream flows directly at the mountain's base.

The Union army had strongly fortified itself in Chattanooga. The place was almost completely invested by Bragg's army, whose lines extended from the river above the town to the river below it. It had batteries on Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain, and they were dropping shells into the town at irregular intervals during both the day and night. The Northern army was on quarter-rations, and there were three thousand sick and wounded in the hospitals. The common necessities of life were scarce; and when the wagon-trains went to Bridgeport they frequently returned empty, as the heavy guards required for their protection had eaten up all their supplies, while the mules had destroyed all the forage. The troops were in need of ammunition, and their clothes were ragged; but they kept up their spirits in the confident belief that they would be relieved some day or other.

This was the state of affairs when Grant arrived. Rosecrans had made a plan to break the blockade by

driving Bragg out of Lookout Valley on the west side of the mountain. He was about to execute it when he was superseded by Thomas, who immediately issued orders to carry it out; and these orders Grant confirmed immediately on his arrival.

Hooker's army corps was at Bridgeport, guarding the river, and holding itself in readiness for orders to move. A little after midnight on the morning of the 26th of October, Geary's division of Hooker's army crossed over silently to the south side of the river, and then pushed through the mountains toward Lookout Valley. At the same time, pontoon-boats, each containing thirty men of General Smith's command, started from Chattanooga, and floated six miles down the river, quite unobserved by the Rebel sentinels. They landed on the south bank at the mouth of Lookout Valley, and managed to capture the enemy's pickets before the latter could make any outcry or give any signal of trouble. Before morning they had intrenched themselves and brought up artillery, and when the day broke they were in a strong position. With the pontoons that floated them down, they built a bridge across the river, by which Grant could send reinforcements to them in case of battle quicker than Bragg could reinforce the Confederate troops from Mission Ridge.

The Rebels began to strengthen their positions

when they saw that the Union forces were on the offensive. The next evening the camp-fires of Geary's division were visible from the top of Lookout Mountain. General Longstreet, who held the mountain, immediately perceived that, unless the movement was stopped, it would raise the siege of Chattanooga; and he sent troops to drive out the Union forces at all hazards. The attack was made about midnight, when it was so dark that the Union forces could hardly distinguish one another from the Rebels. The battle lasted for more than three hours; the losses were not very large on either side, as a battle in the darkness may waste an immense amount of ammunition and do very little harm.

An amusing incident ended the battle, and brought victory to the Union arms. About two hundred mules broke loose from their fastenings, and stampeded in the direction of the enemy. The thunder of so many hoofs coming towards them caused the Rebels to imagine that a cavalry charge was being made: they fled in terror from the scene of action, and did not learn until the next day that they had been thrown into a panic by a wild stampede of innocent but alarmed mules.

One of the Union officers the next day made a record of the occurrence in a parody on Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." He called it "The

Charge of the Mule Brigade," and the following is an extract from it:—

"Mules to the right of them,
Mules to the left of them,
Mules in front of them,
Pawed, brayed, and thundered.
Breaking their own confines,
Breaking through Longstreet's lines,
Into the Georgia troops,
Stormed the two hundred.
Wild all their eyes did glare,
Whisked all their tails in air,
Scattering the "Chivalry" there;
All the world wondered!"

Longstreet's force was larger than the Union one. Its movements were directed by signals given by torches from the top of the mountain, in full view of the Union commanders. Our officers had obtained the Rebel signal-code a few days beforehand, and were thus able to read all of Longstreet's orders. By this bit of good fortune the Union commanders were able to intercept and repulse every attack. Before morning Longstreet's men retreated, and the Union forces were in possession of the river all the way from Bridgeport to Chattanooga.

This was the end of starvation in Chattanooga. Supplies were sent up by steamer and by the river route, and the siege was brought to an end. In his

report of the affair General Grant gave all the credit of the movement to his subordinate, in the following words : —

“General Thomas’s plan for securing the river and south-side road to Bridgeport has proven eminently successful. The question of supplies may now be regarded as settled.”

CHAPTER XXI.

Bragg's mistake. — Grant meets a party of rebel soldiers. — Bragg's notice to noncombatants. — Attack upon Mission Ridge. — Capture of Lookout Mountain. — The Battle above the clouds. — Great battle of Chattanooga. — How the Ridge was taken. — Bragg's retreat. — Effect of the victory in the North. — Grant named for the presidency. — His ambition. — "The sidewalk." — Made a lieutenant-general. — Ordered to Washington.

SHORTLY after this occurrence General Bragg committed a grave military mistake. He detached Longstreet's corps, together with Buckner's division, to make an expedition to destroy General Burnside, who was holding East Tennessee, with headquarters at Knoxville. He had twenty-five thousand soldiers in his command; and General Bragg thought it a good scheme to destroy that army, and regain control of that part of the State. At the same time that Bragg detached Longstreet, Grant received reinforcements from the Army of the Tennessee, and immediately prepared to give battle. He instructed Thomas to attack Mission Ridge in the rear, so as to call Longstreet back; and at the same time he dispersed his troops in such a way as to make an attack upon Bragg's entire line.

The opposing lines were so near each other that the soldiers frequently talked familiarly, and made exchanges of the same sort as they had done at Vicksburg. One morning as Grant was riding near Chattanooga Creek, a small stream only a few yards wide, a party of soldiers in blue came down to the opposite bank to water their horses. From their uniforms Grant supposed they were his own men, and asked,—

“What corps do you belong to?”

“Longstreet’s, of course.”

“What are you doing in those coats, then?”

“Oh, all our corps wear blue.”

Just then it occurred to Grant that Longstreet’s corps was dressed in blue, but he had forgotten it at the moment. The Rebels knew he was a Union officer, but were quite unaware that he was the commander-in-chief. There was an understanding between the pickets that they would not fire upon each other as a regular pastime, but only when making a hostile movement; and, consequently, these men refrained from using their rifles on that occasion. Had they known whom they confronted, it is pretty certain that they would have made an exception in his case.

Heavy rains came on, and the attack was delayed. Grant was impatient at the delay, but he could do nothing. One day a dispatch came from Bragg, saying:—

"As there may be noncombatants in Chattanooga, I deem it proper to notify you that prudence would dictate their early withdrawal."

Of course this was an intimation of an attack upon the Union forces; but if a pun may be allowed, it was merely a case of brag, as there was no likelihood that the Confederate commander would make an attack at that time, when he had refrained from doing so before provisions and reinforcements had arrived; and furthermore, he found very soon that the withdrawal from the neighborhood was on his own part rather than on that of the noncombatants in the town.

Grant endeavored to give the impression to Bragg that the main attack would be on Lookout Mountain. He did this by kindling fictitious camp-fires away to the west of the Union line, making a display of troops, and then advancing up the western slope of the mountain. All the troops were gradually brought into position; and on the 23d of November everything was ready.

The battle began by the movement of Granger's corps of Thomas's army, which was pushed forward towards Mission Ridge in such perfect order that the Rebel pickets thought it was a review, and stood leaning upon their rifles in admiration. As the line of blue came up to them, and marched directly

towards their position, they realized their mistake, and, after the customary exchange of shots, fell back to their first rifle-pits.

Then the fighting began in earnest; and before night the Union forces had advanced two-thirds of the way to the ridge, driving the enemy back slowly. The men bivouacked where the fighting ceased. During the night, a strong division on the left crossed the river on pontoons, and built a bridge on which the entire Fifteenth Corps crossed over; and almost before the Rebels knew they had crossed, the troops were securely posted at the east of the ridge. The whole extent of the Union lines, from the extreme right to the extreme left, was six miles, the army facing to the southward. Two days before, when Bragg saw Hooker's division moving into position, he said,—

“They’re going to have a grand Potomac review.”

It was a review, but of a kind different from what he had expected to see.

One side of Lookout Mountain has an almost perpendicular front, similar to the palisades of the Hudson, which most New Yorkers have seen; while the other side rises in a gentle slope. At the bottom of the palisade, there is a succession of wide hills which slope down to the river. Hooker moved his army to the Rebel front, on the sloping side of

the mountain, as if to make an attack there. With large columns of troops maneuvering over the ground, he opened fire with artillery, as though he meant business. The Rebels laughed at his folly in making his attack there; and most of the Union officers and soldiers who were not in the secret were inclined to laugh too.

But while Hooker was making this demonstration in front, five brigades of his troops were making their way around to the rear. They ascended the mountain as far as the palisades, and then swept down through the woods in a wedge-shaped column that took the Rebels by surprise, capturing a great number of them and putting the rest to flight.

The success of this movement showed General Bragg that it was impossible to hold Lookout Mountain, and so he ordered a retreat. In order to cover the retreat, he attacked Hooker in the evening, and kept up a skirmish for several hours. The mountain was enveloped in fog, to which was added the smoke of the artillery and small arms, so that the battle was rendered invisible to those farther down the valley. They could not see the combatants at all; and except when the wind lifted the fog, all that was perceptible was the flashes of fire from the guns.

This was the origin of the somewhat, though not altogether, imaginative story of the "Battle Above the Clouds."

When the news reached Grant that Hooker had captured Lookout Mountain, and that his losses were not heavy, Grant remarked that Bragg must have surmised his plan of battle, and withdrawn most of his troops to strengthen his right. The next morning, Nov. 25, showed that Bragg's forces were all drawn in upon Mission Ridge. Some of Hooker's men climbed up to the top of Lookout Mountain, and placed a flag there, the mountain being quite deserted, as Grant believed it would be. Then Hooker moved down the east side of Lookout, having been ordered to reach Rossville Gap in Mission Ridge, four miles in the rear of Bragg's position. The rest of the army was to wait until it could get into place when ordered.

The field of battle was visible from the house-tops of Chattanooga, and the positions of the greater part of the Union army. Grant was on the summit of a little hill called Orchard Knoll, which commanded a magnificent view of the scene, the whole country being spread out before him like a map. Bragg's headquarters on Mission Ridge were distinctly visible; and the two hostile commanders faced each other, but not within rifle-shot.

The fighting was severe at the north end of the ridge, and the Union forces did not make much progress. No word was heard from Hooker away on

the right, as he was delayed to build bridges over Chattanooga Creek, where they had been destroyed by the enemy. Bragg was so severely pressed at the north end of the ridge that he weakened his center to strengthen that part of his position. Grant immediately made an assault upon the ridge, and at the same time the guns of Hooker were heard away on the right. The order was given to advance, and very soon the entire Union line was in motion. So well formed were the columns, that the Rebels afterwards said they thought it was nothing but a review.

The columns poured in through the timber, pressed back the Rebel skirmishers, and with a loud cheer and a vigorous rush drove them back to their rifle-pits at the foot of the ridge, and hoisted their flags upon the trenches.

In a very short time our troops had full possession of the first line of trenches, but they did not stay long; halting briefly to take breath, they pushed on to the next line, under a heavy fire from their antagonists. Many a man fell, but his fall did not check the advance. On and on the blue line went, on and up the slope of Mission Ridge, the flags fluttering at the very front of the line and not infrequently going down. Hardly does a flag fall before it rises again. The hands that held it are stilled in death, but other hands have seized it and wave it aloft

once more. The flag of one regiment goes down three times, and three dead color-sergeants mark the spots where it fell; but it is not allowed to stop, and in less than an hour from the time it left the foot of the ridge it is waving at the top.

The Rebels resist bravely the onslaught of the Northern troops. All along their front they pour a deadly fire of musketry; and they light the fuses of shells, and roll them down the slope to explode among the advancing foe. Huge rocks are rolled down that they may crush the Northern soldiers; and at the crest of the ridge, where the enemy is so hard pressed that the men have no time to load and reload, they club their muskets and use them in this way as weapons of defense. Just as the sun touches the horizon, bathing the long ridge with its yellow light, the whole crest is surmounted by the Northern troops; their flags are waving in triumph, and a loud cheer goes up from the entire length of the National army. The Rebels are in full retreat, and the battle is virtually ended.

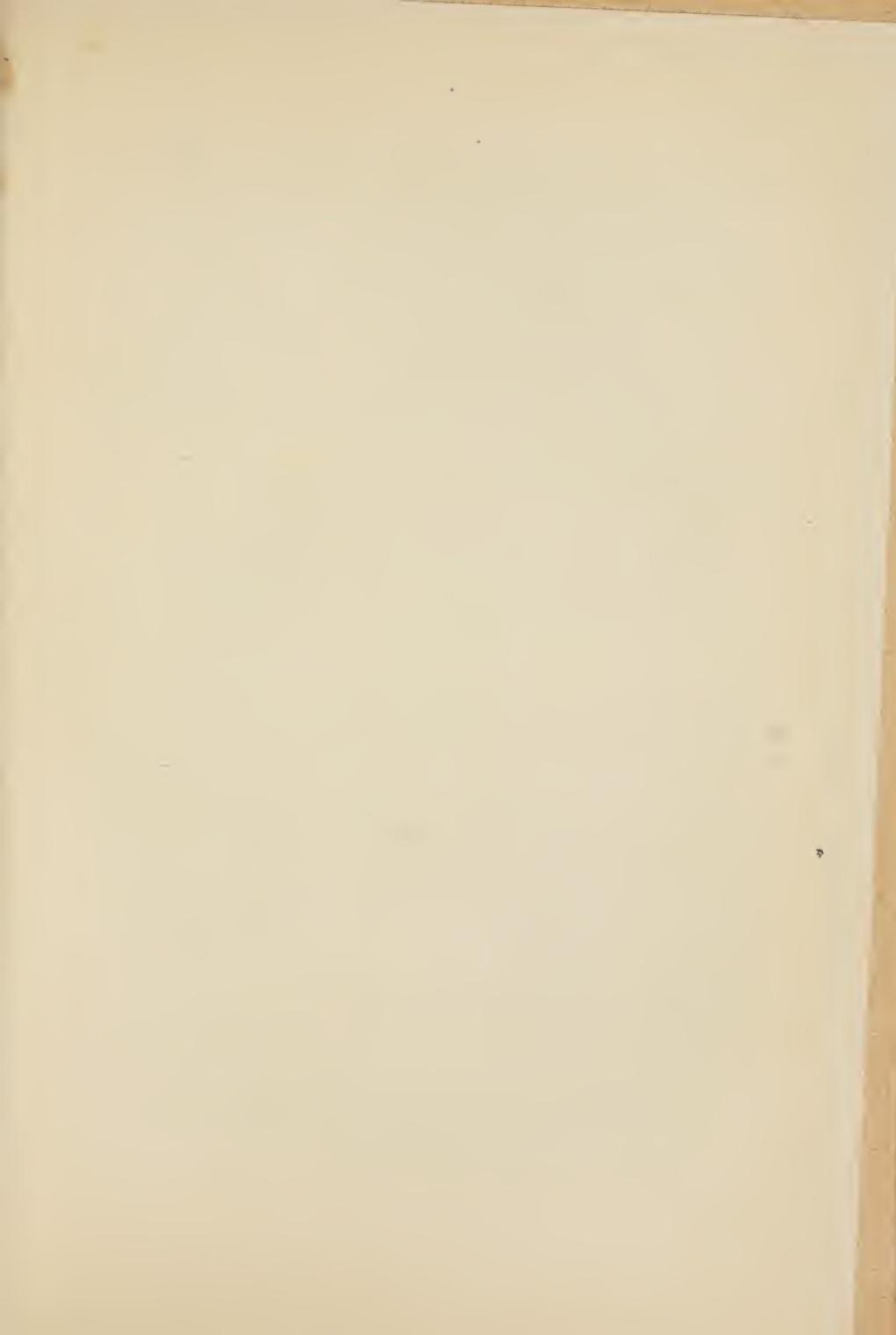
But the capture of the ridge did not by any means end the conflict. General Sheridan, without waiting for orders, pushed forward and continued the pursuit until midnight, capturing great numbers of prisoners. General Sheridan won a reputation at this battle which led to his promotion, and gave him an

opportunity to demonstrate that he was the greatest cavalry general of the present century.

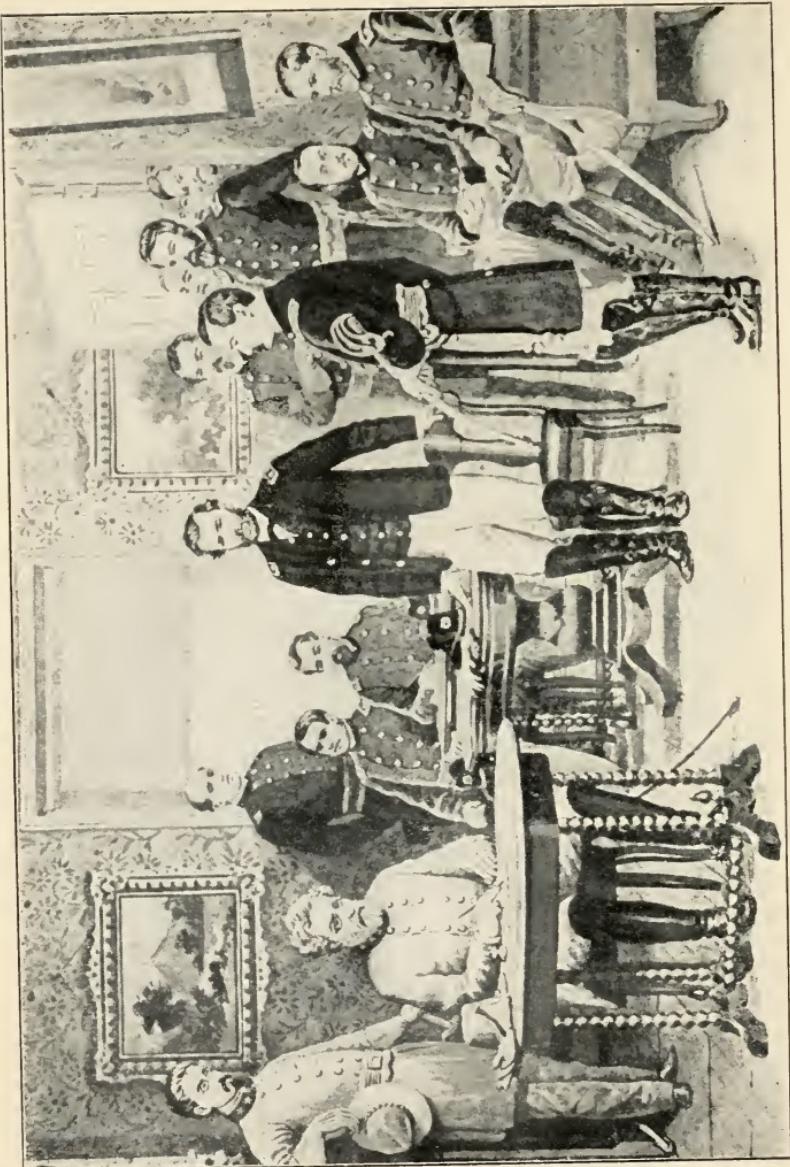
Bragg withdrew his forces, and established headquarters at Chickamauga Station. In his retreat he abandoned much of his artillery, and destroyed great quantities of provisions, together with wagons, pontoons, and caissons. In his official report to the Confederate Government he expressed his surprise that his lines had given away, as the strength of his position was such that he had no doubt that he would be able to hold it. He said that a panic seemed to have seized upon officers and men, such as he had never before witnessed.

The strength of Bragg's army at the battle of Mission Ridge was about forty-five thousand, while the Union forces numbered not far from sixty thousand; but the Rebels had an immense advantage in their position; and, looking at the matter in this lapse of time, it seems a wonder that the Confederate general was not able to repel the Union attack. The old proverb, "Nothing succeeds like success," is fully applicable to the victory at Mission Ridge. Grant was victorious, and therefore nobody criticised; if he had failed, he would have been subject to the severest criticism for his folly in ordering a charge upon a stronghold so admirably situated for defense.

His plan of battle was elaborate and complete.



SURRENDER OF LEE, 1865.



Every movement was carried out just as he had planned and ordered; and, furthermore, it would almost seem that he exercised hypnotic power over his opponent, as General Bragg in every instance did exactly as Grant wished and expected him to do. The Union general was admirably supported by his soldiers, and the result shows that his confidence in them was not misplaced. They had the courage and ability to execute what their great commander planned for them to do.

When President Lincoln learned the result of Grant's campaign at Chattanooga, he recommended a national thanksgiving, and telegraphed personally to General Grant his profoundest gratitude for the skill, courage, and perseverance with which he and his men had triumphed over the great difficulties before them. Even the cold-blooded Halleck said that the battle of Chattanooga was the most remarkable battle of history. There was the wildest rejoicing throughout the North, second only to that which followed the victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg. Every Northern heart beat with renewed vigor at the realization that another great step had been accomplished toward the suppression of the Great Rebellion.

Bragg's army retreated into Georgia, following the line of railway in the direction of Atlanta. A part of Grant's army was ordered to Knoxville to strengthen

Burnside, and the remainder remained in its position at Chattanooga while waiting for orders to move.

Shortly after his triumph at Vicksburg, Grant's name was frequently mentioned by politicians as the next candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency, but to all suggestions of that sort Grant returned an absolute negative. He said he was in the field to fight, and was not in politics. Until the Rebellion was ended, and the last Rebel had thrown down his musket, he would adhere to army life and think of nothing else.

His triumph at Chattanooga renewed the subject of the Presidency, though the politicians received no encouragement. To a group of them who visited him at his headquarters at Nashville, he said:—

“There is only one office I ever aspired to in my life. I should like to be mayor of Galena, so that I could order a new sidewalk from my house to the railway depot.”

When he went to Galena, after the war, he was received by a grand outpouring of citizens. Several triumphal arches were erected along the streets through which he was to pass; and on one of them was the announcement in huge letters, which he could easily read from the carriage in which he was riding,—

“General, the sidewalk is built!”

When it became known throughout the country that General Grant would not consider the question of the Presidency under any circumstances, the subject was dropped; but the people were determined that he should know their views concerning him. The legislatures of several States gave him enthusiastic votes of thanks. Congress caused a gold medal to be struck; and he received gifts without number from cities, corporations, and individuals. The gift which seemed to please him most was a cigar-case whittled out by one of his soldiers from a bullet-scarred tree on Lookout Mountain.

One day he received a telegram that his son Fred was seriously ill in St. Louis; and he telegraphed to Washington for a leave of absence, which was immediately granted. He started at once for his son's bedside, but happily found him out of danger when he arrived there. He remained a few days in his old home, and while he was there the leading citizens and others tendered him a dinner at the principal hotel. Speeches were made in his honor, the band played "Hail to the Chief," and there were loud calls for a speech. Grant rose, and the audience became silent instantly. His speech was brief, as it consisted only of the words:—

"Gentlemen, it will be impossible to do more than thank you."

After the dinner there was a serenade, and the street in front of the hotel was brilliantly illuminated. Grant went to the balcony very reluctantly. In response to loud and repeated calls from the crowd, he bowed his acknowledgments, and was about to retreat, when loud calls were made of "Speech! Speech!" This went on for some minutes; and finally the general took his cigar from his mouth, and said:—

"Gentlemen, making speeches is not my business. I never did it in my life, and I never will! I thank you, however, for your attendance here."

General Grant returned from St. Louis to his headquarters at Nashville; and, soon after his arrival there, Congress passed a bill reviving the degree of Lieutenant-General, which was originally created for General Washington in 1798, and was discontinued at his death. It was conferred by brevet on General Scott after the Mexican War, and Washington and Scott were the only ones who ever held the title. The President speedily conferred the title upon Grant, and he was summoned to Washington to report in person at the War Department.

Accompanied by two officers of his staff, he started for Washington, reaching that city late in the afternoon of March 8, 1864. He made a hasty toilet, and then entered the great dining-room at Willard's Hotel, and sat down to dinner. The news of his presence

quickly spread among the people in the dining-room; and suddenly one of the party, a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, rose to his feet, and said:—

“Ladies and gentlemen, the hero of Donelson, of Vicksburg, and of Chattanooga is among us! I propose the health of Lieutenant-General Grant!”

Cheers upon cheers were enthusiastically given. Handkerchiefs were waved in the air, and the men and women crowded around the general to tender their congratulations. He could not eat his dinner in comfort; and finally retired, blushing, from the hall, ordered a beefsteak and a pot of tea sent to his room, and finished his repast by himself.

In the evening he went to the President’s reception, where for the first time he and Mr. Lincoln met. As they shook hands, they looked at each other very closely, and had a brief conversation. It was necessarily very brief, owing to the crowd of visitors that was pouring in for introduction to the President.

The next day Grant was formally presented to Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by Rawlins and Comstock of his staff, and his son Fred. Several officers of the President’s cabinet were present; and after Mr. Lincoln had greeted the general, and introduced him to the bystanders, he read the following address:—

“*General Grant,—The nation’s appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains*

to be done, in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission, constituting you lieutenant-general in the army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add that with what I here speak for the nation goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

Grant had been informed of the character of the President's note, and had brought with him his own reply, which he had written in the hotel the evening before. It was as follows:—

"*Mr. President*,—I accept the commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me; and I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

The interview with the President lasted less than half an hour, as both were very busy, and time was precious. Immediately after leaving the President, Grant went to visit the Army of the Potomac, and was heartily welcomed by General Meade, its then commander, who was quite willing to be relieved from

responsibility. Very quickly the corps and division commanders called to pay their respects. A few of them he had known before, but the greater part he had never seen until that time.

It had been General Grant's intention, before going East, to bring with him two of his most trusted generals from the Military Division of the Mississippi; but he now found that such a transfer would excite ill feeling, as there was already a jealousy existing on the part of the East towards the West. The Western army had gained numerous victories, from Donelson to Chattanooga, while the Army of the Potomac was almost as far away from Richmond as at the beginning of the war. Grant found that General Meade had a great deal of popularity with the Army of the Potomac; and so he decided to retain him in command, and take for himself the general charge of the whole.

This was undoubtedly a very politic step for Grant to take in the army where so many jealousies abounded. In speaking of the subject one day, he said that if he had taken command of the Army of the Potomac two years before he would have undoubtedly failed; but now he felt entire confidence in himself, having served through all the ranks of colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general, and had so much experience in the field. He thought that McClellan's misfortune

was that he was put in command of that great army with practically no experience whatever.

Before assuming active command of the Army of the Potomac, it was necessary for General Grant to go West, and close up the affairs of his military department there. On the 11th of March he had an interview with the President and the secretary of war, and just as he was about to leave he received an invitation from Mrs. Lincoln for a military dinner at the White House. The letter reached him when he was making a call upon the President, and Mrs. Lincoln said in her note of invitation that twelve other prominent generals would be there to meet him. The dinner was to be given in General Grant's honor; but he begged to be excused, as he must return immediately to Nashville.

President Lincoln replied that he could not excuse him, as it would be Hamlet with the prince left out.

Grant answered that he fully appreciated the honor which Mrs. Lincoln would show him, but added that time was precious, and the affairs of the country demanded his first attention; then with some stammering and hesitation he concluded by saying:—

“Really, Mr. Lincoln, I've had enough of this show business.”

The dinner came off, but Grant was not there.

When the party sat down at the table he was many miles away on his trip to Cincinnati. He reached that city one Sunday morning, spent a day with his father and mother, and then continued his journey to Nashville, his headquarters. After finishing his affairs at Nashville, he returned again to Washington, spending a part of another day at his father's house. Several visitors called to see him; and one of them said,—

“I suppose it's ‘On to Richmond’ now?”

“No,” replied Grant; “it's ‘On to Lee's army!’”

Another then asked,—

“How do you propose to do it, General?”

Grant said nothing, but gave an extra puff to his cigar, and changed the subject to something else.

CHAPTER XXII.

On duty at Washington.—His staff.—General plan of campaign.—State of affairs at the time.—Army of the Potomac.—Its condition and morals.—Lee's position.—Preparing for the offensive.—Beginning the movement.—Crossing the Rapidan.—Encountering Lee's army.—Hard fighting in The Wilderness.—Six days of battles.—A wily foe.—“Shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.”

GRANT reached Washington on the 23d of March, 1864, and assumed active direction of the army. He was accompanied by his staff-officers Rawlins, Bowers, Duff, Rowley, Leet, Parker, Badeau, Hudson, and Dunn. A day or two after his arrival he was joined by his newly appointed aids, Porter, Babcock, and Dent.

It had long been his theory, and he was not alone in his belief, that the movements against the enemy should be simultaneous along the entire line, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi River and beyond it. The reader will remember that this plan had already been acted upon two years earlier, when simultaneous movements were made in Missouri, Tennessee, at the mouth of the Mississippi, and at several points in the East. Grant's scheme was simply an elaboration of the old one, and included perfect

co-operation of time and purpose between our armies, so that the enemy, assailed everywhere, could not weaken one point to strengthen another. Now that he was in chief command, he made his plans with great care, and issued orders accordingly.

The day after his arrival he began the re-organization of the army for the campaign of the summer of 1864. He had able officers under him; and after his first inspection of the Army of the Potomac he said he felt entirely confident that it would secure the results desired of it.

There was still a good deal of soreness remaining in the army over the removal of McClellan. The soldiers had idolized him, and so did most of the officers; and there was a deep feeling among them in favor of his return. There was also a feeling of jealousy that a Western commander had been appointed over Eastern troops. General Grant endeavored in a very judicious way to quiet all this unpleasant rancor; and whenever he had occasion to mention General McClellan, he did so in the kindest manner, and always with an expression of admiration for the man. He said that the Confederates had recognized the importance of defending their capital at all hazards, and had surrounded it with their best troops, under their best generals. He said one day,—

"The Army of the Potomac is a very fine one, and has shown the highest courage; still, I think it has never fought its battles through."

Shortly after assuming command, General Grant sent for his family to come to Washington. Soon after their arrival a party of ladies asked Mrs. Grant her opinion of her husband's new responsibilities.

She replied that he had succeeded thus far wherever the Government had placed him, and she believed he would do the best he could.

Then one asked if she believed he would capture Richmond.

"Yes, I'm sure he will before he gets through," she replied. "Mr. Grant was always a very obstinate man."

She almost always spoke of the general as "Mr. Grant," very rarely alluding to him by his official title.

The necessity for the success of the Northern armies was very great. Repeated failures of the Army of the Potomac to accomplish anything had wearied the public, so that a sentiment for peace at any price was rapidly growing. A member of Congress from Ohio made a speech in the House of Representatives advocating the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. A motion was made for his expulsion; but it did not receive the necessary two-

thirds vote, and therefore he retained his place. Several other members of Congress openly defended him and his speech, and one of them announced himself in favor of peace by the recognition of the Confederacy. It must not be understood that the war sentiment was in the minority, but only that the peace sentiment was rapidly growing more bold and outspoken. Five of the Western States — Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Indiana — voluntarily made an enlistment of ninety thousand men for garrison duty at home, thus enabling all the veterans to go to the front. Other States followed their example, but not to so great an extent; and altogether they caused a material increase to be made to the fighting force.

One day while Grant was calling on the President, the latter asked what the prospects were. Grant began to tell his plans to the President; but the latter motioned him to stop, and said, —

“Don’t tell me anything about your plans; I don’t want to know what they are. Everybody will be asking me, and I want to be able to say truthfully that I don’t know what they are. If you are satisfied with them, I am, and believe they will turn out all right. I only want to know what your opinion is of the prospects.”

Grant answered that he thought they were good. He said that his two chief objects were to keep the

troops active, and concentrate his supplies close to the front so that there would be no necessity of guarding long lines of communications.

It took several weeks to get the army into condition to take the offensive, and to take it, as Grant had planned, simultaneously. The heaviest blow was that against Lee, who thus far had repelled every attack made upon him.

The two armies had not been in conflict for three-quarters of a year. They were lying only a few miles apart,—Lee at Orange Court House, and Grant at Culpeper Court House. Lee was perfectly familiar with every inch of the ground he was defending, as he had lived in that vicinity, and had defeated the Army of the Potomac in two campaigns. His army had great confidence in itself and in its leader. Moreover, the Confederate army had the habit of victory, while the Army of the Potomac had the habit of defeat. It had become a matter of course that when the Union army in Virginia marched out to meet the enemy, it would march back again in more or less disorder. Grant's army was greater than Lee's, but under the circumstances it can readily be seen that it would be less efficient until its habit of defeat was broken up.

For some reasons Grant would have preferred approaching Richmond by way of the James River

rather than by the direct route from Culpeper Court House. The land route would have been shorter, and facilities for obtaining supplies easier; but the disadvantage was that the James River route, if taken by the Army of the Potomac, would leave Washington uncovered to the enemy; and as Lee was fighting on interior lines and Grant on exterior ones, the former could make a dash upon Washington, and capture it before Grant could reach it. Furthermore, even if Lee's army did not attack or threaten Washington, the movement of the army from Culpeper back to the Potomac, to embark for the James, would be in the nature of a retreat, and have the effect to dishearten the men.

The distance from Culpeper Court House to Richmond is about seventy miles. The country along the route was heavily timbered, and cut up by many streams running at right angles to the army's line of movement. These streams, though not very wide, were nearly all too deep to be forded by an army, and consequently could be easily held by the enemy against a largely superior force. Furthermore, whatever advance was made into this region would render more difficult the supplying of the Union army, and at the same time make it easier to supply the Rebel one.

The movement began on the evening of May 3,

when Meade issued orders to send forward the pontoon trains to lay bridges at Ely's Ford and Germania Ford. Tents were struck soon after dark, and by midnight the army was in motion. So quietly did they move away, that the citizens of the town were not aware until they awoke in the morning that the army was gone. Grant and his staff spent the night at his headquarters in Culpeper, and breakfasted there. After breakfast they galloped away, and overtook the army at the Rapidan River, where the troops were crossing swiftly over the pontoon bridges already mentioned. Before night the entire army was south of the river, and camped on the blood-drenched field of Chancellorsville. Grant had expected that the enemy would oppose his passage of the river, and was greatly pleased when the whole army, with its enormous supply-train of four thousand wagons, was safely over the stream.

The three corps which formed the army of the Potomac were commanded by Generals Sedgwick, Hancock, and Warren; and to these were added Burnside's Ninth Corps, which had been brought from Annapolis to take part in the movement. Sheridan, the only general whom Grant brought from the West, commanded all the cavalry. Grant's plan was to throw his army between Richmond and Lee's army; and then, if he could crush Lee in a single battle, Richmond would

be open to him. He said in a later report that it was his intention to fight Lee between Culpeper and Richmond if he would stand.

If Grant had any doubt that Lee would stand, it was speedily dispelled. He not only stood, but as soon as he heard of Grant's advance he pushed forward to meet him. He received notice early on the morning of May 4 (Wednesday) that the Union army was in motion, and immediately started his own army to strike Grant's column at a right angle to its line of march.

The region south of the Rappahannock is known as The Wilderness. It is a worn-out and deserted region, containing many old tobacco-fields, and covered to a great extent with low, scrubby trees, and with more or less underbrush. There is much more wooded than open ground in it. It is a bad place to maneuver an army in, and Grant did not wish to fight there if he could avoid it. But Lee gave him no option in this matter.

By sunset on Wednesday, Lee had moved up very close to the position of the Union army. Early on the morning of May 6, Lee made his attack, coming first in contact with Warren's corps. Before eight o'clock the battle was well underway, and the fighting was vigorous nearly all the time until sunset. It was impossible to use artillery to advantage, and the greater

part of the fighting was done by infantry. The thickness of the forest made it necessary to move the troops by compass in many instances, and every advance was a step into an ambuscade. Sometimes the Rebels attacked, but in most cases the Union troops did so. Whoever made the advance was at a great disadvantage, as the enemy was concealed behind and among trees, and reserved his fire until at very close range. Many of the bullets were warded off by the trees; but many others found their billets, and the ground was thickly covered with dead and wounded.

An hour or so past noon the entire army was engaged. A report came to General Grant, that Hancock had been repulsed, and the whole left wing of the army had given way. Grant was in conversation with Meade at the time, and was whittling at the root of a tree under which he was seated.

When he heard the report about Hancock, he gave a vigorous stab with his knife into the root and replied, —

"I don't believe it. It can't be true. There's some mistake about it."

Wishing to see for himself, he called for his horse, mounted, and rode away, accompanied by General Meade. He found that the report about General Hancock was untrue, as he had said. Neither side was gaining much upon the other, and the battle at the

end of the day was practically a drawn one. Lee telegraphed to Richmond that his army had maintained its position, but had lost heavily. Grant did not send any dispatches, but gave orders that the battle should begin at half-past three the next morning.

During the night he was called to receive a dispatch from General Meade, who said it would be too dark at the hour named for the soldiers to distinguish friend from foe, and suggested that the battle commence at six o'clock.

Grant drowsily assented at first; but as soon as he was fully awake he countermanded the assent, and said,—

“Let it begin at a quarter-past four o'clock and not a minute later. It is of great importance that we should be the first to open.”

There is an old saying to the effect that great minds think alike; and so it was in this case. Lee had exactly the same view of the importance of being the first to open the battle, and had given orders that the enemy should be attacked at daybreak. The result was that the Union troops began the attack on the center and left, while the Rebels fired the first gun on the right.

The day was cloudless and very hot, as had been the preceding day. Both armies had thrown up intrenchments, and were well prepared for resisting

attack. The Union army faced towards the west; Hancock and Sedgwick holding respectively the left and right wings, while Warren held the center. The fighting was active all through the morning. At nine o'clock Hancock pushed the Rebels in front of him for nearly two miles; and at one time it looked as if Lee's line was completely broken, and victory had perched on the Union banners.

If Hancock had pushed forward he would have cut the Rebel army in two, and the campaign might have ended on that day. But he was in a dangerous position, as his lines were considerably broken, and his supports were far in the rear. He halted to re-form his line. Lee, always watchful to embrace an opportunity, placed himself at the head of a division of Texas troops to make a charge, and drive back Hancock's men.

The Texans refused to move with their great commander in such imminent danger. As soon as he had taken his proper place in the rear of the column, they made a charge, and were successful. Just as they made the charge, they were reinforced by Long-street's corps; and shortly after, Burnside arrived, and took a position between Warren and Hancock. Burnside's corps had been left behind as a rear-guard at Culpeper, with orders to advance as soon as the rest of the army had crossed the Rappahannock.

In the afternoon the Rebel forces in front of Hancock were heavily strengthened, in the hope of crushing and turning our left wing. Just as the Rebel advance was to be made, Longstreet with his staff and escort came galloping down the road to give his personal direction to the movement. They were mistaken for Union troops, and received a volley from their own men, which emptied several saddles, and wounded General Longstreet very severely. He was compelled to leave the field; and he was so severely disabled that it was nearly a twelvemonth before he recovered.

Longstreet's injury resulted in considerable confusion, and delayed the Rebel advance until Hancock's corps had been sufficiently strengthened to meet it. It was a very narrow escape for Hancock, and also a narrow escape for the entire army. The crushing of the left wing would very likely have given Lee possession of the field.

During the day General Grant ordered all the bridges over the Rapidan to be taken up with a single exception. One of his staff suggested that these bridges might be needed, to which Grant replied,—

“One bridge will be enough to cross all the men we shall have left if we fall back.”

Another assault upon the Union line was made about four o'clock in the afternoon. The woods had

taken fire; and the smoke and flames blinded our men so that they fell back, and their trenches were occupied by the Rebels. As soon as the smoke blew away, the Union troops rallied and drove the Rebels out of the trenches, capturing many prisoners, and sending them to the rear.

The fighting continued after dark. General Gordon attacked the right of the Union lines, where he created a panic, and captured two entire brigades. General Grant brought order out of disorder; but hardly had he done so when there was another assault, accompanied by loud and long-continued yelling. For the moment Grant thought that the Union line had been broken; but an investigation showed that the yelling was only a ruse of General Gordon to create the impression that his line was very strong, while in reality it was weak.

The battle of The Wilderness lasted two days, Thursday and Friday, May 5 and 6. On the morning of the 7th neither of the armies was in a condition to attack, and they lay in their trenches confronting each other. The surgeons were busy in caring for the wounded; and many of those who escaped injury were occupied with the burial of the dead. Grant moved restlessly all along the line, keenly observant of everything, but speaking little. His losses had been heavy, and some of his subordinates expected him to order a retreat.

Inside the Rebel army it was believed the Union troops were retiring, and there was a general confidence that within two days the Confederate troops would be in their old position at Orange Court House. General Gordon said to General Lee that he thought there was no doubt that General Grant was retreating.

General Lee replied, “You are mistaken. I’m very sure you are. I knew Grant in Mexico, and can assure you that he is not a retreating man!”

About the same time President Lincoln said to a friend :—

“The great thing about Grant is his cool persistency of purpose. He is not easily excited, and he has the grip of a bulldog. When he once gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off!”

Afterwards, when all the particulars of the battle of The Wilderness were known, President Lincoln said that any previous commander of the Army of the Potomac would have retired across the Rapidan after such a battle.

After dark on Saturday, May 7, there was a commotion in the Union army. Tents were struck, folded, and thrown into the wagons, and the army was in motion. The query arose in every mind, “Where are we going now?”

The generals knew, but their orders were not con-

fided to any one else. Spottsylvania Court House was the objective point; and if Grant could seize that point he would be between Lee and Richmond, and thus compel Lee to fight to regain and protect his communications. But Lee was as quick as Grant to see the importance of Spottsylvania; he started earlier and got there first, as Sheridan with his cavalry found out, and notified Grant when the latter was still three miles away from the coveted point.

Of course there was a battle which lasted through the greater part of Sunday. The enemy was pressed back, but it could not be driven out of the position which it had selected. Monday was similarly employed, and was important for the death of one of the best officers in the Army of the Potomac, General Sedgwick.

The circumstances of his death were peculiar. He was sitting on horseback close to one of his brigades, where occasional bullets came from the enemy. Some of the men were inclined to duck their heads as the bullets whistled past; and the general observing it, said,—

“Nonsense, men! don’t dodge. They couldn’t hit an elephant as far off as that.”

As he spoke the last word of the sentence, a bullet passed through his head, and he fell dead instantly. His corpse wore the same smile that was evoked

by the semi-jocular remark with which his life ended.

On Tuesday morning Meade's line was six miles long. There was hard fighting during intervals of the day, and many prisoners were captured. The enemy's line was unbroken; and the positions of the opposing forces were practically unchanged, though whatever change took place was favorable to the Union side. To every question that was asked in regard to the possibility of getting to Richmond, Grant replied,—

“We are going there. There is no doubt about it!”

And to emphasize his belief that he was going through, Grant had with him siege-trains of heavy artillery, with the special purpose of besieging Richmond when he reached it.

On the morning of Wednesday, May 11, Representative Washburne, who was with the army thus far, was about to leave for Washington. While waiting for his escort, he suggested to Grant that he had better send a note to Secretary Stanton to say how he was getting along. Grant stepped into his tent, and rapidly penned the following:—

“We have now ended the sixth day of very hard fighting. The result to this time is much in our favor.

Our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. We have taken over five thousand prisoners in battle, while he has taken from us but few, except stragglers. *I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.*"

This was the first official news that the Government received since the army crossed the Rapidan. It was immediately given to the press, and published all over the country. It was a great relief everywhere, and was received with immense enthusiasm, especially the closing sentence, which speedily became "familiar in the mouth as household words."

CHAPTER XXIII.

End of The Wilderness battles. — A few days of rest. — Meade's congratulatory order. — Hancock attacks, and is repulsed. — Another advance. — Sheridan's raid and its results. — Grant's army on the Pamunkey. — Attack on Petersburg. — Headquarters at City Point. — Reinforcements. — Grant and the negro sentinel. — Mr. Lincoln's experience. — Sheridan again. — Battles in the Shenandoah Valley. — Grant's coolness at an explosion.

WEDNESDAY and Thursday were days of hard fighting, the latter particularly so. The night between those two days was dark and stormy. Hancock took advantage of the weather, and massed his troops nearer the Rebel left. At daylight his men made a charge, taking the enemy by surprise, rushing into their breastworks, and capturing them at breakfast. They took over three thousand prisoners, including two generals.

The next morning, Friday, May 13, it was found that the main body of the enemy had fallen back; but the skirmishing continued all day, and once General Meade narrowly escaped capture. The Rebels came suddenly out of the forest, and nearly surrounded the house which he had taken for headquarters. An officer who was familiar with the ground hustled the general out by the back door, and he safely made his way to

Grant's headquarters. When he reached there, General Grant, who had witnessed the performance, said with a laugh,—

“What's the fuss at that house?”

“Oh, nothing,” replied Meade, “but they came very near capturing the commander of the Army of the Potomac.”

For some days both armies remained quiet. Grant was receiving reinforcements, and so was Lee; but there were few which the latter could receive. Each side was caring for its wounded, and burying its dead, supplying itself with ammunition and provisions of various kinds, and getting in readiness for another struggle for the possession of Richmond.

Meade, on May 13, issued a congratulatory order to his troops, from which the following is an extract:—

“For eight days and nights, without almost any intermission, through rain and sunshine, you have been fighting a desperate foe, in positions naturally strong, and rendered doubly so by intrenchments. . . . Now he has abandoned the last intrenched position, so tenaciously held, suffering in all a loss of eighteen guns, twenty-two colors, and eight thousand prisoners, including two general officers. . . . Let us return thanks to God for the mercy shown us, and earnestly ask for its continuance. . . . The enemy must be pursued, and, if possible, overcome. . . . We shall soon receive reinforcements, which he cannot expect.”

During these days of rest, Meade suggested that if Hancock's corps made an attack again on the right, it might break the Rebel line. Hancock made the attempt at daylight on the 18th of May, but was repulsed with a loss of twelve hundred men. There was no lack of bravery on either side; the Rebels were in a strong position, and they defended it manfully and successfully.

On the afternoon of the 19th, Ewell's corps of Lee's army got around in the rear of the Union right. It made a vigorous assault, but was repulsed with a heavy loss.

On the night of May 21, the National army pushed forward to the North Anna River, which they reached about forty hours later. General Lee expected Grant's movement, and had a strong force on the south bank of the stream. Grant succeeded in pushing his forces across the river, crossing on a bridge built by Warren's men from timber which they cut in a Rebel saw-mill. The Union forces captured a thousand prisoners, but the Rebels were too strongly posted to be driven out without severe loss. Consequently Grant's men retired to the north bank, and there was a lull in the fighting.

Let us go back a little. On the 9th of May, General Grant ordered General Sheridan to make a raid in the rear of Lee's army, to cut off his communications, and "smash things" generally. There was never a better

man in the world for the smashing business than Phil Sheridan. He obeyed orders both to the spirit and to the letter. He captured supply trains and depots, using all the provisions and forage that he wanted, and destroying the rest. He released four hundred Union prisoners who were on their way to Richmond, tore up miles and miles of railway, burned trains and disabled locomotives, went close up to the Rebel defenses of Richmond, and would have entered the fortifications themselves and taken possession if he had had any infantry to hold them.

At Yellow Tavern, six miles from Richmond, Sheridan defeated a Rebel cavalry division under General J. E. B. Stuart, and mortally wounded the general himself. The death of Stuart was a great loss to General Lee, as he was considered the ablest cavalry leader in the Confederacy. From Richmond, Sheridan went down the valley of the James, and communicated with General Butler, who supplied him with everything he needed. After resting his men and horses, he started back again; and after destroying more railways and capturing more supplies, he joined the Army of the Potomac. He was gone just sixteen days; and his operations in that time struck terror to the enemy, as it was the first occasion on which the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac had caused them any serious trouble.

On the night of May 26, Grant withdrew from North Anna and advanced again, keeping on the flank of Lee's army, which was thus compelled to fall back. There was skirmishing between the two armies for the next three or four days, but no heavy fighting; Lee's army falling back on most occasions when it was pressed. On the 31st of May headquarters were established at Cold Harbor, on the Pamunkey River, twelve miles from Richmond, and not far from the spot where the battle of Gaines's Mill was fought in 1862.

Grant attacked Lee again to drive him south of the Chickahominy River; but Lee had firmly intrenched himself, and the attack was a failure. June 2 was a quiet day; and on the 3d there was another attack along the entire line, in which the Union loss was heavy without material advantage gained, while the Confederate losses were light. After this the army intrenched, and for some time there was comparatively little fighting. Grant established a new line of communications by way of the Pamunkey River, so that he had no further occasion to guard the overland line by way of Culpeper.

After several days of inaction, Grant suddenly astonished Lee by starting the entire army with the exception of Warren's corps across the Chickahominy River, and thence in the direction of the James River.

Meade's objective point was Petersburg, about twenty-two miles south of Richmond. Several railways converge at Petersburg, and the capture of that city by the Union troops would inevitably lead to the surrender of Richmond in a very short time.

Butler was ordered to co-operate with Meade; and it was believed that a quick movement would find Petersburg lightly guarded, and easy of capture. Butler sent General W. F. Smith with orders to attack Petersburg immediately. Meade sent Hancock's corps forward to aid him in the work; and as Hancock was unacquainted with the region he set aside all question of rank, and placed himself under the command of Smith.

Smith attacked the northern defenses at seven o'clock on the evening of the 15th of June; he captured a portion of the defenses, together with three hundred prisoners and sixteen cannon. It was a moonlight night; and if he had known how slightly Petersburg was guarded, he would have gone straight inside and taken possession.

But the wily enemy was a match for him. When Meade moved across the Chickahominy, Lee thought an attack upon the north side of Richmond was intended, and he immediately withdrew into the defenses of the city. On the instant when he heard of Smith's attack on Petersburg, he set every railway train in

motion, and utilized them in moving troops to Petersburg. Smith waited until after breakfast on the morning of the 16th before making his assault. When he did so he found the fortifications fully manned, and was forced to retire after considerable loss.

In the evening of the same day another attack directed by Grant in person was made upon Petersburg, but without any success. Similar attempts were made on the 17th and 18th of June, but to Grant's great disappointment each attack resulted in a repulse. It was not possible to take Petersburg by assault, and Grant was compelled to sit down for a regular siege. The Rebels strengthened their line between Richmond and Petersburg so as to protect the railway, and they succeeded in holding it until just before the final surrender.

After the failure to capture Petersburg, Grant established his headquarters at City Point, at the junction of the Appomattox and James Rivers. There was considerable fighting for a few days, the attacks being made by the Rebels, and invariably repulsed. Grant sent out two or three expeditions to destroy the railways that were bringing supplies to the Rebels; one of them being successful, another partly so, while the third was a failure. After these events there was a lull in the fighting as if by mutual understanding. Each side held its own, and did not disturb the other except in the siege operations.

City Point was made the base of supplies, and immense warehouses of supplies and magazines for ammunition were erected there. City Point continued to be the headquarters for nearly nine months; but all that time the siege of Petersburg was pushed, and there was not much idleness among the troops. Reinforcements were brought forward, and the shattered regiments were filled up; the new recruits were drilled and disciplined for the coming campaign; the veterans had a chance to recover from their fatigue; the sick in the hospitals, if seriously so, were sent North, while those who promised to be soon available for duty were nursed back to health again by the gentle hands and the tender hearts of the members and employees of the Sanitary Commission.

It was evident that for the future the Rebels intended, if possible, to fight nowhere but behind strong breastworks. Grant said that under such circumstances the option lay between taking time for siege operations, or suffering immense loss by direct attacks upon the fortifications. In reply to a friend, he said one day,—

“The Confederacy has put its last men in the field. They’ve robbed the cradle and the grave in the attempt to strengthen their armies; boys and old men are guarding prisons and bridges all through the South, and every able-bodied man has been sent to the front.

We are destroying Lee's army by attrition, and when it is destroyed there are no more men to be had to replace it. In a few months more it will have ceased to exist."

In the hope of compelling Grant to withdraw his troops from Richmond, and use them for the defense of Washington, Lee detached General Early's corps, and sent it down the Shenandoah Valley and across the Potomac. Early entered Maryland, captured trains between Baltimore and Philadelphia, threatened Baltimore, and burned houses within a few miles of Washington. If he had continued his march with a rush, he might have entered the capital, and occupied it for a few hours; but he was fearful that if he did so his whole force might be captured. Grant detached one corps from his army, and sent it to Washington, and he also ordered another corps, that had just reached Fortress Monroe, to go in the same direction; but he did not move his main force from City Point, nor stop operations for a moment in the siege of Petersburg.

Therein he greatly disappointed Lee, who had hitherto succeeded in drawing every attention to the National capital whenever he sent his forces across the Potomac. Lee was always favorable to carrying the war into the North; and he several times proposed, so General Longstreet said, to abandon Richmond to its fate, and while Grant was occupying that city, he

would make a sudden move upon Washington and capture it. But Jefferson Davis would never consent to anything of the kind, claiming that whatever advantage it might be for the Confederacy to be in possession of the National capital, it would be offset by the loss of its own.

One day General Grant was strolling about among the warehouses at City Point with the inevitable cigar in his mouth, and his head bent a little as if he was in contemplation. Suddenly he was brought to a standstill by a most emphatic "Halt!" from the mouth of a negro soldier who was on duty in front of a building. Grant obeyed the order, and said,—

"What do you want?"

"Throw away that cigar!" commanded the sentinel.

"Why?"

"My orders are to let nobody go near that warehouse with a lighted cigar. Throw it away or turn around!"

Grant smiled for an instant, then threw away his cigar and passed on.

Whether the soldier knew who it was that he had halted, we are unable to say, but the incident caused him to be promoted to a corporal.

On another occasion the general was halted in the same way near a powder magazine. The sentry replied in answer to his question, that his orders were to let no one go past him.

"But I'm an officer," the general explained.

"I don't care whether you're an officer or not!" retorted the soldier. "If you were General Grant himself, you couldn't go by here!"

Grant smiled as he had smiled on the previous occasion, and turned the other way.

The sentries around headquarters were ordered to be very strict about the admission of strangers. One day a tall, thin man approached General Grant's tent, and asked if the general was in.

"Yes, he's in; but you can't see him."

"I think he will see me," said the stranger.

"Well, he won't!" was the answer. "And you'll find out mighty soon!"

"Well, please take my name to him, and we'll see."

"I'll take your name, but 'twon't do any good. What is it?"

"Abraham Lincoln."

The sentinel stood, so Mr. Lincoln said, at least half a minute before he entered the tent to announce the name of the visitor. He ascertained that the stranger was right when he said he thought the general would see him. The first thing that Mr. Lincoln did on getting inside the tent was to tell the story of his experience, and he laughed heartily during the narration.

When Grant first established his headquarters at

City Point, the commander of a brigade stationed there wished to do something that would please the general, and sent the brigade band to play in front of the headquarters' tent while the general and his staff were at dinner. Grant stood it without a word of comment until the third day, when, just as the music began, he remarked,—

"I've noticed that that band begins its tumult just as I'm sitting down to dinner and want to talk. Will somebody order it to cease firing?"

One of the staff-officers went to notify the band-master that the services of himself and followers were no longer desired. It took some time to make him comprehend, as he was a newly landed German; but when he did understand he went away crestfallen.

While the siege of Petersburg was going on, Sheridan was very active; and he gave Lee, in the language of the West, "a heap o' trouble." He cut the railway lines west of Richmond, destroyed trains laden with supplies, and in other ways stirred things up so that Lee had to weaken his forces in Richmond and Petersburg to take care of the very annoying cavalry leader.

Sheridan had several encounters with the Rebel cavalry, and was almost invariably successful, so that in a few months the Rebels had very little cavalry left. Grant placed him in command of the forces which were watching General Early. Sheridan maneu-

vered in the Shenandoah Valley, and bided his time until he had Early "just where he wanted him."

Early concentrated upon Sheridan's center with the intention of cutting his army in two, and taking possession of a ridge in his rear. Sheridan allowed him to do it. With tremendous yelling the Rebels pushed through Sheridan's center, and found themselves in an ambuscade, with several brigades of infantry and a dozen batteries of artillery waiting for them. The men were mowed down like grass; entire regiments were captured, and what was left of the Confederate forces was speedily in rapid flight from the scene. Night brought an end to the fight; and it was lucky for Early that the night did not fail to come, as he would have been annihilated if daylight had lasted two hours longer.

The next day Sheridan was after the Rebels again, and drove their broken and disorganized line through the gaps of the Blue Ridge. Some of the newspapers of that day said that Sheridan had been a printer in his younger days, and it was in the printing-office that he first learned to go to press Early.

On the Sunday after the news of Sheridan's success had been published in the North, a titter ran through the congregation of a church in Boston, when, at the opening of the service, the clergyman gave out a hymn, and read the opening lines:—

"Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face."

But in the language of Macbeth, Sheridan had "scotched the snake, not killed it." A month later Early went into the Shenandoah again, and Longstreet went to reinforce him. Sheridan had gone to Washington for a consultation with the War Department, leaving General Wright in command. Just as he reached Washington, he received a dispatch from Wright, saying that the signal-officers had read on the Rebel signal flags a message from Longstreet to Early as follows:—

"Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you, and we will crush Sheridan."

Sheridan stayed only six hours in Washington, and then started back. He reached Winchester on the morning of October 19, and there learned that General Wright's front had been attacked at daylight by Longstreet's troops, and there were no better in the entire Confederate army. They broke the line at once, captured the camp, and sent the Union troops in full retreat down the valley.

Sheridan rode a large, powerful black horse; and when the news reached him of the attack, he sprang upon his steed and started for the front, about twenty miles away, telling his escort of twenty cavalry men to

keep up with him if possible, but if not, to drop behind and turn their attention to rallying the fleeing soldiers.

Less than a mile out from Winchester he began to meet the demoralized fugitives. He swung his hat and shouted, without checking the speed of his horse:—

“ Face the other way, boys! Right about face! We’re going back to camp! We’re going to lick them out of their boots!”

So it was through all the length of that ride; the soldiers had every confidence in their leader, and at his order they faced about and went as fast towards the front as they had been going towards the rear. Wright had established a new line; and as Sheridan reached it, the soldiers gave him a loud shout of welcome. Sheridan rode along the line, straightening it out, and getting it ready to resist the next advance of the enemy.

On came the Rebels, flushed with their success in the early hours of the battle. They dashed against the blue line which Sheridan had formed, but they did not go through. The enemy was checked, and not only checked, but driven back.

An hour later Sheridan gave the order, “ Forward!” Early endeavored to move around on Sheridan’s flank, but he probably wished he had not done so. Sheridan ordered a charge against the opening in the angle, made his way through the enemy’s line, and captured

the entire flanking force. Then a general advance drove back the whole Rebel army, capturing all the guns that had been lost in the morning, taking thousands of prisoners, and Early's camp with all his supplies, artillery, and wagon-trains.

Thus was defeat turned to victory; a disorderly retreat into an orderly advance; a lowering morning into a sunlit afternoon—all by the genius and enthusiasm of one man. Was it any wonder that the heart of the loyal North was stirred to the wildest enthusiasm when it heard of Sheridan's achievement? Was it any wonder that Grant caused a salute of a hundred guns to be fired by each of the armies in front of Richmond, or that President Lincoln promoted Sheridan to the major-generalship in the regular army which had been made vacant by the resignation of McClellan?

Early never advanced again in the valley of the Shenandoah; it was not an agreeable region for him to travel in.

Autumn came, and then the winter; and the armies lay facing each other and continually skirmishing, but making no especially active moves.

One day, as a boat laden with ammunition was discharging its cargo at City Point, a case fell to the ground and exploded. Almost instantly the entire cargo blew up. Many men were killed, and several steamers and also several warehouses with all their

contents were destroyed, the loss amounting to fully two millions of dollars. The explosion was heard for miles, and the ground was shaken as if by an earthquake.

General Grant was sitting in his tent at the time, reading a Richmond newspaper that had been brought in from the front; and, of course, he was smoking a cigar. On hearing the explosion, he placed the paper on the table, took his cigar from his mouth, and stepped to the front of the tent. After surveying for a moment the scene of desolation, he returned to his camp-chair and newspaper, and resumed his smoking. Officers and men were running wildly in every direction, hardly knowing what they were doing; but Grant was no more disturbed than he would have been had there been nothing more exciting than a summer shower.

Grant obtained a position on the Weldon Road which cut off an important feeder of Lee's army. The Rebels made desperate attempts to regain it, but were never successful.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Forming negro regiments.—Anger of the Confederates.—How they treated some negro soldiers.—General Butler's retaliation.—General Lee's letter and Grant's answer.—Hood's campaign and the result.—Grant visits New York.—Sheridan's raid.—Last movement on Richmond.—Battles of Dinwiddie, Five Forks, and Appomattox.—Evacuation of Richmond.—Lee's army in a trap.

IN the last years of the war, negro regiments were formed and put into the field. The Rebel authorities affected to look with holy horror upon any step to arm the negroes, and threatened to kill any who fell into their hands. General Butler had several of these negro regiments in his command. He was endeavoring to shorten the course of the James River by cutting a canal across what was known as Dutch Gap, and set his negro regiments at the work. Some of these soldiers were captured by the Confederates, who refused to treat them as regular prisoners of war, but put them at work on some fortifications which were under the fire of the Union guns.

They probably thought they were very smart in so doing, but they reckoned without their host. Butler had as prisoners some Rebel officers; and he immediately put them at work on fortifications which were

under the fire of the Rebel guns, and he notified General Lee that he would keep them there until the negroes were treated like prisoners of war. These officers represented the aristocracy of the South. The slave-owners of the Confederacy and Lee speedily saw that they must be relieved from their dangerous position. He immediately caused the negroes to be taken from the fortifications, and treated like white prisoners.

Of course when General Butler was informed of this, he ordered a like treatment of the Confederates in his hands. Lee took occasion to write a long letter to Grant concerning the question of slavery and State rights, which Grant declined to answer, saying that he would have nothing to do with a discussion of the slavery question, his business being to obey his superiors, and to end the war as soon as possible.

As the winter dragged on, the siege of Richmond and Petersburg progressed slowly, and the other armies in various parts of the field were doing good work. Jefferson Davis removed General Joseph E. Johnston from the command of the Confederate army in the west, and put General J. B. Hood in his place. Hood was confronted by the Army of the Mississippi, which had steadily pressed south from Chattanooga, driving the Confederates before it. Immediately on taking command, Hood planned a campaign to the northward, intending to press forward to the Ohio River, and pos-

sibly invade Ohio and Indiana. Hood left the whole south uncovered, and pressed northward, as it seems, to his destruction. In speaking of this movement General Grant says:—

"If I had the power of commanding both armies, I should not have changed the orders under which he seemed to be acting."

At Nashville, Hood encountered General Thomas; and a battle lasting altogether for two days was the natural consequence. Hood went no farther North. He entered Tennessee with a magnificent army of 50,000 men, and retreated with less than half that number of men in a very demoralized condition. He lost 13,000 prisoners, 2,000 deserters, 72 pieces of artillery, and most of his wagon-train. In the battle, he lost 2,000 killed and wounded; and among the killed were six major-generals, and other officers in proportion. It was one of the most disastrous campaigns undertaken by any Confederate commander.

During the winter General Grant visited Washington several times; and on one occasion he extended his journey to Philadelphia and New York, in both of which cities he received much attention. While in New York, he visited General Scott, whose biography had just been published. General Scott presented him with a copy of the volume, after inscribing on the fly-leaf:—

"From the oldest to the ablest general in the world."

As Grant thanked him for the present, which he said he would always cherish with high honor, General Scott remarked,—

"That inscription is not entirely original with me. You may remember that after the Revolutionary War, Frederick the Great sent a sword to George Washington, on which was inscribed:—

"From the oldest general in the world to the greatest."

On his return to City Point, General Grant was accompanied by his wife and one of the younger children; and they remained there until the surrender of Lee's army. Down to that time, General Grant had lived in a tent; but during his absence a rude log cabin was erected, and in this he resided until he had no more occasion to live at City Point.

The New Year opened with a continual hammering away at Petersburg, and with raids by Sheridan's cavalry. Sheridan went from the Shenandoah to Lynchburg, destroying railways and canals in every direction, capturing the Rebel camp at Waynesboro, and narrowly missing General Early himself as a prisoner. He wandered about Virginia in an apparently aimless, but very destructive, way; bewildering the Rebels, destroying more railways, bridges, and canals, and finally bringing up at Grant's army.

One of his officers, Colonel Newhall, in writing about this campaign afterwards, said : —

“ By choosing this course, he voluntarily forsook his large department, and put himself in the field at the head of two cavalry divisions, headquarters in the saddle ; and, applying for a new situation, made no stipulations for himself, and no objection to going into the country.”

Sheridan’s men and horses had a few days of rest ; and then Grant issued general orders for a movement on the 29th of March. The following is an extract from his order to the various commanders : —

“ By these instructions a large part of the armies operating against Richmond is left behind. The enemy, knowing this, may, as an only chance, strip their lines to the merest skeleton, in the hope of advantage not being taken of it, whilst they hurl everything against the moving column, and return. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon commanders of troops left in the trenches not to allow this to occur without taking advantage of it. The very fact of the enemy coming out to attack, if he does so, might be regarded as most conclusive evidence of such a weakening of his lines. I would have it particularly enjoined upon corps commanders that, in case of attack from the enemy, those not attacked are not to wait for orders from the commanding officer of the army to which they belong ; but that they will move promptly, and notify the commander of their action. I would also enjoin the same action on the part of division commanders, when

other parts of their corps are engaged. In like manner, I would urge the importance of following up a repulse of the enemy."

Before daylight on the 29th of March, Meade, Sheridan, and Ord had broken camp, and were moving forward. The President was at City Point, and breakfasted with General Grant. After breakfast he went with Grant and his staff to the train, and bade them good-by as they started for the front, eighteen miles away. This railway was constructed by Grant's orders for the facilities that it afforded for the pushing forward of supplies, siege-material, and troops, in the intrenchments before Petersburg and Richmond.

In the afternoon Sheridan with his cavalry reached Dinwiddie Court House. The wagon-train failed to come up, and the men and officers went to bed without supper. Soon after dark Sheridan received a note from Grant, which read as follows:—

"Our line is now unbroken from the Appomattox to Dinwiddie. . . . I now feel like ending the matter, if it is possible to do so, before going back. I do not want you, therefore, to cut loose and go after the enemy's roads at present. In the morning push around the enemy, if you can, and get on to his right rear."

It came on to rain during the night of the 29th, and rained all day on the 30th. The roads became

so bad that the movement of the army was next to impossible. Sheridan advanced his line in the direction of Five Forks, which he reached on the morning of the 31st. Here he encountered the Rebel cavalry, backed by a heavy column of infantry. Warren's corps came up to reinforce him; but they found the force in front of them too strong to contend with, and fell back to Dinwiddie Court House. He held his position there during that day, and made another move on the 1st of April. His plan for the battle, which took place on the afternoon of that day, was clearly outlined in his official report:—

“I determined that I would drive the enemy with cavalry to Five Forks, press them inside their works, and make a feint to turn their right flank; and meanwhile quietly move up the Fifth (Warren's) Corps, with a view to attacking their left flank, crush the whole force if possible, and drive westward those who might escape, thus isolating them from their army at Petersburg.”

Considerable time was spent in maneuvering for position; and at four in the afternoon everything was ready. It was a hard fight, and a Union triumph. The Rebels were taken in front and rear, and more than five thousand of them piled their guns and surrendered. The rest were cut off from Lee's army, and scattered in every direction, principally to the

westward. The victory gave the Union troops possession of the South-Side Railway, six miles north of Five Forks, and possession also of that important point, which derives its name from being the meeting-place of five wagon-roads. Only one railway, the Richmond and Danville, remained to Lee; and if Grant could obtain possession of that, the surrender of Richmond would be inevitable.

General Grant cared much less for the capture of Richmond than he did for the surrender of Lee's army. Of course the possession of the Rebel capital was a matter of great importance to all concerned; but the escape of Lee was to be prevented if possible. His army, by marching westward, could unite with Joe Johnston's; and then the combined forces of these two generals would seriously endanger the safety of the Army of the Mississippi, which was then confronting Johnston. Grant's plans included the surrender of Lee along with the capture of Richmond, and step by step he was carrying them out.

At daybreak on the 2d of April there was a general assault along the Confederate line at Petersburg and Richmond by the Second, Sixth, Ninth, Twenty-fourth, and Twenty-fifth Corps. The fire of the enemy was destructive, and retarded the advance at several points, but could not stop it. The Sixth Corps carried the works in its front; and one division (Seymour's) broke

through to the South-Side Railway, and began to tear it up. The Twenty-fourth Corps was also successful, and so were the Second and Ninth. The Ninth had probably the hardest fighting of the day, in which it captured Fort Mahone, on the Jerusalem plank-road. The enemy tried to take it back, and was nearly successful, when the Sixth Corps came to the aid of the Ninth, and the dearly obtained position was saved. A Confederate brigade (Harris's), which defended one of the forts, was two hundred and fifty strong at the beginning of the battle, and lost two hundred and twenty men before it was over.

After the outer line was taken, and the troops were moving on the inner line, General Grant with his staff took up a position on a little hill which overlooked the field of operations. The spot was within range of the enemy's guns, and the Rebels soon turned one of their batteries in the direction of the group of officers and cavalrymen. The general had dismounted and sat down under a tree, where he busied himself with reading dispatches that came to him every few minutes, and sending orders to the generals who were conducting operations.

The fire became pretty hot; and several of the staff, who feared the general might be killed, suggested to him that they had better change their position for one of greater safety. He paid no attention to any

of their remarks, and evidently didn't observe the cannon-shot falling around him. When he got through with his dispatches, he stood up and looked around; then he mounted his horse, and started for another part of the field, remarking as he did so,—

“The fellows seem to have the range on us.”

Along nearly the whole line the outer defenses were entirely in the hands of the assailants; and, though Lee still held the city of Petersburg, he saw that his position was no longer tenable. Accordingly, at 10.30 A.M., he telegraphed as follows to President Davis:—

“My lines are broken in three places. Richmond must be evacuated this evening.”

Mr. Davis was in church when this dispatch was handed to him. He rose and walked out quietly, and the service went on as though nothing had happened. But there was a deathly silence over the whole congregation, and every one felt that something awful was about to happen. After the service was over the news spread rapidly; and before noon everybody who cared to know was aware that Richmond was about to be occupied by the enemy.

There was great excitement in the city all through the afternoon, many persons desiring to go with the Confederate Government and follow its fortunes.

Wagons and carriages rose to an enormous price, as much as one hundred dollars in gold or Union currency being offered for a conveyance for a single day. The streets were filled with a mass of fugitives, carrying trunks, boxes, and all sorts of receptacles. As a precautionary measure the City Council ordered the destruction of all intoxicating liquors in Richmond; and hundreds of barrels were rolled out, and their contents poured into the gutters. General Ewell ordered the burning of the four principal tobacco warehouses in spite of the protests of the mayor and council, who feared that the whole business part of the city would be destroyed. As was expected, the fire caused great destruction; and the first work of the Union troops that entered Richmond was to extinguish the flames. The Confederate gunboats were blown up and burned; and all the steamers at the docks were burned, with the exception of a single flag-of-truce boat.

The government wagons removed as much as possible from the commissary depot, and then the place was thrown open to the public to help themselves. Bacon, flour, etc., were distributed to many who were long in sore need of it. As usually happens in such cases, the strong overpowered the weak; and it is said that several persons were trampled to death in the rush that followed the opening of the doors.

During the night of the 2d, the evacuation went on; and about 3 A. M. a negro came from Richmond into the Union lines, and announced that the Confederates had gone. General Weitzel rode in about 6 A. M. Threading his way carefully over the ground, which was thickly planted with torpedoes, and accompanied by his staff, he reached the center of the city in advance of his troops, and hoisted the American flag over the Capitol. The Confederate works were found to be of great strength; and those who saw them did not wonder that the Union army had been so long kept at bay, when they remembered that the defenses were manned by Lee's tried and trusty veterans.

The evacuation of Petersburg was simultaneous with that of Richmond, and was conducted so quietly that the Union pickets, only a few yards away, were unaware of it until daylight showed that the Confederates had gone. They had a start of several miles, marching out along the Danville Railway, and the direct road to Lynchburg, by which Lee still hoped to effect a junction with Johnston, and again take the offensive, either against Grant or the Army of the Mississippi. Unfortunately for him, he was compelled to take the north side of the Appomattox, as the forces of Grant were mainly on the south side of the river, and completely barred his retreat in that direction.

With his army reduced to less than thirty-five thousand men, Lee pushed as rapidly as possible to Amelia Court House, where he had ordered supplies from Danville. By a mistake in the execution of the order these supplies were sent to Richmond, and consequently the wearied and famished soldiers were compelled to forage on the already exhausted country, and find what food they could. Here he rested on the 4th and 5th of April, and then prepared to advance, still hoping to reach Lynchburg before the enemy could interfere with him. But his plans were rudely frustrated.

By following directly after Lee and engaging him in battle, Grant would still leave an open way to Lynchburg in case of defeat. His object was not to defeat, but to capture, Lee with his whole army; and with this object in view he sent Sheridan with the cavalry and the Fifth Corps to move as rapidly as possible by roads considerably south of the one through Amelia Court House, and thus get in front of Lee and intercept his movements. Sheridan executed the order with the dash for which he was famous. He struck the line of the Richmond and Danville Railway at Jettersville, where he planted himself, prepared to resist the whole of Lee's forces until Grant and Meade could come up and deliver a crushing blow in the rear. Late in the afternoon of the

5th, Meade arrived with the Second and Sixth Corps, while Lee was still at Amelia Court House, which he left on the night of the 5th.

Lee marched around the position of Meade and Sheridan at Jetersville, aiming for Farmville, where he hoped to cross the Appomattox and escape. But General Davies, with his cavalry brigade, had advanced to the road and struck Lee's train in advance of his infantry, destroying one hundred and eighty wagons and capturing five guns and many prisoners. Two other cavalry brigades came to the relief of Davies, who was hard pressed by the enemy. They fell back to Jetersville, where they continued the pursuit the next day (6th), striking the enemy at Sailor's Creek, where a brilliant engagement was fought; four hundred wagons were destroyed, and sixteen guns and a considerable number of prisoners were taken. The Confederate line was pierced, General Ewell's division, six thousand strong, being cut off from the rest and compelled to surrender, though it fought as long as there was any chance of escape.

On the evening of the 6th, Lee crossed the Appomattox at Farmville, his rear being so closely pressed that he was unable to destroy the bridge of the wagon-road, though he succeeded in burning the railway bridge. The rear guard retired just as General Barlow's division arrived, and so rapid was the retreat

that the Confederates abandoned eighteen guns and many wagons. The pursuit was kept up through the 7th and 8th, with no engagement of consequence. The Second and Sixth Corps under Meade followed directly in the trail of Lee and his fugitive companions, while Sheridan's cavalry pushed forward to head off Lee, followed by Ord's and Griffin's infantry divisions, who could not, of course, keep pace with the horses. As it was now impossible for Lee to make for Danville, Sheridan took a position to head him off from Lynchburg, which was now his only place of refuge. Sheridan learned that four trains, laden with supplies for Lee's starving soldiers, had been sent from Lynchburg, and were at Prospect Station, five miles from Appomattox Court House. Making a forced march of twenty-eight miles, he captured these trains, and then sent Custer's division forward, which soon found itself in front of Lee's advance.

Custer fought until darkness put an end to the combat, driving the advance back upon the main body of the army, and capturing twenty-five guns, a hospital train, and a large number of wagons, and making many prisoners. Sheridan brought up the rest of the cavalry, and planted it right in front of Lee's army, and sent couriers to Grant, Griffin, and Ord, saying that the capture of Lee's whole army was now certain. Griffin and Ord, with their corps and one division of the

Twenty-fifth Corps, made a forced march during the night, and reached Appomattox at daylight on the 9th.

And now came one of the most dramatic incidents of the war, an incident that dwarfs to littleness the most magnificent spectacle ever presented on the theatrical stage.

On the morning of that memorable 9th of April, Lee's army of ragged, starved, wearied soldiers was drawn up in battle array in front of Sheridan's cavalry. Their ranks had been terribly reduced by the events of the past ten days, and out of the fifty thousand that held the trenches at Petersburg and Richmond on the 28th of March, little more than ten thousand remained actually effective for battle. But though few in number, worn, weary, and suffering from the pangs of hunger, they were ready to meet their adversaries, and prepared without flinching to charge upon Sheridan's troopers. It was the last charge of the Army of Northern Virginia.

By Sheridan's order the cavalry in line of battle dismounted and gave way gradually, though all the while showing a steady front, in order to give time for the wearied infantry of Ord's and Griffin's corps to take up their position. When this had been accomplished, the cavalry remounted and moved rapidly to the right, in order to come in upon the Confederate left for a flanking charge. As the cavalry thus drew

away from its former position, the Confederate commander saw, to his astonishment, the long and solid lines of the Union infantry, lines of blue tipped with the steel of flashing bayonets, and stippled at intervals with the muzzles of cannon, with the artillerymen in their places ready for their death-dealing work.

The hopelessness of the charge was apparent to every Confederate officer who saw that mass of infantry waiting for the assault. The advance was stopped; and in a few minutes a white flag was displayed in front of General Custer, who was leading Sheridan's cavalry column, and preparing for a charge upon the Confederate left. With the white flag came the information that the Confederates were ready to surrender. General Sheridan immediately rode over towards the Confederate lines, where he was met by General Gordon, who asked that hostilities be suspended. He added that Generals Grant and Lee were already negotiating for a capitulation, and said he had no doubt that the terms would be speedily arranged.

The capitulation had been discussed among the Confederate officers around a camp-fire on the night of the 6th. General Lee was not present, but the opinion of his officers was conveyed to him by General Pendleton. The decision was unanimous that a surrender was inevitable, as the army had been terribly reduced in numbers, and the men who remained were

so weakened by famine that large numbers of them had thrown away their guns, being too feeble to carry them. Even if they could escape from their pursuers, they could only do so by abandoning all their artillery and heavy munitions, and they had already lost a large part of their wagon-train.

CHAPTER XXV.

Lee's surrender.—How it was brought about.—Terms of the agreement.—Johnston's surrender.—President Lincoln's visit to Richmond.—Reception by the negroes.—How New York received the great news.—Lincoln's return to Washington.—Grant's return.—Assassination of the President.—How Grant escaped.—The President's dream.—Anger of the North.—The French in Mexico.—How they were driven out.

ON the 7th, General Grant took the initiative, and thus saved Lee the mortification of proposing a surrender. He wrote a letter couched in the following language:—

April 7, 1865.

GENERAL,—The result of last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so; and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States forces known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

U. S. GRANT,

Lieut.-Gen.

GEN. R. E. LEE.

General Lee received the letter late in the afternoon, and replied briefly, asking the terms of surrender,

though not admitting the hopelessness of the further struggle. Grant replied on the 8th to the effect that the only terms he could accept were unconditional surrender, the men and officers surrendered being disqualified from taking up arms until properly exchanged. Lee responded on the same evening, saying that he did not think that the emergency had arisen for the surrender of the army, that he did not intend to propose it, but only wished to know the terms that would be demanded. He declined meeting General Grant for the purpose of negotiating a surrender, but expressed a wish to meet him with a view to the restoration of peace.

On the morning of the 9th, General Grant wrote again to General Lee to the effect that he had no authority to treat for peace, and the proposed meeting would therefore do no good. He added that the terms on which peace could be obtained were well understood; that the South must lay down its arms, and by so doing would save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed.

Immediately after the stoppage of the last charge of the Army of Northern Virginia in the manner previously described, General Grant rode to Sheridan's headquarters, and while on his way there received a note from General Lee, asking for an interview with reference to the surrender of the army. Hostilities had

been suspended, and the interview of the two commanders took place in half an hour after the receipt of the note.

It was held at the house of Mr. W. McLean, near the court-house of Appomattox, and was over in a short time, as the business was easily arranged. Officers and men were paroled not to take up arms again until properly exchanged, all public property, arms, and artillery to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed to receive them. The officers were allowed to retain their side-arms, horses, and personal baggage; and though not mentioned in the official documents, General Grant afterwards permitted the cavalry and artillery soldiers to retain their horses, remarking, as a reason for his leniency, that they would "be useful in putting in a crop." Twenty-seven thousand men were said to have been included in Lee's capitulation, but not more than ten thousand were actually in line of battle with their arms on the morning of the 9th of April.

The victory at Five Forks was the prelude to the surrender at Appomattox, and that surrender was practically the end of the war. One after another the remaining armies of the Confederates submitted to the fortune of war and laid down their arms, and in every instance the terms accorded were almost identical with those arranged between Grant and Lee. No

great battle was fought after Lee's surrender; and of the few collisions that occurred before the wings of peace were outstretched all over the whole country, there were none of consequence. The last battle of the war was fought in Texas, May 13, resulting in a loss of about thirty killed and wounded on the Union side, some forty or fifty taken prisoners, and four or five wounded on the Confederate side.

The number of men paroled in the Confederate armies, at the close of the war, was 174,223, and at the same time 98,802 Confederate prisoners of war were held in Northern prisons or depots. The aggregate Union force on the muster-rolls of the Union armies on March 1, 1865, was 965,591, and on the 1st of May the number exceeded 1,000,000. On that date all enlistments were suspended, and shortly afterwards the work of disbanding the army began. By the end of November more than 800,000 men had been mustered out of the service, and returned to the occupations of civil life. The sudden termination of the war was unexpected by the great mass of the public on both sides, though to the thoughtful leaders who knew the conditions against which they were contending, the result was apparent months and months before.

President Lincoln came to City Point a day or two before the final movement against Richmond and Lee's army. On the morning of the evacuation of Peters-

burg he went to the front by train, and there met General Grant, their interview lasting but a few minutes, as neither had much time to spare. General Grant hurried away to meet Sheridan, while Mr. Lincoln returned to City Point, and proceeded to Richmond in a rowboat, accompanied by Admirals Farragut and Porter. He had appeared worn and anxious for several months, owing to the many disappointments he had suffered in consequence of the failure to take Richmond; but now his face was lighted up with joy, and he seemed to possess the vigor and enthusiasm of a young man of twenty. The negroes in Richmond gathered about him, and hailed him as their deliverer from bondage. They grasped his hands whenever it was possible to do so, and hundreds of them kissed the ground on which he walked. They gave cheer upon cheer for their friend and savior, and their admiration and devotion brought tears to his eyes. The President lifted his hat, and bowed to the assembled multitude;—what President of the United States had ever before bared his head to an assemblage of negroes?

He visited the Presidential mansion of the Confederacy, where only two days before Jefferson Davis had presided at a reception. He wanted to see Libby Prison, where so many thousands of Union soldiers had suffered in captivity. When he went through it the tables had been turned; there were no Union prisoners

there, and the place they had so long occupied was now filled with Confederate prisoners of war.

While he was making his visit to Richmond the telegraph was flashing the news all over the North of the capture of that city. Wild as had been the scenes when the victories of Donelson, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, and Chattanooga became known, wilder yet were the scenes that followed the knowledge of the fall of Richmond. In the general excitement, business was almost entirely suspended; streets and houses were covered with flags; friends and acquaintances, and even men unknown to each other, shook hands and embraced like brothers after a separation of twenty years. On the Stock Exchange of New York, on the Produce Exchange, and in other places where business men assembled, the object of their assemblage was forgotten for the time. They joined hands and sang, not always tunefully, but in great volumes of sound, the words of "Old Hundred," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and the "Star Spangled Banner," and perhaps louder than in other melodies their voices rose in unison in that well-known refrain:—

"John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

Everybody realized that the end of the war was at hand. The fall of Richmond meant the fall of the

Confederacy, and the fall of the Confederacy was the guaranty of peace.

President Lincoln remained at City Point until after the surrender of Lee, and then returned to Washington. After the terms of the surrender were settled, General Grant returned to City Point, briefly stopping at Richmond and Petersburg on the way. On the morning of the 13th he arrived in Washington, and was actively engaged during the whole day. A few hours after his arrival, the War Department issued a general order that all drafting of recruits should be stopped immediately, together with all purchases of ammunition, provisions, and war material in general.

He was thoroughly satisfied with what he had accomplished ; and this was evident in his official report of the surrender of Lee, and the events that immediately preceded it. The closing paragraph of his report is an excellent illustration of his magnanimous character.

"It has been my fortune to see the armies of both the West and the East fight battles ; and from what I have seen I know there is no difference in their fighting qualities. All that is possible for men to do in battle they have done. The Western armies commenced their battles in the Mississippi Valley, and received the final surrender of the principal army opposed to them in North Carolina. The armies of the East commenced their battles on the river from which the Army of the Potomac derived its name,

and received the final surrender of their old antagonist at Appomattox Court House, Va. The splendid achievements of each have nationalized our victories, removed all sectional jealousies (of which we have, unfortunately, experienced too much), and the cause of crimination or recrimination that might have followed had either section failed in its duty.

"All have a proud record; and all sections can congratulate themselves and each other for having done their full share in restoring the supremacy of law over every foot of territory belonging to the United States. Let them hope for perpetual peace and harmony with that enemy, whose manhood, however mistaken the cause, drew forth such Herculean deeds of valor."

There was a grand illumination of the public buildings of Washington on the evening of the 13th of April. An immense crowd flooded the streets, and there were impromptu public meetings and speeches in a dozen places at once. At the request of the President, General Grant drove out with Mrs. Lincoln to look at the illuminations. As they went along, there was a continuous peal of cheering for General Grant and Mr. Lincoln. Whenever the carriage came in the vicinity of any of the public meetings just mentioned, the crowd gave a rousing three times three for the General and for the President. Never before had such enthusiasm been witnessed in the national capital: and the people everywhere had but one sentiment to express.

The next day there was a meeting of the cabinet, and all the members remarked that they had never seen the President in such good spirits. By special invitation General Grant attended the meeting, and the time was principally devoted to a discussion of the reconstruction measures which must follow the end of the war. Mr. Lincoln remarked that before every great event of the war he had had a curious dream. "I dreamt that I saw a ship sailing very rapidly; and that dream always precedes some very important event."

Before the meeting broke up, the President said that he was going to the theater that night with Mrs. Lincoln to witness the performance of "Our American Cousin." Mrs. Lincoln wanted to go, and he had agreed to accompany her. He further said that Mrs. Lincoln told him to invite General and Mrs. Grant to go with them, as there would be room enough in the box for all. General Grant excused himself by saying that he and his wife were to leave that night for Burlington, N. J., where some of his children were at school.

The general was busy all that day at the war department, and got around to the hotel just in time to eat a hasty dinner and catch the train for the north; Mrs. Grant having already packed their trunks, and sent them to the railway station.

When the time came for the party to go to the

theater, Mr. Lincoln wanted to remain at home: but the newspapers had announced that both he and Grant would be present; and as he was unwilling to disappoint the public, he went to see the play.

The party arrived after the performance began, and of course its arrival caused some commotion in the theater. This quickly subsided, and the play went on. About half-past ten o'clock, while Mr. Lincoln was resting his chin upon his hand, and his elbow upon the front of the box, John Wilkes Booth, one of the famous dramatic family of that name, came into the box, placed the muzzle of a revolver at the back of the President's head, and fired. The bullet entered the brain of the victim; and although Mr. Lincoln lived for nine hours, he displayed no consciousness, and seemed to suffer no pain whatever. He was carried to a neighboring house, where he lingered until the next morning, when he died, surrounded by all of the officers of his cabinet who were able to be with him, and several other of his intimate friends.

The investigation which followed showed that a plot had been formed to murder the President, Secretary Seward, General Grant, the Vice-president, and other men prominent in national affairs.

Almost at the moment when the President was shot, an assassin named Payne entered the room where

Mr. Seward was lying in bed in consequence of injuries received in a carriage accident a few days before. Mr. Seward's son endeavored to stop him, and narrowly escaped being killed. Twice the assassin snapped a pistol at him, and then threw him to the floor with such violence as to break his skull. Then, with a dagger, he struck three times at the secretary's throat, wounding him frightfully. Doubtless he would have succeeded in his attempt at murder had not Mr. Seward rolled out of bed on the other side. Payne then fled from the house, stabbing on his way an attendant and two other men who tried to intercept him.

General Grant escaped assassination, or an attempt at it, by his unexpected departure from the city. He received news of the occurrence after passing through Philadelphia. He continued with his wife to Burlington, and immediately returned to Washington.

All over the North the rejoicings over the capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee's army were changed to mourning for the death of the President; and the grief was intensified in consequence of the terribly tragic manner of his death. The next morning the newspapers all appeared in mourning; business was suspended as though it were Sunday; and in a few hours all the great cities were draped in the habiliments of sorrow. Strong men as they met each

other shook hands without a word, and passed on. Their hearts were too full for utterance, and their grief overpowered them. Never was such a scene of sorrow witnessed in the country; never were so many tears shed for a man who was not personally known to those who wept; never since the death of General Washington did the American public find their hearts so touched by the loss of a great man as when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. There had been differences of opinion concerning his policy, but no one doubted his honesty of purpose in everything that he had done or tried to do for the nation. Rich and poor alike revered him; and especially was he beloved by the humbler class of people. The badges of mourning were as abundant in the tenements of the squalid parts of the great cities as in the fashionable quarters, in the log cabins of the prairie as in the mansions of the rich.

Most sincerely was he mourned by the race of people he had liberated from slavery,—the toiling millions whom he had made free. Among the negro race, lamentations over the death of Mr. Lincoln were long and loud. Negro lips everywhere uttered prayers to God in his behalf; and to this day, among the colored race the world over, the name of Lincoln is revered and cherished.

Before Mr. Lincoln's death many people in the North

had grown impatient over his leniency to the Rebels, in view of the sufferings which the Union soldiers had endured in Southern prisons. After his assassination there was a wide-spread demand for more severe treatment, and also that the Rebels yet in arms should receive terms less favorable than had been accorded to Lee. Of course the public could not always understand matters of policy. Grant's terms to Lee had been liberal, partly from feeling and partly from policy. He wanted to end the bloodshed as quickly as possible, and, with a soldier's instinct, did not wish to humiliate men who had fought so bravely for what they believed to be right. On the side of policy he made his terms liberal, knowing that, if Lee refused them, he would be unable to keep his men together when they knew what had been offered, while, if Lee accepted them, Johnston's men would demand the same terms. But after the tragic event of the 14th of April, the great mass of people at the North complained of the liberality which had been shown, and were clamorous that some of the leading Rebels should be hanged, "to encourage the others."

Johnston's army surrendered on the same terms that had been accorded to Lee; and very speedily peace had spread her wings all over the country — no, not entirely over the country, as there was a war-cloud hanging over our south-western horizon.

While the Civil War was in progress, England, France, and Spain had interfered in Mexico on the pretense of collecting debts that were due to subjects of those countries. All three sent expeditions to Mexico; but England and Spain shortly withdrew, leaving France in possession. Napoleon III., then Emperor of France, determined to set up an Empire in Mexico; and induced Maximilian I., brother of the Emperor of Austria, to accept the crown. It was universally believed that nothing of the kind would have been attempted, had not the United States been in trouble over its home affairs. The establishment of an empire in Mexico was not in accordance with American ideas. General Grant proceeded to act in this matter as soon as the Rebellion was brought to an end. He induced the government to concentrate sixty thousand troops on the western borders of Texas, under the command of General Sheridan, and having done this, make a very plain intimation to Napoleon III. that the sooner he got his troops out of Mexico the better it would be for him and for them.

Louis Napoleon staid not upon the order of his going, but went. In spite of the pleadings of Maximilian and his wife, Carlotta, he agreed to withdraw all his soldiers from Mexico before November, 1867. The Empress Carlotta went to France to solicit in person the withdrawal of this agreement, but her

pleadings were vain. Shortly after the denial of her appeal by the French emperor she became a hopeless lunatic. The French troops were withdrawn from Mexico, Maximilian was captured, and, with two Mexican generals who adhered to his cause, was shot, after trial, on the 19th of June, 1867. President Juarez was soon once more in the presidential chair in the capital of Mexico, and from that time on comparative peace has reigned throughout the country.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Grant makes a tour through the Northern States. — Revisits Galena. — Citizens give him a house. — The new sidewalk. — Goes to Missouri and Ohio. — Visits the South. — Secretary of War *ad interim*. — Impeachment of Andrew Johnson. — Nominated for the presidency. — Elected. — His administration. — Re-elected. — Retirement. — Journey around the world. — In Cuba and Mexico. — Bankruptcy. — Writing his memoirs. — Disease. — Death.

IN the June following the surrender of Lee, General Grant made a trip through the Northern States, his main object being the fulfillment of a promise to attend a grand fair in Chicago, which was given for the benefit of disabled soldiers and their families. As a matter of course, he met a magnificent reception everywhere he went. In July he went to Saratoga, and from there to Boston, and thence made a tour through Maine and Canada, with his face turned towards his old home in Galena. Needless to say, one of the warmest receptions he received was in the place whence, four years before, he started for the war.

The streets were thronged in every direction, and so densely that it was difficult to pass through the crowds. Magnificent arches spanned the streets; and he was driven in a carriage, with the mayor, to the house which the city had bought and presented to him, at a

cost of sixteen thousand dollars. As they passed in front of the house, the mayor placed in his hands the title-deeds to the property, and called his attention to the sidewalk, which extended from the house to the railway station. As stated elsewhere in this volume, an arch across the street bore the announcement that the sidewalk had been built. Other houses in Washington and in Philadelphia were shortly afterwards presented to him, so that the general was well supplied with residences.

Grant and his family remained in their new house in Galena until September; and after visiting St. Louis he went to his native State, and revisited the scenes of his boyhood. He reached Washington in October, and late in November started to make a tour of the Southern States, to examine the military forces and the Freedmen's Bureau, and ascertain the feeling of the Southern people. After he returned from this tour, the House of Representatives passed a bill reviving the grade of General of the Army of the United States, which had never been held by any one except Washington. The intention was to make it a special rank for General Grant, and for nobody else. A clause in the bill set forth this object distinctly in the following words:—

"Whenever any General shall have been appointed and commissioned under the provisions of this act, if there-

after the office shall become vacant, this act shall thereupon expire and remain no longer in force."

The Senate immediately approved the measure, and it was signed by President Johnson. General Grant was appointed, and the title expired when he became President. It was renewed by Act of Congress a few months prior to his death.

Andrew Johnson, who became President after Mr. Lincoln's death, had all along breathed the most bitter sentiments of hostility toward the Rebels and all who favored their cause. It was universally felt and believed that, under his administration, they would be treated with great severity; but hardly had he come into power before he changed his tone completely, and from a violent antagonist of the Rebels he became their warm supporter and friend. Naturally this made a breach between him and the loyal friends of the Government. So wide grew the breach between them that he was impeached, and tried for treason.

Impeachment failed, and during the rest of his term there was a condition of hostility between the President and Congress and nearly all other loyal men of the administration. The quarrel included Secretary Stanton and General Grant; the President suspended Secretary Stanton, and put General Grant in his place *ad interim*. Congress had passed a law prohibiting the

removal of an officer against his will without consent of the Senate, but Johnson found a way of getting around this restriction by suspending him from duty. Previous to this, Grant had written a very earnest letter to the President (marking it *private*), protesting against any change being made. When Grant accepted the office *ad interim*, he was bitterly denounced as being a tool in the hands of Johnson. Later on, when his private letter to the President was published, the same papers commended his wise discretion and reticence. He took the office very unwillingly, but while he held it he performed very efficient work. In a few months he surrendered the place to Stanton, and said to a friend that he proposed to take a rest for a while. He did as he said he would, visiting various parts of the country, but spending a good portion of his time in Washington.

The National Republican Party to nominate a candidate for the presidency met in Chicago on the 19th of May, 1868. There were six hundred and fifty delegates from all the States of the Union in attendance at that convention; and when the roll of States was called for the choice of the delegates as the next president, six hundred and fifty votes were cast for Grant. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed at the announcement of the vote; hats and handkerchiefs were waved in air, and the building in which the

convention was held resounded with cheers prolonged for fifteen or twenty minutes.

One enthusiastic member on the front of the platform manifested his delight by opening and waving an umbrella. The historic eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry was present, and joined in the tumult of delight; and it was fully half an hour before the noise was brought to an end, and the convention again settled down to business. As the vote was announced, a curtain was let down in the rear of the stage, showing a painting of the White House with two pedestals in front. One of them with Grant's statue upon it was labeled: “Republican Nominee of the Chicago Convention. May 20, 1868.” The other pedestal was vacant, and bore the label: “Democratic Nominee, New York Convention. July 4, 1868.”

The Goddess of Liberty stood between the two pedestals, pointing a hand towards each of them, while above her was the motto: “MATCH HIM!”

By some mistake, either of the telegraph or the printer, one of the principal New York papers printed the next morning the motto thus: “WATCH HIM!”

This led to great wonderment on the part of all its readers, and afterwards, when the error was corrected, to their great amusement.

A few days later a committee of the convention

waited on General Grant to notify him of his nomination. In response to its chairman, General Hawley, he replied with the longest speech he had ever made in his life. Here it is:—

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the National Union Convention,— I will endeavor in a very short time to write you a letter accepting the trust you have imposed upon me. Expressing my gratitude for the confidence you have placed in me, I will now say but little orally; and that is to thank you for the unanimity with which you have selected me as a candidate for the presidential office. I can say, in addition, I looked on during the progress of the proceedings at Chicago with a great deal of interest, and am gratified with the harmony and unanimity which seem to have governed the deliberations of the convention. If chosen to fill the high office for which you have selected me, I will give to its duties the same energy, the same spirit, and the same will, that I have given to the performance of all duties which have devolved on me heretofore. Whether I shall be able to perform these duties to your entire satisfaction, time will determine. You have truly said, in the course of your address, that I shall have no policy of my own to force against the will of the people."

His formal letter of acceptance was sent to the committee on the 29th of the same month. It is as follows:—

"In formally accepting the nomination of the National Union Republican Convention of the 21st of May inst., it seems proper that some statement of views beyond the mere acceptance of the nomination should be expressed.

"The proceedings of the convention were marked with wisdom, moderation, and patriotism, and, I believe, express the feelings of the great mass of those who sustained the country through its recent trials. I endorse the resolutions.

"If elected to the office of President of the United States, it will be my endeavor to administer all the laws in good faith, with economy, and with the view of giving peace, quiet, and protection everywhere. In times like the present, it is impossible, or at least eminently improper, to lay down a policy to be adhered to right or wrong, through an administration of four years. New political issues, not foreseen, are constantly arising; the views of the public on old ones are constantly changing; and a purely administrative officer should always be left free to execute the will of the people. I have always respected that will, and always shall.

"Peace and universal prosperity — its sequence — with the economy of administration, will lighten the burden of taxation, while it constantly reduces the National debt. Let us have peace."

The Democrats nominated Horatio Seymour of New York, with Frank P. Blair of Missouri as vice-president. Seymour was not an ardent sympathizer with

the war, but had not made himself particularly obnoxious to those who supported it. Blair had fought bravely during the war on the Northern side, and attained the rank of major-general. He had been an emphatic friend of the Union cause; and though he had modified his views somewhat after the war, it is probable that his vanity had more to do with his nomination than any views which he held regarding political policy. Schuyler Colfax, who was the candidate for the vice-presidency with Grant, was a thoroughly loyal Unionist, and had been a speaker of the House of Representatives, where he performed excellent services.

Grant and Colfax were elected, receiving 214 electoral votes against 80 for Seymour and Blair. Grant was duly inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1869, and at the end of his term of four years, was again elected. Tradition and custom limit the holding of the presidential office by one man to two terms. No attempt was made to nominate Grant in 1876; but in 1880 his friends made a strong effort to secure his nomination for a third term. His name was presented to the convention, and for thirty-six ballots received a vote that was never lower than 302 nor higher than 313. On most of the ballots his vote stood at 306; and a medal was afterwards struck for the faithful ones who adhered to him from the first to the last.

There is no doubt that he would have received the nomination, had it not been for the prevailing prejudice against a third term. Many of his warm admirers voted against him, and openly gave this prejudice as a reason for doing so. After a long and excited meeting, the convention compromised on James A. Garfield, who received the nomination. From that time on, General Grant had no part in the politics of the day.

During his two terms in the presidential office General Grant displayed the same earnestness, truthfulness, honesty, and energy that had characterized him during his career as a soldier. In his inaugural address he declared that the Government bonds should be paid in gold, advocated the speedy return to specie payments, and made a goodly number of recommendations concerning public affairs. On the subject of the national honor, he was very emphatic in saying that it should be understood everywhere "that no repudiator of a single farthing of our public debt will be trusted in public places; and it will go far towards strengthening the credit which ought to be the best in the world; and will ultimately enable us to replace the debt with bonds bearing less interest than we now pay."

He advocated the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution, which guaranteed the right of suffrage with-

out regard to race, color, or previous condition of servitude. In proclaiming its adoption, he said that he regarded it as a measure of grander importance than any other one act of the kind since the foundation of the government.

General Grant favored the annexation of San Domingo to the United States, and was much disappointed at the failure of the annexation movement. He took strong ground in favor of civil service reform, and earnestly urged upon Congress the necessity of building up our merchant marine, and extending our foreign commerce. Perhaps the most important measure of his administration was the negotiation with Great Britain of the Treaty of Washington, which led to the settlement of the so-called Alabama claims, and removed the cause of an irritation between the two countries which at one time threatened to lead to war.

There was considerable trouble in the South at different times, owing to the reconstruction measures, and the treatment of the colored people. The President was greatly abused for his action; but what President has ever escaped censure? During his administration, the national debt was reduced more than \$450,000,000, and the taxes more than \$300,000,000. The balance of trade was \$130,000,000 in favor of this country, where it previously was \$130,000,000 against it. He left the country far more prosperous

at the end of his two terms than when he was first seated in the presidential chair. Many troublesome questions had been settled, the Southern States had all been reconstructed, and the first trans-continental railway had been completed between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Shortly after retiring from the presidency, on the 4th of March, 1877, General Grant decided to visit the Old World, and see something of a part of the globe which he had never looked upon. He sailed from Philadelphia on the 17th of May, on the steamer Indiana, accompanied by his wife and one son. A large fleet of commercial and naval vessels accompanied him down the river, the shipping in the harbor was dressed in flags, and salutes were fired in his honor. He arrived at Liverpool May 28, and his reception was quite equal to his farewell when he left his native shores. Everywhere that he went in Great Britain he was cordially welcomed and magnificently received. The freedom of all cities that he visited was presented to him ; he was officially received by the Queen and the Prince of Wales ; banquets and receptions were accorded to him ; and the whole British nation seemed determined to make him feel thoroughly at home. Addresses of welcome were showered upon him, and he received the most enthusiastic greeting from the mass of the population.

On the Continent he received the same distinction from crowned heads that had been shown him in England, and also from the people of every rank and degree. Military reviews, banquets, and grand receptions followed each other in rapid succession. He bore himself at all times with characteristic modesty, and would have gladly escaped, had it been possible, from the distinguished courtesies that were showered upon him.

On the U. S. man-of-war *Vandalia*, which had been placed at his disposal, he made a cruise into the Mediterranean, and visited Italy, the Holy Land, and Egypt. In January, 1879, he went to India, landing at Bombay, and afterwards visited all the principal cities of that country. His progress was like that of an emperor making a journey through his own domains, and has been admirably described by Hon. John Russell Young, who accompanied him, in a work entitled, "*Around the World with General Grant.*"

From India he went to Burmah, and from Burmah to the Malay peninsula, Siam, and Cochin-China, arriving at Hong Kong April 30. The King of Siam, to whom he was presented by Colonel Sickles, the consul-general, showed him the highest honors, and took great pains to make his stay an agreeable one. In China he received greater honors than had ever before been shown to any foreigner, and he was

requested by Prince Kung to act as sole arbitrator in the settlement of a dispute between China and Japan concerning the Loo Choo Islands.

From China he went to Japan, where he was received by a delegation of imperial officers, and became a special guest of the emperor. His course through Japan was a course of glory; and the entertainments that were made in his honor surpassed anything that had ever before been made in Japan. He sailed from Yokohama for San Francisco on the 3d of September, and reached his destination on the 20th. Here a grand ovation awaited him; an immense contrast to the reception he received when he first visited the Pacific Coast as a lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry. Banquets and receptions met him all the way from the western to the eastern coast.

In the following year General Grant visited Cuba and Mexico. In the latter country he was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm by all classes of the people, who regarded him as their stanchest friend in the days when they suffered from foreign invasion. Everywhere he went throughout the Mexican Republic, he received the highest official and personal courtesies.

It has been suggested that General Grant has seen and been seen by more men than any other man

who ever lived; and if the reader will reflect for a moment he will see that this supposition is doubtless correct. In his own country during the Civil War his eyes must have rested upon a great many thousands of soldiers, both Union and Confederate. Add to these the crowds that thronged the streets of every city which he visited, and on every road that he traveled during the later years of the war, the years that followed, and during his two terms of the presidency. Add to these the immense crowds that greeted him everywhere, and the soldiers in the grand reviews given in his honor in his triumphal journey of nearly thirty months through the countries of Europe and Asia. Add to these, again, the great throng that greeted him on his return to the Pacific Coast, and the throngs that met him on his journey from that coast to the Atlantic. Unite all these myriads together, and it is safe to conclude that no man who ever lived before or since General Grant has seen so many people as had our great commander.

After the failure of his friends to nominate him for the third term to the presidency, General Grant bought a house in New York, making his home there in winter, and spending his summers in Long Branch. He invested his savings in the banking-house of Grant & Ward, one of his sons being a partner in

the concern. For a time the house prospered immensely; but in May, 1884, the firm suddenly collapsed, and it was found out that two of the partners had been guilty of the most unblushing frauds, which left the general and his family hopelessly bankrupt. He now turned to the use of his pen for the support of his family. Hitherto he had refused many flattering offers; but on manifesting a willingness to perform literary work, he was immediately besieged by publishers.

The result of his negotiations was a contract to write his personal memoirs, to be published in two volumes. The contract was made in February, 1885; and he immediately set about the performance of his task, which he completed in July of the same year, and only four days before his death. The larger part of the work was written with his own hand while sitting propped up in bed or in a reclining chair. The remaining portion was dictated to his secretaries, and he was greatly assisted by his sons and other friends in the collection and preparation of materials.

The sales of the book were enormous, reaching nearly four hundred thousand sets, and bringing to Mrs. Grant a royalty of not far from half a million dollars, the largest sum ever received by an author or his representatives for the sale of any single work.

In the summer of 1884, General Grant was puzzled to find himself suffering with a sore throat, without having taken a preliminary cold which usually precedes an affection of that sort. He consulted his family physician, who called in a specialist; and the result of their consultation was the decision that the general was suffering from cancer of the tongue. The disease steadily progressed; and when the news of his affliction became public, the sympathies of the nation and the world were aroused. Congress passed a bill making him a general on the retired list, and thus restored him to his former rank in the army. Messages of the warmest sympathy came to him from all directions; and they greatly cheered him, although he knew that his disease was necessarily fatal. It was for this reason that he labored as industriously over his memoirs as he did, in order that he might make provision for his family. In all his life there was nothing that better illustrated his bulldog determination and persistence than his final struggle against disease, and his performance of literary work under circumstances that would have appalled and disheartened any other literary worker who ever lived.

General Grant lingered and labored in his city residence until June 16, 1885, when he was removed to the Drexel Cottage on Mount Magregor, near Sar-

toga, N.Y. Here he spent the last five weeks of his life, which ended at eight o'clock in the morning of Thursday, July 23, in the presence of his family and a few intimate friends.

The remains were taken to New York, guarded by a detachment of soldiers from the United States Army, and an escort of veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic. On Saturday, Aug. 8, a public funeral took place, which was the most magnificent affair of the kind ever given in this country. In the military escort there were soldiers from Virginia and other States that joined in the Rebellion; and distinguished officers of the Confederate army rode in carriages side by side with officers equally distinguished in the army of the United States. The body was deposited in a temporary tomb in Riverside Park, on a high point overlooking the Hudson River; and a magnificent monument has been erected over the remains.

The whole country mourned the loss that had fallen upon it; and thousands of sympathetic messages came to the bereaved family, not only from all parts of America, but from lands beyond the seas. Well may it be said that the death of General Grant caused universal sorrow in all quarters of the globe.

So ends the story of the life of General Grant; a life which teaches a lesson of patience and honesty,

of character and purpose; loyalty to country and friends; perseverance always in the right; firm determination to overcome all obstacles; and unflinching fidelity until the desired end is attained. It was a life which began with disappointments, but was magnificently triumphant in its later part. And of the names in American history that will be carried down to future generations, none will be more conspicuous, or shine with greater luster, than that of ULYSSES S. GRANT.

THE END.

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